MAR 3 1 '58

The Saturday Evening
POST
April 5, 1958 – 15¢

I CALL ON **BING CROSBY'S BRIDE**
By PETE MARTIN

THE HOLY LAND IN COLOR

BOBBY JONES ON GOLF TODAY

LIBR BALDWIN
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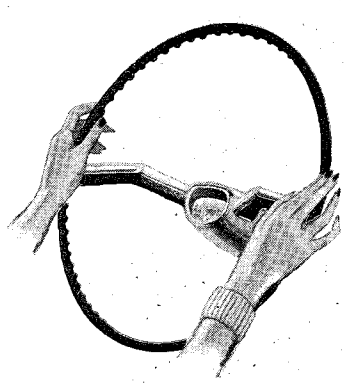

This happy driver feels sure of the safety of two pretty important passengers. And she knows new driving ease for herself. All because she and her husband discovered *OLDSmobility*—with Oldsmobile Safety Power Steering.

They tested it thoroughly . . . with the lady driving. She glided through bustling city traffic and breezed around highway curves . . . completely relaxed. Then a run over rough gravel roads convinced her that Safety Power Steering gives far safer control—in any situation.

Suddenly she realized that she had never felt so secure . . . so relaxed . . . while driving.

Ask for a demonstration of Safety Power Steering. It's optional on 1958 Oldsmobiles (standard on Ninety-Eight models), and available on all other GM cars. Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors, Saginaw, Mich.

FORWARD GM FROM FIFTY
1908–1958

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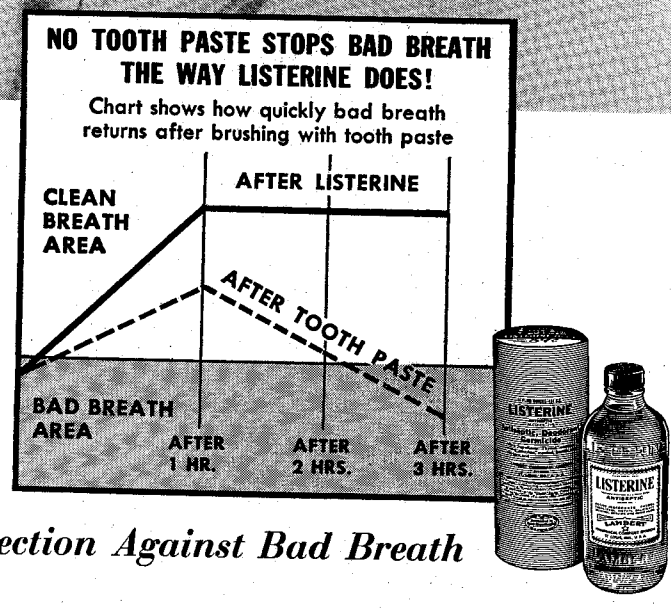
You can not brush bad breath away– reach for Listerine!

terine stops bad breath
imes better than tooth paste!

HERE is why you can *not* brush away bad breath! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs on contact, by millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Simply gargle Listerine full-strength every morning, every night, every time you brush your teeth.


NO TOOTH PASTE STOPS BAD BREATH THE WAY LISTERINE DOES!
Chart shows how quickly bad breath returns after brushing with tooth paste
CLEAN BREATH AREA
AFTER LISTERINE
AFTER TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH AREA
AFTER 1 HR.
AFTER 2 HRS.
AFTER 3 HRS.
LISTERINE

Reach for Listerine ... *Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath*

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Tri-frigeration..

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Here's the greatest refrigeration news since automatic defrosting—Philco's revolutionary new Tri-frigeration!

Philco now gives you *three* cold zones, each the perfect temperature for a certain kind of food. Other refrigerators have only *two* zones. Get a Tri-frigeration demonstration at your Philco dealer's today!

1 38° ZONE REFRIGERATOR

Perfect temperature and humidity for all regular foods, plus special compartments for eggs, butter, milk and cheese.

2 33° ZONE MEAT LOCKER

A *separate section* (not just a meat pan) operates on its own cooling system. It keeps meat fresh *days longer*, without freezing, by maintaining a meat-perfect temperature zone of 33°. No other refrigerator provides this ideal meat-keeping "climate."

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Special sub-zero freezing surfaces keep 181 lbs. of frozen foods safe and solid. Tiptoe touch on foot pedal opens the door.

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- New portable ice keeper!
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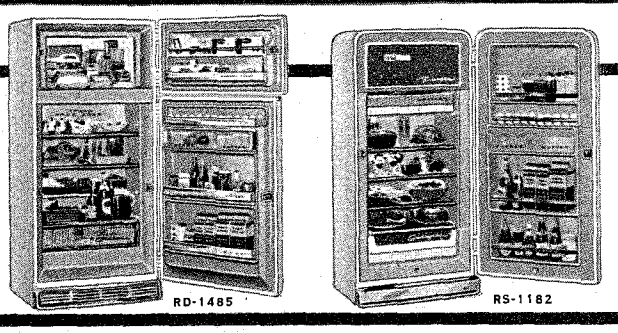

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(Other models cost even less!)

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THE COVER

Do you mind if each character on the cover isn't discussed individually this time? Artist Gustaf Tenggren, evoking the magic of artistic license, has taken some details from the Brookfield children's zoo, Chicago, and some from the famous wild-critter collection in Philadelphia, thus enabling those youngsters to go to two zoos at the same time. Example: the chimpanzee village, lower right, is in Chicago, but Miss Chimp is cranking her hand organ in Philly. And if that little girl, center, got lost over on Philadelphia's Noah's Ark, she must be really confused by now because the place they have parked her is in the other zoo. In real life a moat encircles that bear pit, but in the better world of an artist's fancy, bears and children get along fine together.

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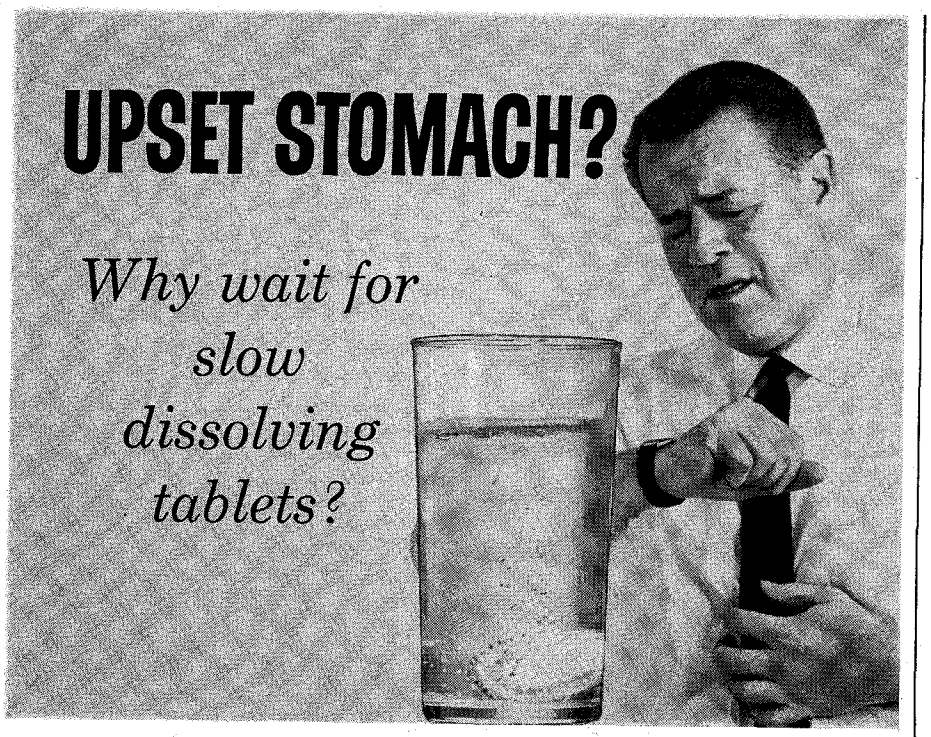

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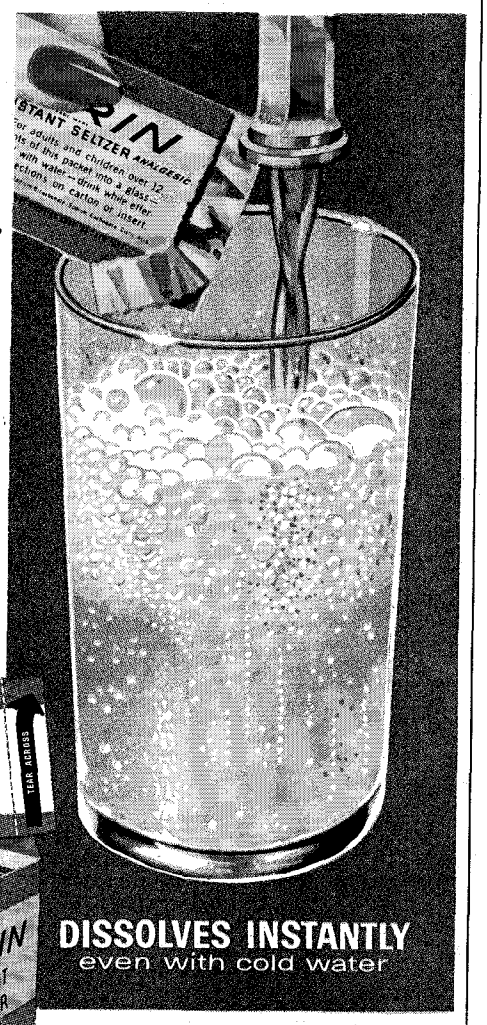

For Stomach Upsets, Headaches, Muscular Pains, Painful Discomforts of Colds

Letters

Does the Stag Line Threaten Boys' Security?

Dear Sirs:

Bravissimo for the stand of the present administration of the Naval Academy against "going steady"! [THE NAVY vs. "GOING STEADY" by Capt. J. L. Abbot, Jr., U.S.N., March 1.] I was appalled, as I am sure was every other old grad, at the complacent smugness of this anchoritic tendency on the part of the current crop of midshipmen.

D. ADAMS FROST
Commander, U.S.N., Ret.
Edmonds, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I am one of the large majority of midshipmen who agree and are delighted with the stag line, which is presently making a comeback in many Eastern colleges.

Your caption writer has "flubbed," though, for Rear Admiral William Smedberg is our Superintendent, not Commandant.

MIDN. PAUL A. POLSKI
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

● *Our apologies to Superintendent Smedberg.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Time was when a midshipman at the Naval Academy looked forward to a weekend where he could enjoy some freedom from the regimentation which

regulates his daily life. But now even that relatively small vestige of freedom has been removed.

With the re-establishment of the stag line, dances at the Academy have ceased to be social affairs and have assumed the complexity of a military maneuver.

NAME WITHHELD
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Dear Sirs:

The "stag line" has been instituted against a very unwilling brigade.

You may say, "What about the poll?" . . . We had four choices on the poll. The first three, although differently worded, indicated we would be in favor of the stag line. The fourth was so worded that if you voted for that one, you were saying that you were an introvert, a pessimist, and possessed a very negative personality. Even with this choice, in my company, which is a typical cross-section of the Brigade, the vote was, at a conservative estimate, 90% against the stag line.

NAME WITHHELD
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I have attended a lot of hops and I have never heard any word about taking comics and hiding in the men's room. I have never seen a comic book at a hop and the only persons who confine themselves to the head or rest rooms are the officers who want to avoid their ladies. This line of garble might be your idea and it might be that of the author, but it is untrue and it brings disrespect to the scapegoats, the midshipmen.

NAME WITHHELD
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Dear Sirs:

It appears to the reader that the midshipman's only social contact with young ladies is at the Naval Academy dances. If this were true, the pro-stag-liner would have a basis for his argument. However, there are tea dances sponsored in town, whose purpose is to introduce midshipmen to young ladies. The midshipman, therefore, invites a girl to a dance at the Academy because he likes her, and he does want to be with her.

NAME WITHHELD
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for the Naval Academy! . . . Nothing is drearier than going to a dance with a girl or a boy with whom you will be saddled for the evening. Stag lines liven up the dance, give more opportunities for meeting people, and you and your date have a much better time.

EMILY L. SHEPPARD
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I'm a nineteen-year-old college sophomore. After I finish listening to my mother describe a college dance in her youth, I long to knock some sense into my cowardly contemporaries' wooden heads. Bravo Annapolis!

CAROLE DUNHAM
Urbana, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I spent three of the best years of my life as a drag at the Academy. . . .

Don't young men and women realize that affection and regard are to be earned and one must compare favorably with others to earn it? What sort of puny relationship is this that fears competition so morbidly?

MRS. BEVERLY MOHAN
Excelsior, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Would someone please explain to me just why "going steady" is a menace, and to whom? I have been going steady now for almost two years and this arrangement offers me a sense of security which cannot be found in the "stag line."

WILLIAM R. JOHNSTON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Few are Neutral About Segregation

Dear Sirs:

Chester Bowles and the Post are to be congratulated for the stimulating and profound article, WHAT NEGROES CAN LEARN FROM GANDHI [March 1]. My only objection would be to the title, which might well have been, "What Everybody Can Learn from Gandhi and from Martin Luther King." Seriously, however,

(Continued on Page 6)

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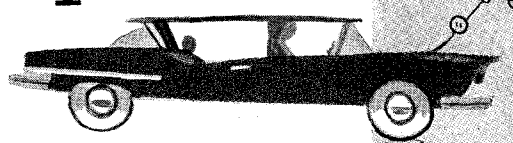
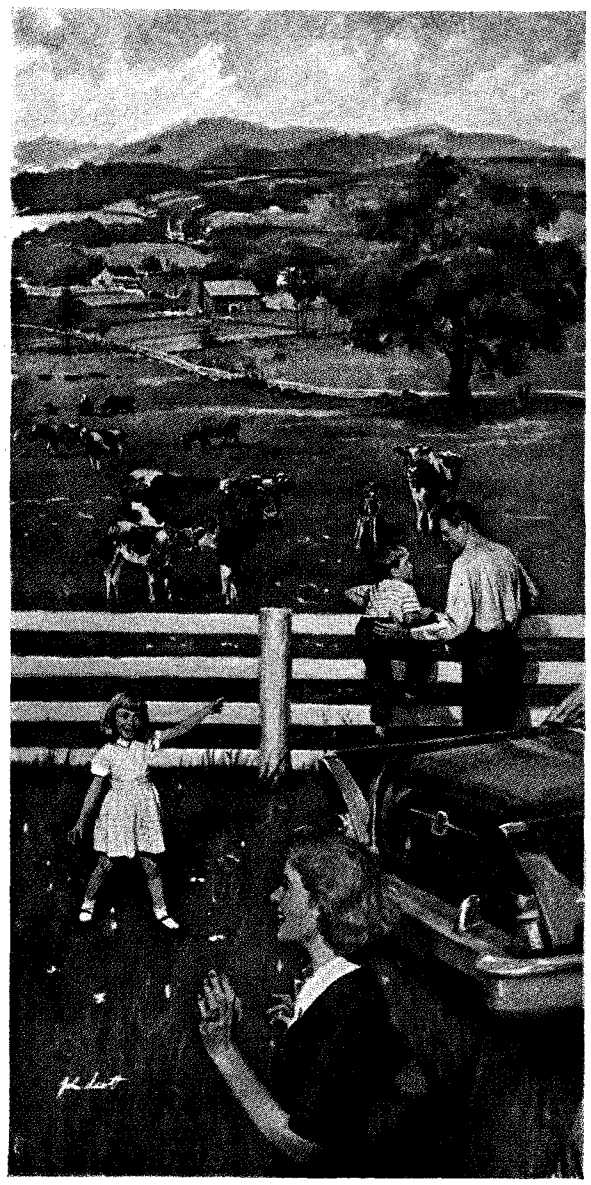
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

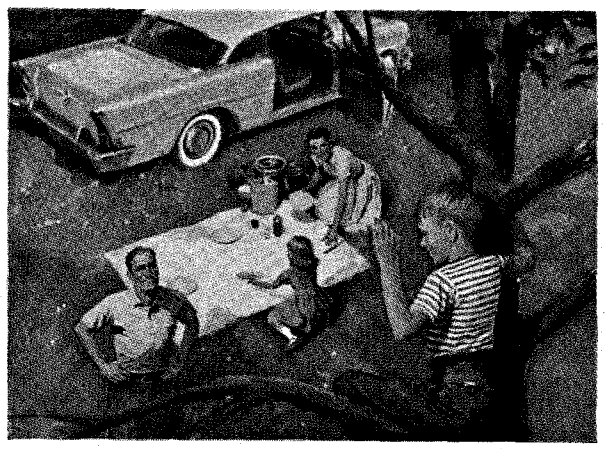


Discover the little roads. They often lead to the biggest pleasures . . . and make the area about you a Magic Circle



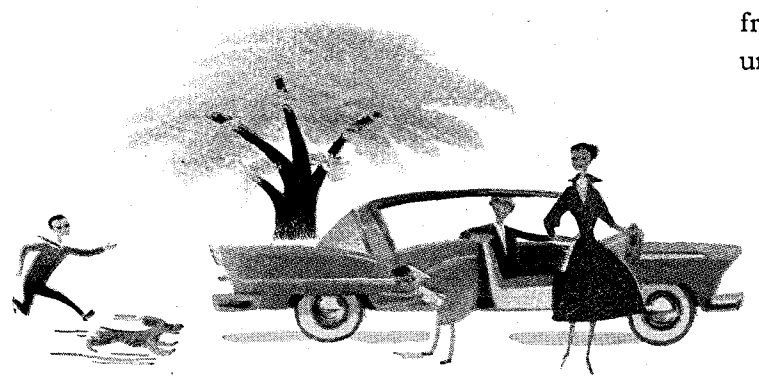
See how delightful country-miles by car can be . . .

Discover new places the friendly, firsthand way . . .



Let the sheer joy of driving whet your appetite . . .

Get the limit in both fish and fun. Go by car.



Drive more . . . it's fun to explore your Magic Circle

On the byways as on the highways, your Magic Circle surrounds you with a worldful of things to enjoy. It makes your car not just a way to go, but a wonderful way of life. And from start to end of any trip, over 200,000 friendly, trained service station men stand ready to make it a carefree pleasure. See for yourself tomorrow, next weekend or next vacation.

"ETHYL" [TRADE MARK] ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

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Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compounds . . . used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure

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U-Shape Seat Construction for no-bind, no-bulk comfort.

Wide Cushion Waistband that stays up firmly, yet gently.

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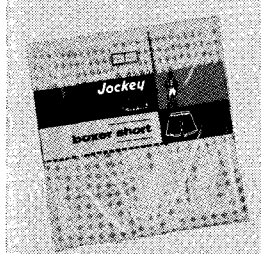

Look for the original see-through Jockey package. You buy fresh, clean garments every time. And be sure to see the Jockey "Boxer-of-the-Month" at better stores everywhere.

Jockey® BRAND underwear

made only by Coopers®

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Gandhi's success in India and King's success in Alabama have demonstrated again that the Golden Rule is *not* outdated and that the way of Jesus Christ *is* applicable to the most difficult of political, economic and social problems.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

When will your stupid Northern press learn that there is *no* physical violence between white and colored in the South. Have Northern people actually been brainwashed to the extent that they believe Negroes in the South are struck and insulted by whites? White and colored have always lived in the South in peace and harmony, and trouble began only when the Communist Party attempted to force social mixing of the races. . . .

Why don't you face facts and admit that the only physical violence exists in the racially integrated New York schools, which are a disgrace to the nation?

MRS. KATHLEEN R. PERKINS
Pendleton, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Chester Bowles must possess the same type of insight that Gandhi had to write such an outstanding account of him.

The article has inspired me meantime to stop fighting my opponents. It's like an Easter message, a great awakening.

MRS. MARGARET BEAN
Hampshire, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Gandhi was honest. Martin Luther King is not. . . . Doctor King states: "Some say we want our constitutional rights so we can marry their daughters. But that is nonsense, so we don't have to pay any attention to that." Any person associated with Negro men knows that white women are the ultimate in their aspirations.

FRANK L. HAILE
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Chester Bowles' article . . . smacks of Soviet communism. It is strictly anti-white and is part of the hate-the-South movement taking place in our country. Mr. Bowles' theme, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, is an outgrowth of Darwin's theory of evolution: a theory now fostered by the anti-Christ commies. All men are not brothers or children of God.

WILLIAM L. LLOYD
Detroit, Mich.

Nobody is Neutral About the Roosevelts

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations and a hearty thank you for Eleanor Roosevelt's revealing and forthright articles (On My Own, Feb. 8–March 8).

If only in 1952 the Democratic leaders would have nominated Eleanor Roosevelt as Stevenson's running mate, our country would not only have become world leaders but also commanded the respect of our adversaries.

M. J. MOLANS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Will the publicizing of the boring, obnoxious E. Roosevelt never end? This sort of reading fare could appeal to halfwits only.

M. COOK
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Hearty congratulations on Eleanor Roosevelt's On My Own. This fascinating account will inspire and encourage all American widows to carry on successfully.

CYRIL CLEMENS
Kirkwood, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Even before the death of the late F.D.R., the "First Lady" had always been "on her own." Her many contacts with people of all races probably did more to solidify her husband's reputation and administration than all the other "presidential advisors" combined.

ROZELL LEAVELL
Chicago Heights, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

There is one good thing that can be said of F.D.R. and that is that while he was alive he was able to keep Eleanor quiet. In memory of him, why don't you do the same?

MARSHALL HEETH
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I love to read about the Roosevelts, but only when it is written by the one man who knows them best, Westbrook Pegler.

W. BARNEY OSBORN
Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico

Dear Sirs:

May an old friend of Mrs. James Roosevelt [F.D.R.'s mother] balance the stories of her problem of adjustment—in her seventies—to an entirely new life and environment, with the fact of how rapidly and completely she made it? . . .

So much has been made of certain qualities attributed to her that few people know of her charm, her wit, her generosity and the unselfishness with which, even in her mid-eighties, she took charge of great-grandchildren sent to her for the summer—itself a tribute to a woman of her age.

It seems strange beyond believing that since her death and that of her son, the legend has grown up which would have her known only as a selfish, domineering woman, a legend so widespread that thousands of people who never knew or saw her, believe this a true and complete picture. To those who did know and love her, this is a source of deep grief.

RITA HALLE KLEEMAN
New York, N.Y.

● *Mrs. Kleeman is the author of Young Franklin Roosevelt, a biography.* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19–John Bradford (Shostal), S. H. Abboud (F.P.G.). • 20–John Bradford (Shostal), two by S. H. Abboud (F.P.G.); Lawrence Taylor (Shostal). • 21–S. H. Abboud (F.P.G.), Center Studios, S. H. Abboud (F.P.G.), George Rodger (Magnum). • 22–United Press, two from International. • 23–Underwood & Underwood. • 24–Morgan Kane. • 25–Jacob Lofman. • 26, 27–Joe Bowler. • 28–Bing Crosby, Sid Avery. • 29–Columbia Pictures, Jack Albin, Phil Burchman, Columbia Pictures, two by Sid Avery. • 30–Colin Simpson, 31–Paul Nonnast. • 32, 33–Frank Ross. • 34, 35–Earl Mayan. • 36, 37–Joern Gerdts. 38, 39–Edwin Georgi. • 42, 43–John Burns. • 45–Stan Galli. • 102–Columbia Pictures. 128–U. S. Information Service, Gross-Krasne, Inc., Anonymous, Larry Keighley.

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"That tire will be 'as good as new' when the cultivator is pulled out of it. Watch and see." It won't go flat. And it will *permanently* repair itself because it's built with Seiberling's exclusive bulkhead construction*. There's no other tire like the Seiberling Sealed-Aire. None that offers the same peace of mind.

When you buy Seiberling tires in *any* price range, you can be sure they are honorably built, honestly priced, and exactly as represented by Seiberling's conscientious dealer organization.

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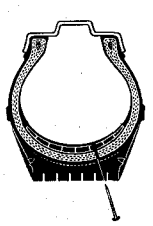
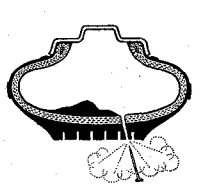


Seiberling's exclusive bulkheads keep the sealant in position, giving you *lifetime* puncture protection and tire balance.



In other puncture-sealing tires, the sealant can slide and lump-up. You lose puncture protection *and* tire balance when this happens.

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Now Bryant scientific research developments bring you

ROBO-t

Automatic Heating that breaks through the comfort barrier!

Again Bryant leads the way in home heating! Now you can have automatic, electronically-controlled home heating that maintains the perfect temperature you want all through the heating season . . . with virtually no attention on your part! You simply supply the fuel . . . Bryant units control its use economically and even tell you when the filters need changing!

First to give America automatic, gas-fired equipment for heating comfort . . . Bryant makes it possible for you to have the right heating and cooling equipment for any home. Slender furnaces for alcove installation . . . horizontal furnaces for attics and crawl spaces. Combination heating and air-conditioning units that take little space, provide maximum comfort all year 'round. And they are all available with sensational exclusive features . . . such as the features of the Command-Aire, shown here.

Choose Bryant when you want the finest heating and cooling equipment. Call your Bryant "Doctor of Heating" before you have any heating work done. You'll appreciate the difference in the equipment . . . and the service. Your Bryant "Doctor of Heating" is listed in your telephone directory yellow pages.

BRYANT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Indianapolis, Indiana*
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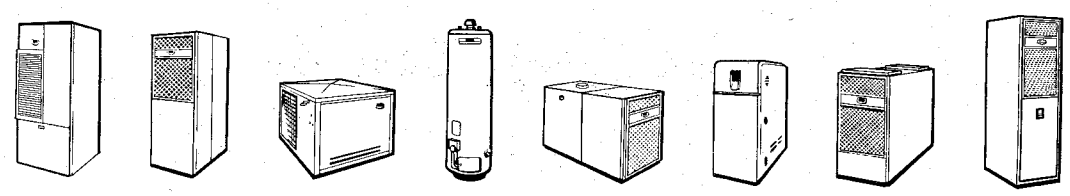
America's Foremost Specialists in Residential Heating, Cooling and Water Heating.



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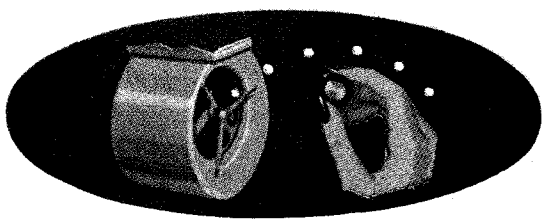
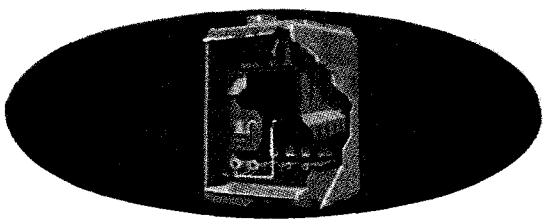
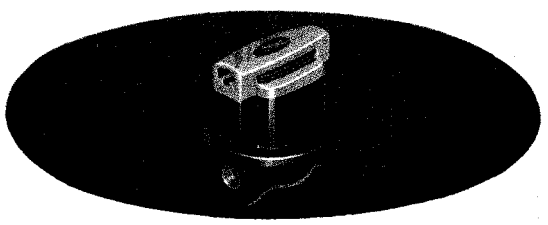


Command-Aire Variable Control adjusts the air-flow to match your duct system and your home. This control permits easy selection for correct air-flow for both heating and cooling requirements.



TRI-Alloy Heat Exchanger increases heating efficiency, saves on fuel. TRI-Alloy gives 3-way protection for better heating and long-lasting service. Guaranteed 10 years.



Hermetically-Sealed Gas Valve provides quiet-automatic starting action . . . reduces the disturbing valve noises usually heard when a furnace goes on. Ask your Bryant "Doctor of Heating" for details.

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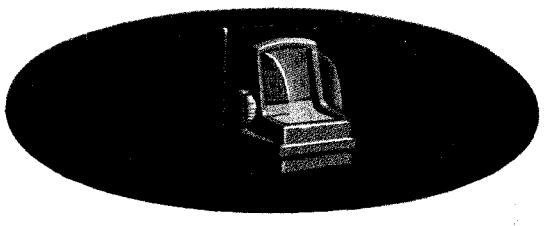

Pressure Controlled Filter Gauge automatically flashes a red sign to show when filters need changing. Extends life of your furnace, saves money on fuel bills, provides more comfort. Optional equipment.

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BIG NEWS COMING! Watch your local newspaper for notice of the great Bryant "Doctor of Heating" Furnace Inspection Program! It's coming soon . . . and will save you important money!

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"As a Bryant dealer for 23 years, I *know* Bryant leads the way in automatic home heating! Take a look at the new Bryant furnaces and you'll agree. Call your local Bryant 'Doctor of Heating' soon!"

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Editorials

We Need Real Tax Reform: Not Just a Shot in the Arm

In view of the disturbing rise in unemployment and considerable grinding of gears throughout the whole economy, it was inevitable that some relief from the heavy tax burden should be explored as a means of getting things started again. High taxes are only one of many factors that have caused the economy to shrink. But to many, including Vice President Nixon, tax reduction, as opposed to an artificially inseminated public-works program, seems the quickest way to do something about it.

Anyway, a spate of bills and proposals has hit Congress, the bulk of them based on the idea that tax reduction would increase the ability of individuals to purchase the products of industry and thus halt the business recession. Few of the bills provide that Government economies should accompany reduction in taxes.

However, neither among responsible leaders in Congress nor in the Treasury Department is there much support for tax reduction as an important means of adding to purchasing power. For example, Sen. Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, commenting on the proposal to increase the $600 exemption to $700, said that this would give the taxpayer in the lowest brackets an extra soda pop per day, but would cost the Government $3,000,000,000.

This sums up the difficulty in the way of tax reduction as a "pump-priming operation." If you cut taxes without reducing expenditures, the national debt soars still higher, causing inflation and a further decline in the value of the dollar. If you reduce Government expenditures, at least some of the supposed benefit from a tax cut is canceled out, because the economies would remove from the spending stream as much purchasing power as tax reduction could put into it.

The truth is that the country is now paying the penalty for failing to revise its tax system when the going was good. As has been pointed out frequently by Roswell Magill, former Undersecretary of the Treasury, entirely too much reliance is placed on the income tax as a producer of revenue. Under the present tax system, the Government's income is linked too closely with the incomes of the taxpayers. During a recession, the demand for more Government spending to relieve distress runs into loss of revenue as incomes and profits shrink. The resultant strain could be critical. At the present time we are cruising in the stratosphere of taxation as far as the big-income groups are concerned, while at the same time it would be politically impossible—and also unfair—to add to the burdens of the lower brackets—where the bulk of income-tax revenue comes from.

The question arises what to do, as far as tax reduction is concerned, to stem the recession. One group, headed by Sen. Paul Douglas, of Illinois, favors cutting income and excise taxes by as much as $4,600,000,000 immediately, apparently relying on the stimulating effect of such action to give the economy the needed shot in the arm.

A more gradual approach which has wide support takes the form of a bill introduced by Rep. Antoni Sadlak, of Connecticut, and Rep. A. S. Herlong, Jr., of Florida. This bill would cut income taxes at once and would continue to reduce the rates over a five-year period, at the end of which the rate for the lowest income brackets would be 15 per cent, and for the highest, 42 per cent. Mr. Sadlak would permit the President to postpone the implementation of the bill if the Government found itself in a financial jam as a result of reduction of the rates. But both sponsors of the bill regard tax reduction, particularly for the middle-income groups, as a stimulant to investment in industry and to the creation of new jobs and business opportunities.

Even more generous cuts in the individual and corporate income tax would be possible if Congress could be persuaded to look into the manufacturers' excise tax which has been successfully tried in Canada. The virtues of this tax were recently described by Mr. Magill, in a bulletin of the Tax Foundation, as follows: "Such a tax is collectible from relatively few taxpayers; it produces revenues in bad times as well as in good. If it were inserted into our Federal system, it would doubtless replace many of the present special excise taxes levied at various rates on selected transactions." This tax, as opposed to hit-or-miss levies like the tax on telephone calls, should cause little hardship.

It could be, of course, that appearance of a real intention to go to work on the fundamentals of the tax problem would have something of the stimulating effect which some people expect from an immediate income-tax cut. Representative Sadlak, for example, believes that his plan to cut income-tax rates on the larger incomes would encounter less popular resistance today than it would have done a few years ago. For one thing, it is generally recognized that the confiscatory rate on the top incomes produces a very small proportion of the Federal revenue, but does effectively discourage investment. In short, the Trumanesque antipathy to what used to be called the "trickle-down" theory has been at least partially dissipated by belated understanding of the fact that freedom of capital to be employed in productive industry, as opposed to seeking shelter in tax-exempt bonds, does "trickle down" to the benefit of the rest of us.

Consequently, if the leaders in Congress really hope to use relief from taxation to stimulate economic activity, they will start to work to reshape the tax system so that it can produce what the Government actually needs without harassing individuals and discouraging investment, as our present income-tax system undoubtedly does.

What Ever Has Become of the Gentleman's Three-Piece Suit?

During the late winter of our discontent, Wallachs, a New York clothing store, undertook to answer the inquiry of a customer who had written in to ask, "What ever became of the vest?" The customer took the view that clothing manufacturers, in order to save labor and material costs, had "stopped making vests."

Nothing of the sort, replied Wallachs; it is simply that the customers don't want vests any more. The vest, insisted Wallachs, "was not killed by the clothing industry, but by the plumbing-and-heating trade and the auto makers who heated up our homes, our offices and our cars. And that's why it (the vest) still flourishes in Britain, the home of the chilblain."

This is all very well, but it hardly accounts for the number of men who, after violently resisting a vest as a third piece to their suit, go across the street and buy a corduroy vest, a Tattersall vest, a thin sleeveless cashmere sweater, a red silk waistcoat or a cricket-cloth vest in gold. Men in these gaudy creations are seen in heated homes, offices and cars, along with girls who, now that interiors are generally hotter than formerly, have stopped wearing thin blouses and go about in middleweight sweaters.

Of course, there are other reasons for the decline of the vest. The wrist watch makes it unnecessary to wear a garment capable of sustaining a watch and heavy gold chain, although many men miss the pockets which formerly held cigars, theater stubs, small change, railway tickets or maybe the key to the front door. A wise lady once remarked that the reason why women were considered incompetent to manage large affairs was simply that their clothes had no pockets. If it were man's fate to be obliged to dump the contents of a handbag all over the table to produce a slip of paper bearing a telephone number, his status as the master would have disappeared many years before it did.

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BACKGROUND: BOULDER DAM'S "WINGED FIGURES OF THE REPUBLIC"

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New kind of pen even fills itself by itself—this new way

The man has received a unique gift . . . and he is watching something revolutionary happen. It's his new Parker 61 literally drinking up ink by capillary "suction." He has simply removed the barrel cover and set the pen upside down in the ink. It has filled itself by itself. Now he'll lift the Parker 61 from the ink—and that's it. He is ready to write—a clean, clear, smooth line always. No wiping needed because ink can't cling to this special barrel surface. The Parker 61 is virtually shockproof, too. Has no moving parts to get out of order. The classic beauty, the distinctive colors, the gleaming caps of precious metals—all make the Parker 61 Capillary Pen a discriminating choice as a gift, or for your own proud use. The new Classic model is just $15.00. Other models to $27.50 at your Parker Franchised Dealer's.

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Capillary Pen

The World's Most Wanted Pen

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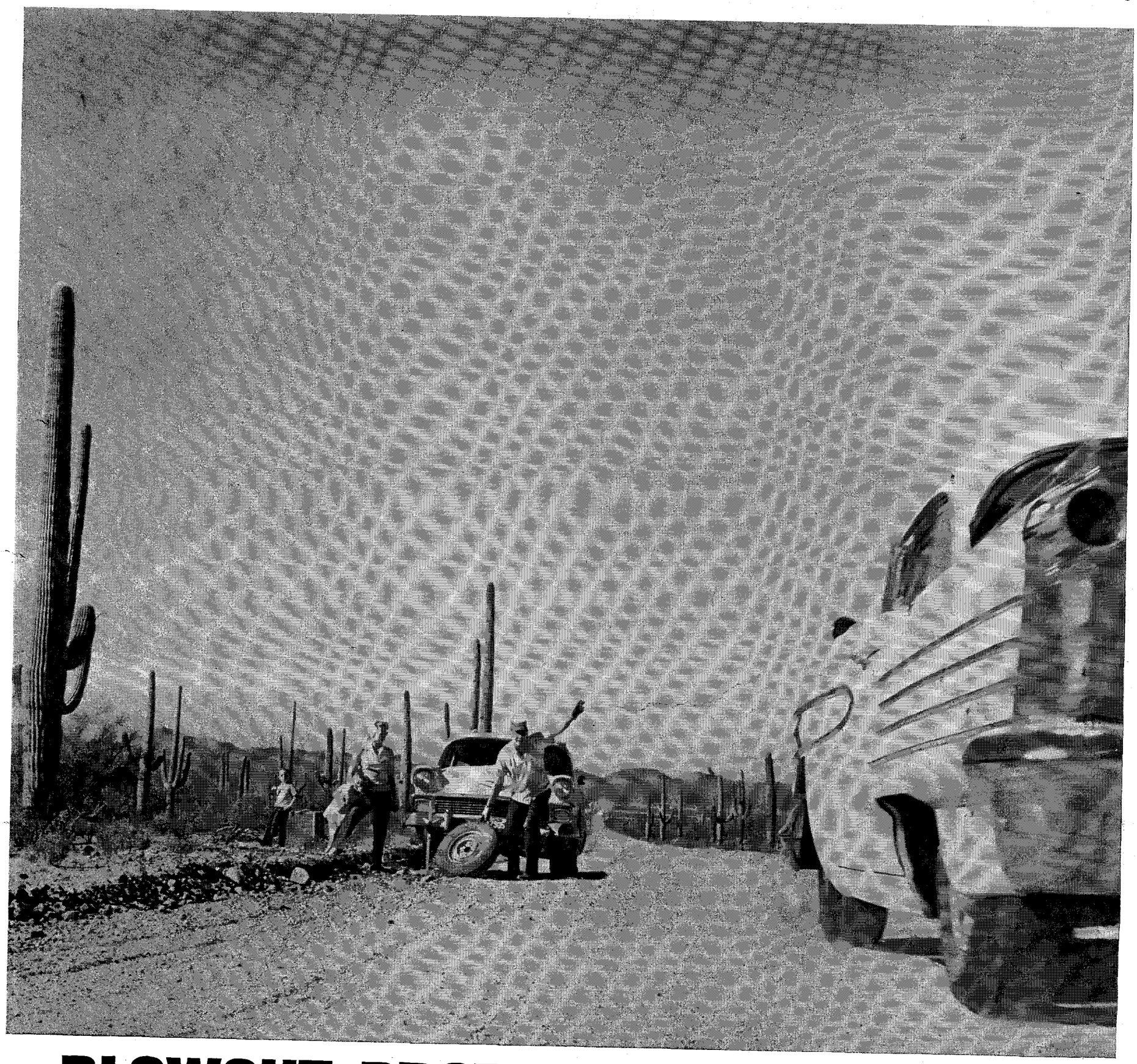

BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Nylon cord tires protect the car at right—even on this sun-scorched desert road. They give lasting protection against the four major causes of blowout: (1) heat, (2) bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers offer nylon cord tires. For your safety insist on nylon cord tires when buying new tires or a new car.

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LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL

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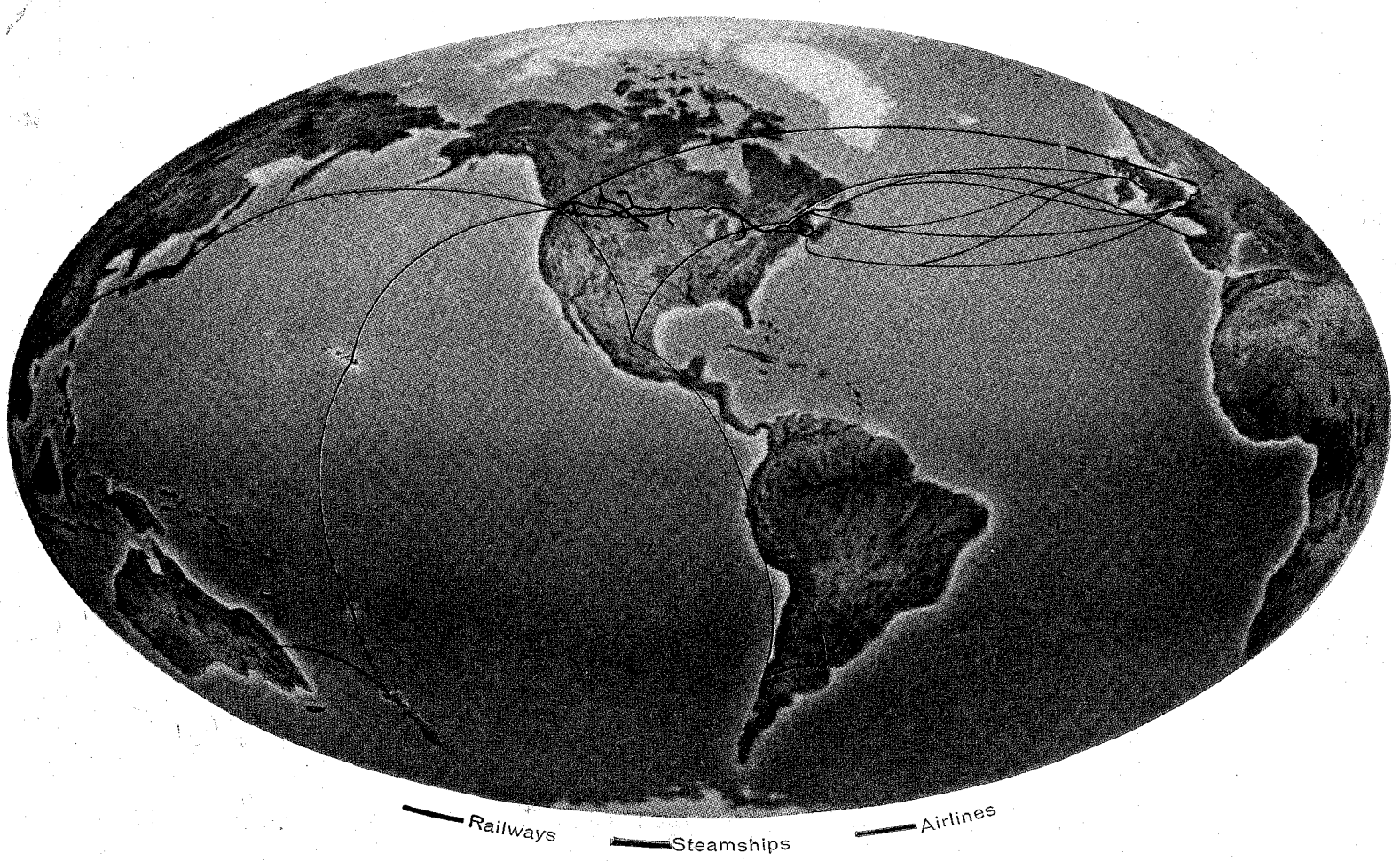

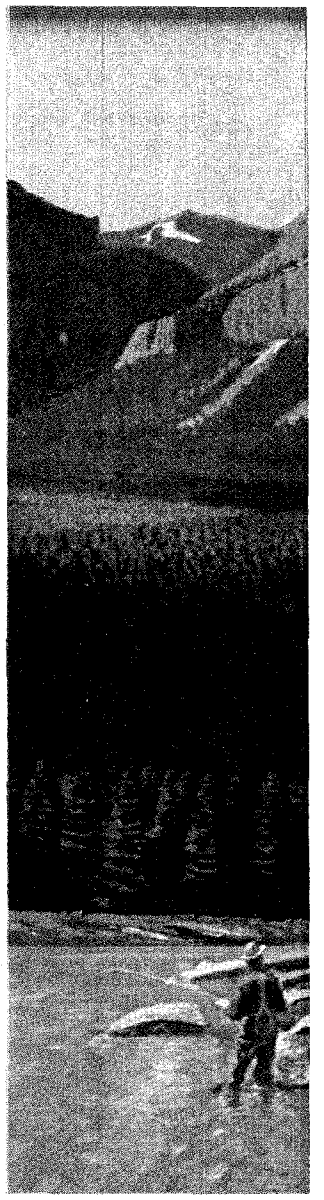

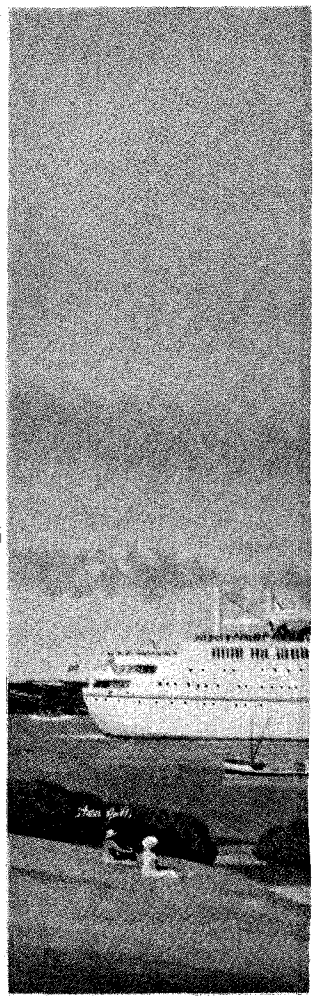

From an expanding Canada, the world's greatest travel system today reaches out to connect five continents with a 72,000-mile network of land, sea, and air routes.

You can travel smoothly and swiftly across Canada on "The Canadian" along the world's longest Scenic Dome Route. You can sail the sheltered St. Lawrence River Route to Europe and cruise to tropic waters on new "White Empress" luxury liners. You can fly to the Orient, South America, the South Pacific and Europe on fast, modern airliners. And you can enjoy magnificent metropolitan hotels and luxury resorts across Canada.

Canadian Pacific is building for the future, too, with the modernized and enlarged 1,600-room Royal York Hotel in Toronto...with a fleet of jet-prop 100-passenger "Britannia" aircraft for its international air routes...and with construction of a third new and larger streamlined "White Empress" transatlantic liner.

To enjoy travel at its best, today and tomorrow, go Canadian Pacific for a world of service!

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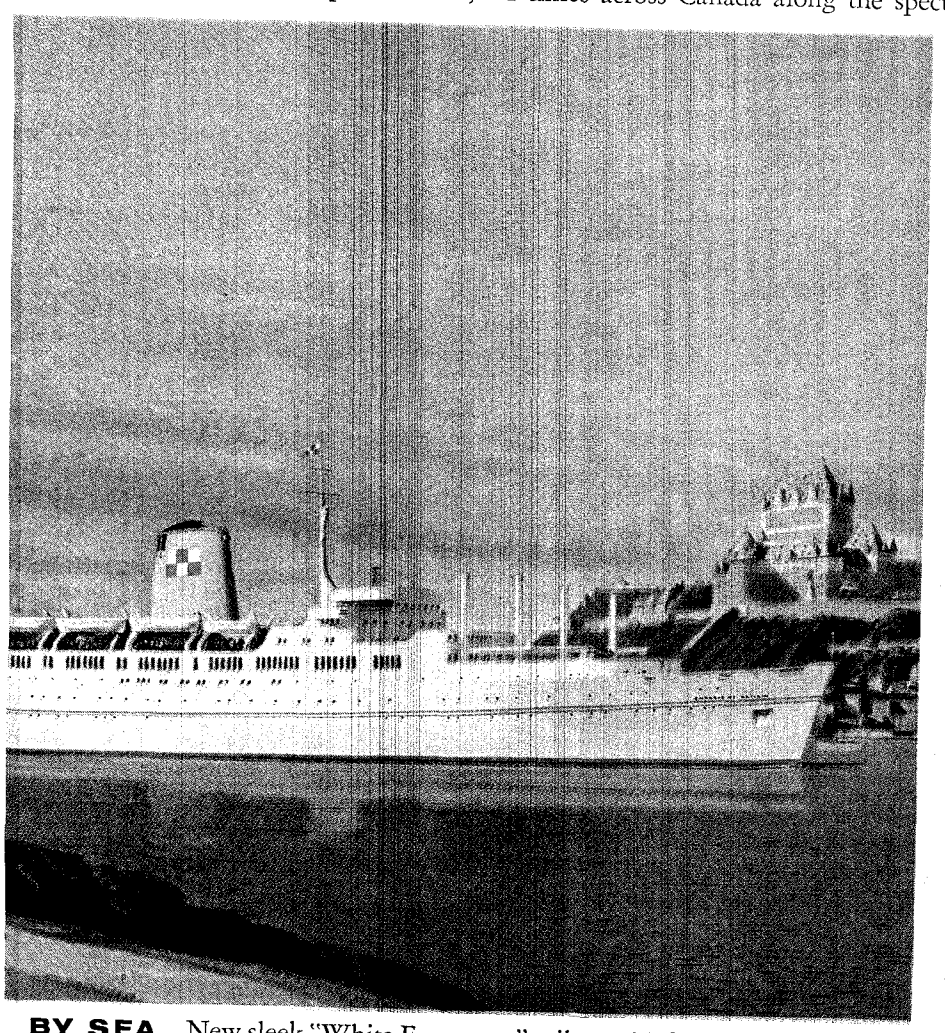
BY LAND...Canada's only stainless steel scenic dome streamliner, "The Canadian," moves under smooth diesel power for 2,881 miles across Canada along the spectacular Banff-Lake Louise Route in the Canadian Rockies.



BY SEA...New sleek "White Empresses" sail one third of the way to Europe along the sheltered St. Lawrence River "Landscape Route"...offer travelers modern ocean-going accommodations with superb shipboard service.

BY AIR...New jet-age "Britannias," the world's largest, fastest and quietest jet-prop airliners, in service this year between Canada and Europe, the Orient, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, Mexico and South America.

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Quaker State Super Blend is making big international road news. Wherever you find fine cars, you'll find more and more people asking for *Quaker State Super Blend*. This highest quality all-weather SAE 10W-30 HD oil is refined from *only the purest* Pennsylvania oil stocks and fortified with special Quaker State additives. Super Blend gives cleaner, longer-lasting lubrication. And it insures peak performance, improved gas mileage, low oil consumption. *It's the best motor oil money can buy*. Ask for it!

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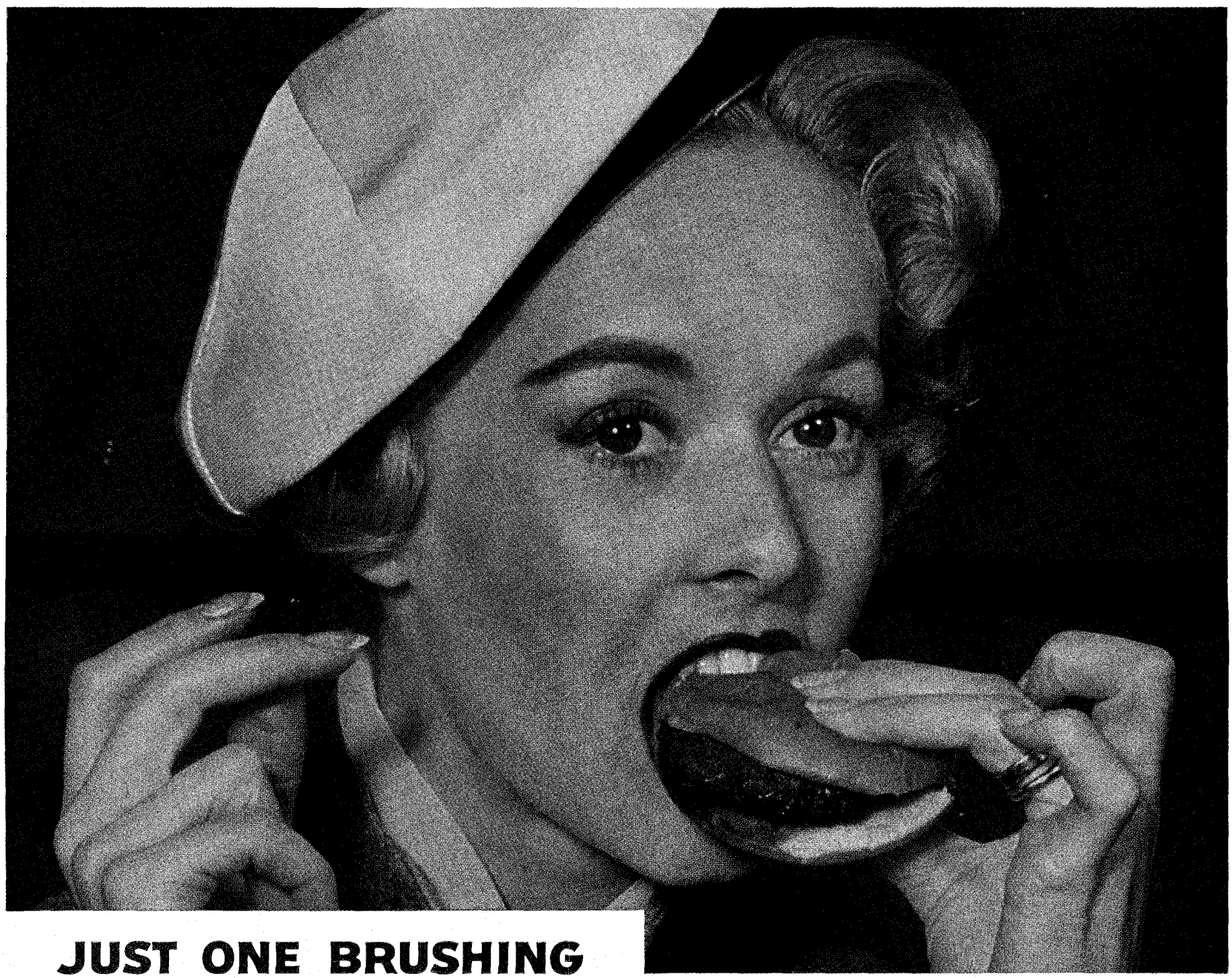
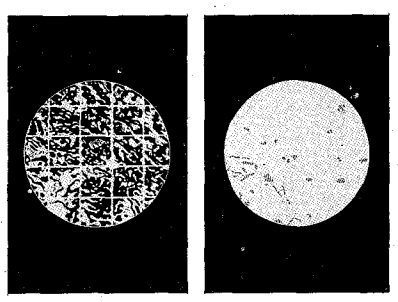
She uses only **GLEEM** *- the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF – IN PICTURES



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

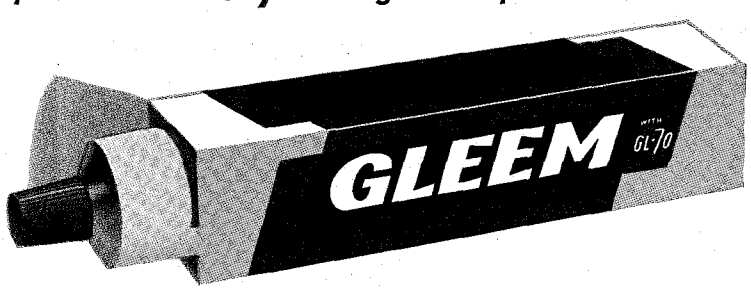
JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF – IN PERSON

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like this mother, can't brush your teeth after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from her. She realizes that food combines with mouth bacteria to cause both decay and mouth odor. That's why she makes sure all her family start each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing. What's more, you'll find Gleem's refreshing flavor makes brushing fun!

Only GLEEM has *GL-70* to fight decay and mouth odor



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The Saturday Evening POST

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The Old City of Jerusalem. At right, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, built on the traditional site of Jesus' tomb.

I Took the Jerusalem Road

A modern pilgrim describes his inspiring Eastertide excursion through the Holy Land, along roads well used by prophets, saints and Jesus Christ Himself.

By DANIEL BROWN

Next Sunday will be Easter in the Holy Land. On that day I plan to make again the world's most fascinating two-hour drive. It is easy for me to do this, for I live in Amman, Jordan—two hours' easy driving from "Jerusalem, the Golden"—and between the two points lie some of the most intriguing, yet least-known points of interest in the world. On this trip I plunge from 2500 feet above sea level at Amman to 1300 feet below at Jericho and the Dead Sea in one hour, and climb to 2400 feet above at Jerusalem in the next.

Amman has its roots deep in the book of Genesis. The first king of the Ammonites was Ben-ammi, youngest son of Lot by his younger daughter. He was conceived in a cave near Zoar on a wine-soaked night after Lot and his two daughters had fled doomed Sodom, leaving their wife and mother standing as a pillar of salt by the Dead Sea. Amman is the Philadelphia of Christ's time. A fine Roman amphitheater stands on one of its main streets.

Ruins of a Roman citadel crown the brow of one of its seven hills. On this hill three

In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Judas betrayed Christ, a Franciscan monk murmurs his prayers.

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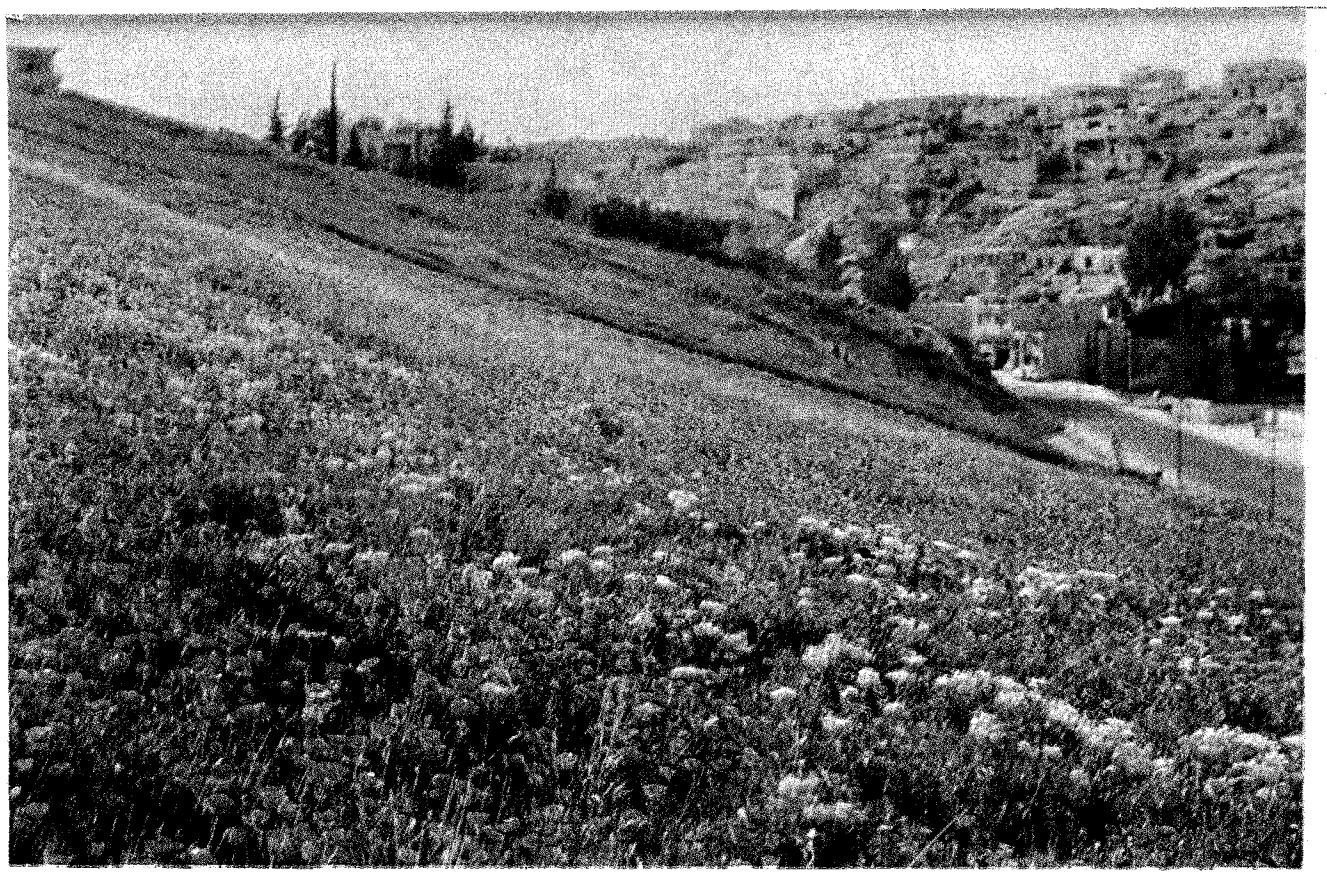
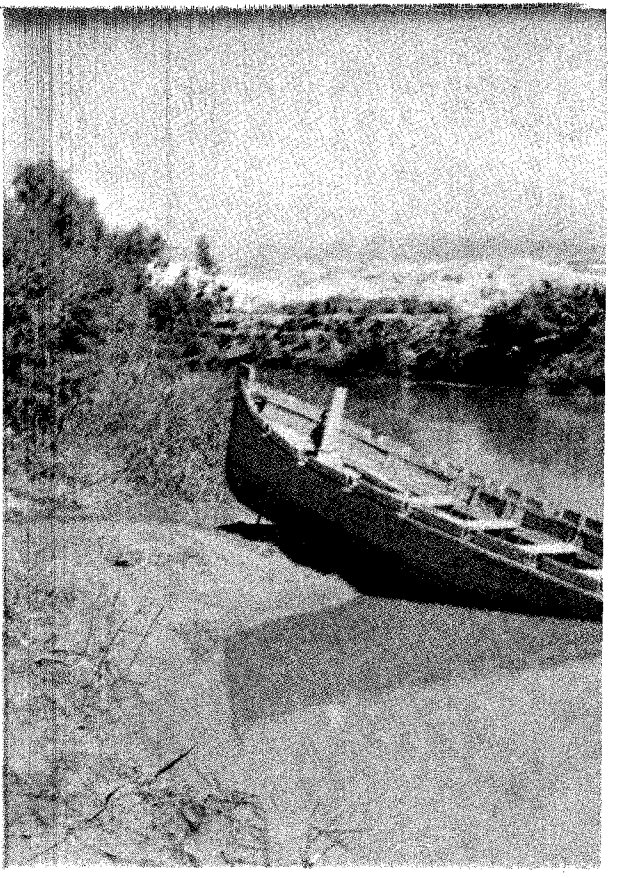


AMMAN: Poppies adorn the hillsides near the capital of Jordan, where the armies of David battled the Ammonites. In the time of Christ, Amman was called Philadelphia.



RIVER JORDAN: Above, the probable site of Christ's baptism by His precursor, John the Baptist.

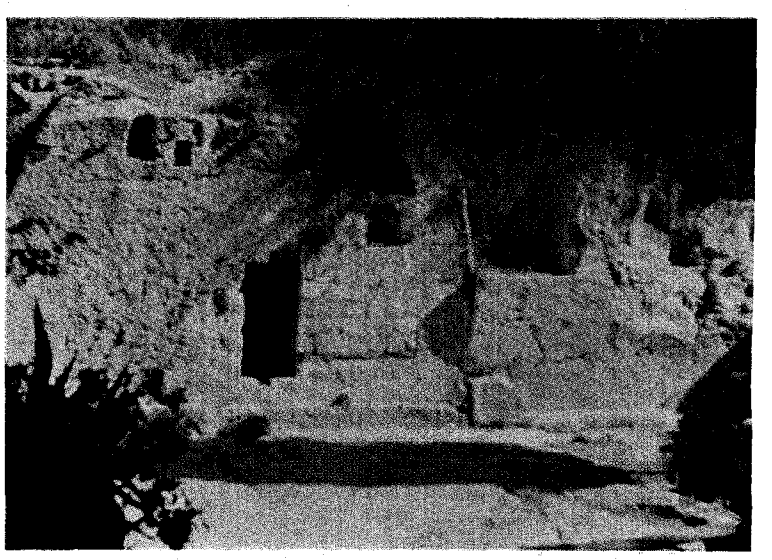
thousand years ago Joab, acting on orders from King David, placed the patriotic and trusting Uriah, the Hittite, in the front ranks of a great and bloody battle, there to be slain. Uriah's demise left David, off in Jerusalem, a clear field with Uriah's beauteous wife Bathsheba, who was to bear him a famous son. This son grew up to be the "wise king," Solomon, builder of a great temple that crowned a famous height in Jerusalem, at the other end of my Easter pilgrimage.

Rabbath-ammon, the "City of Waters" of King David's day, is now Amman, the fast-growing capital of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. Jerusalem "the City on the Hill," although retaining its age-old name, is tragically divided now between Jordan and Israel, a no man's land running through its heart. All of the major holy places, however, are on the Jordan side, and they blend with the historic and merely scenic to make the drive from Amman a glorious adventure for scholar, historian and tourist.

My first breath-taking thrill, driving out of Amman in the direction of Jerusalem, is the view to my right over the hills and plains of Gilead. The hills march away in splendid ranks, their purples, ochers, mauves, lavenders and russets combining in a massive, yet delicate velvet counterpane. There is still a balm in Gilead, for the simple little shrub producing this fragrant ointment flourishes today on the hillsides as it did in Gilead of old. Among these hills is the River Jabbok, where Jacob wrestled all night with an angel and emerged from his battle with a greater appreciation of goodness and right and the new name, Israel. He named the plain which was his wrestling arena Peniel—the Face of God—"for I have seen God face to face."

Somewhere off in the oak forests of this land is the unmarked and unmourned grave of Absalom, rebellious son of David. Absalom raised an army against his father and took on the forces of Joab in the mountains of Ephraim. In an amateurish display of generalship, he rode his mule under the boughs of an oak, was "taken up between the heaven and the earth," and dispatched by Joab.

The battle was long and bloody, with 20,000 casualties between the two armies, but it was more remarkable in another way. "The wood (of Ephraim) devoured more people that day than the sword devoured." Modern-day mili-



GARDEN TOMB (above): Some Biblical scholars believe this mausoleum, hewn from a rock cliff 300 yards from the city walls, is the true sepulcher of Christ.

GETHSEMANE: In this garden at left, tradition says, Jesus prayed the night before His death. Tended by monks, the garden lies just outside the walls of old Jerusalem.

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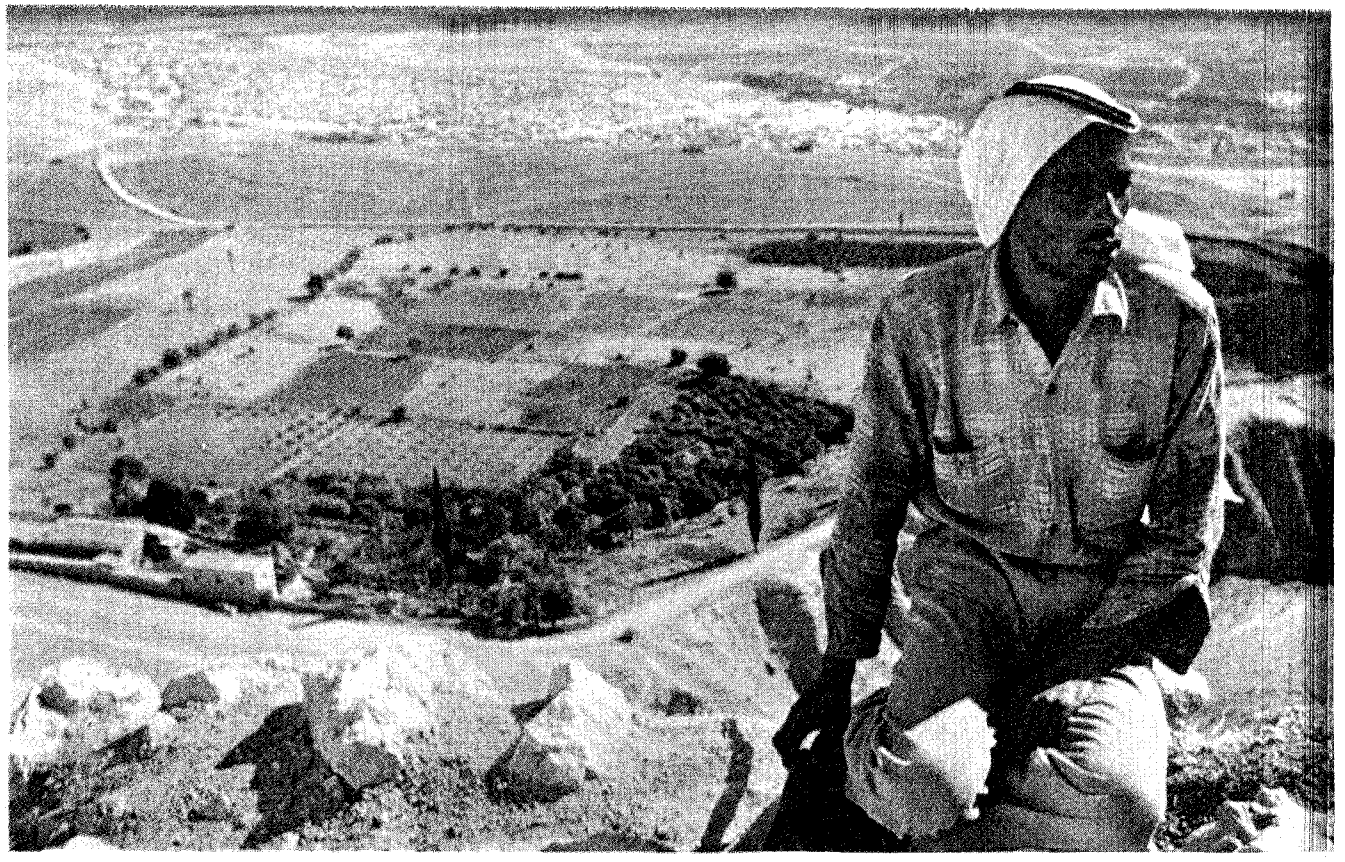
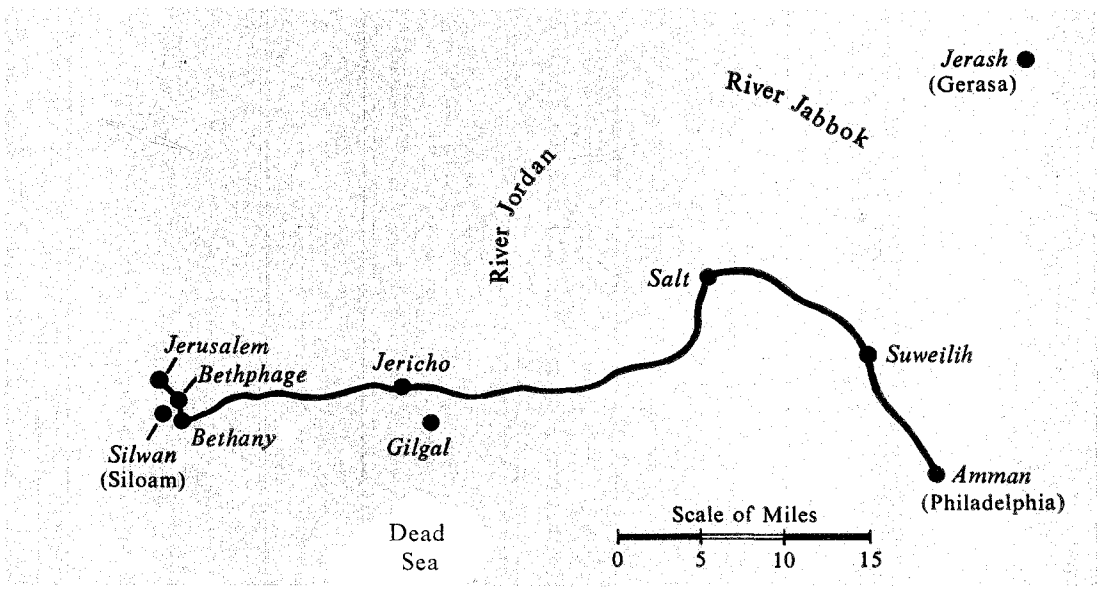


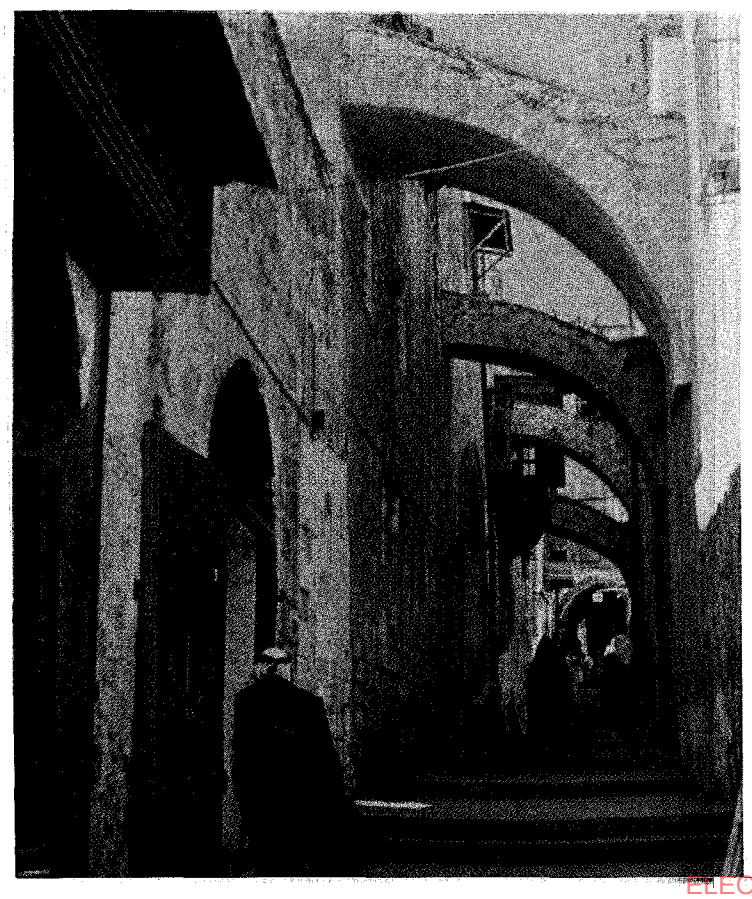
MOUNT OF TEMPTATION: An Arab guards a convent built on this height above Jericho, reputedly where Christ rejected Satan's offer of world dominion.

tary analysts wonder if this was not the greatest mass A.W.O.L. of all time.

The spot whence these areas are viewed is the Circassian village of Suweilih, whose citizens are supplied with water from a Roman cistern. This spot in the days of Christ was a watering station on the caravan route from Gerasa—present-day Jerash—in the north hills of Gilead, to the Nabataean city of Petra, carved out of the rose-red sandstone cliffs in South Jordan. Gerasa, like ancient Philadelphia, was a commercial center in the Roman Decapolis and enjoyed immense if short-lived prosperity. Its ruins today constitute the best-preserved of all provincial Roman cities. Its massive stone columns and colonnades survive because, after trade routes shifted, the area was long deserted. (Continued on Page 46)



THE JERUSALEM ROAD: The original Palm Sunday procession to the Holy City started from Bethphage.



DOME OF THE ROCK: This mosque stands where Solomon built his temple. Moslems believe that from this spot Mohammed ascended to heaven.

VIA DOLOROSA (left): Christ bore His cross through this "Street of Sorrow" on His way to Calvary.

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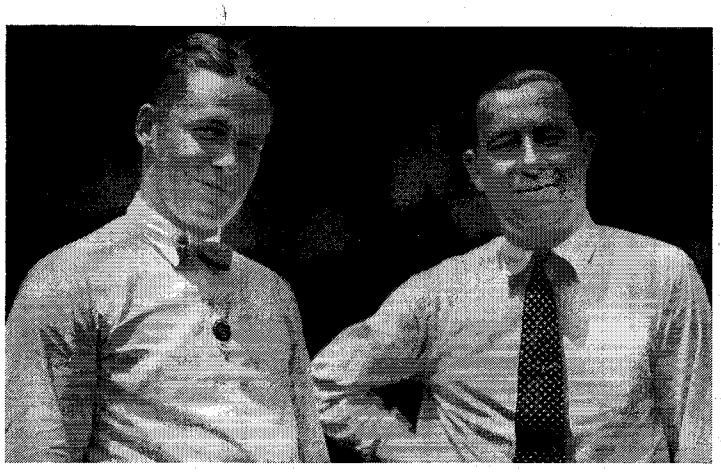
Nowadays Jones, because of an injured spine, goes around the course in a golf cart. Above he is shown watching Cary Middlecoff win the 1955 Masters.

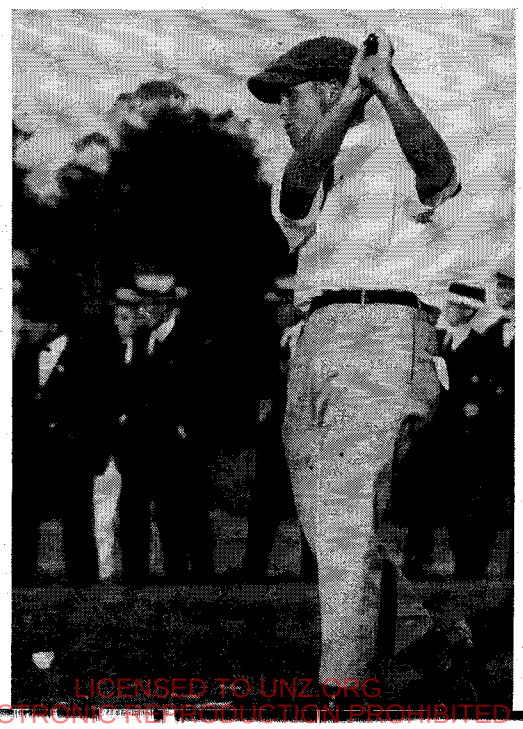
A Visit With Bobby Jones

Bob Jones, golf's champion of champions, estimates the pressures of the pro tournament circuit—including this week's Masters. He also gives his frank opinion of today's top pros and amateurs.

By Harry Paxton and Fred Russell



1925: Bob with the great Walter Hagen, whose "conduct on the golf course," says Jones, "was impeccable."



Right: Bob in 1916 was a 14-year-old boy wonder who trounced ex-Amateur champ E. M. Byers.

Recently we had an opportunity that reporters seldom get—a chance to sit down in relaxed privacy for a long, candid discussion of golf and golfers with the master of them all, Bobby Jones. Although he still makes news as a host at the Masters Tournament, and as a friend of golf enthusiast Dwight D. Eisenhower, Jones seldom talks at any great length for publication. He never was one to court personal publicity, even during the years when he was getting tons of it by running up his unmatched total of thirteen national-tournament victories, and since 1948 spinal trouble has reduced both his mobility and his availability.

Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., is now fifty-six and his golf playing is over, but in a broader sense he is unchanged. Jones always rated as one of the most intelligent and gentlemanly of sports

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celebrities, and he remains exactly that. Throughout our conversation we found him temperate and good-humored in his answers—but always frank and explicit. He evaded no issues and ducked no questions about the top golfers of today. As for how to play the game, he did not claim to have arrived at any magic formula, but he did have some very pointed words of basic advice for the golfers of the country.

We got together with Jones in his home town of Atlanta. "We" are Fred Russell, sports editor of the Nashville Banner, and Harry Paxton, sports editor of the Post. Russell is a long-time Post contributor, and a long-time friend of Bob's. Paxton's only previous direct knowledge of Jones was the boyhood thrill of watching him complete his "grand slam" of four British and American championships in the 1930 United States Amateur Tournament at the Merion Cricket Club outside Philadelphia.

Bob Jones—no one who knows him ever calls him Bobby—greeted us both with Southern graciousness, speaking in his easy Georgia drawl. He was seated at his desk in the offices of Jones, Williams, Dorsey and Kane, the Atlanta law firm founded by his father. Here Bob comes daily to attend to his varied business affairs. It was quickly agreed that we would simply close the door to Bob's walnut-paneled office and turn on the tape recorder we had brought along to transcribe our conversation.

On Bob's desk were framed reproductions of paintings of two of his special friends—Cliff Roberts, with whom Jones founded the Augusta National Golf Club and its Masters Tournament; and President Eisenhower, the latter as depicted by Norman Rockwell on a Post cover in October, 1956. Photographs of other friends hung on the office walls, along with some scenes from Bob's tournament days and assorted other sports items.

One of the first questions everybody asks us in connection with our trip to see Bob Jones is, "How is his health?" The answer is, "About the same." His trouble was caused by an injured vertebra at the top of the spine, the effect of which was a deterioration of nerve supply to his limbs. This resulted in an increasing atrophy, and pain in his arms and legs. Two operations some years back failed to correct the trouble. However, Bob Jones continues to live a full (Continued on Page 68)

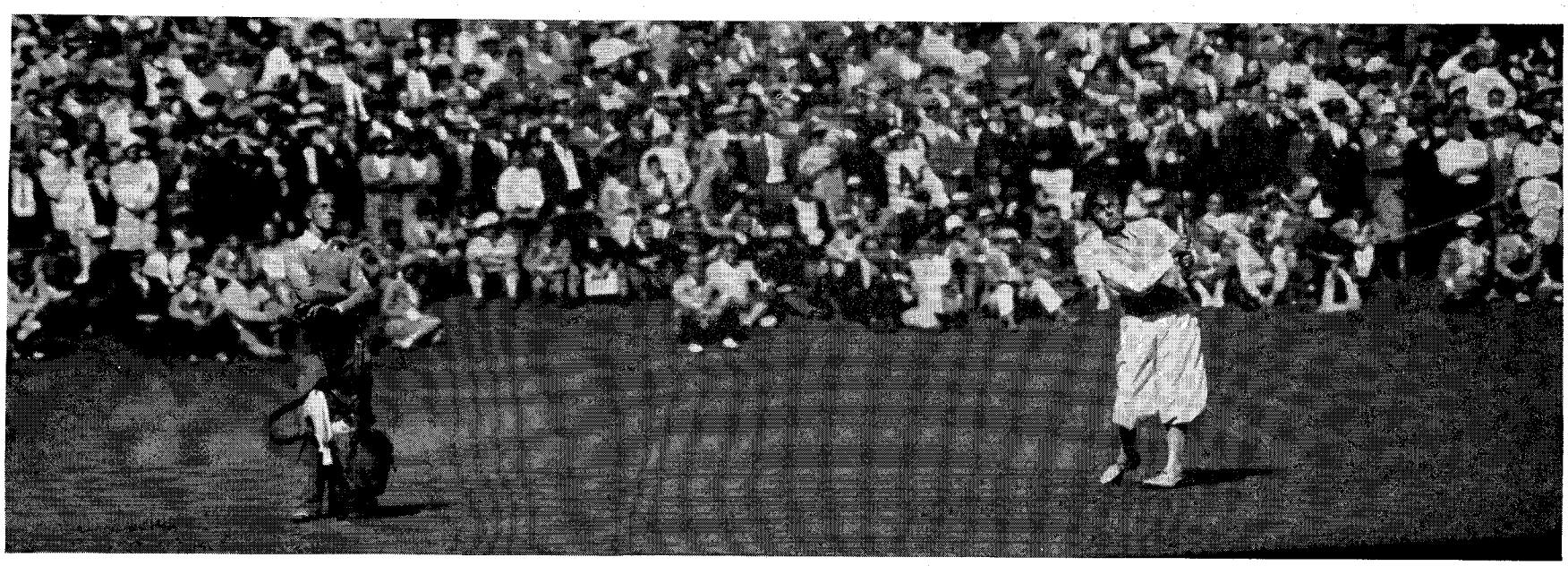
The Master of Them All

No man has ever dominated the golf world as Bob Jones did—not even Ben Hogan, who won eight of the twelve major championships he competed in during his peak years of 1948 to 1953. In the Bobby Jones era, which began in 1923, big-time golf for eight years was reduced to a matter of Jones vs. the field. The brilliant young amateur entered a total of twenty-one American and British national tournaments and won thirteen. In four others he was runner-up. In 1930 Jones made a clean sweep of all four big ones—his famous "grand slam"—and retired at twenty-eight, an age when a tournament golfer usually is just approaching his prime. His amazing record:

	U.S. AMATEUR	U.S. OPEN	BRITISH AMATEUR	BRITISH OPEN
1923	also-ran	WON		
1924	WON	second		
1925	WON	second		
1926	second	WON	also-ran	WON
1927	WON	also-ran		WON
1928	WON	second		
1929	also-ran	WON		
1930	WON	WON	WON	WON

—The Editors.

1930, St. Andrews, Scotland: Policemen had to escort Jones through a mob of enthusiastic Scots after he won the British Amateur title. This was the first of his four championship wins that season (see below).



Completing the "grand slam": Four months later, Jones easily won the U. S. Amateur title at the Merion course near Philadelphia. He thus became the first and only golfer to take all the major amateur titles in one year.

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Afternoon of Terror

She was alone in the house when the escaped murderer came, desperate and ready to kill again. . . .

By FREDERICK BORG

"It was too sweet," Mary said.

"I know, baby," Greg said, going over to the stove and pouring himself another cup of coffee. "I had a piece myself and it set my teeth on edge. But you know how proud Henrietta is of her cherry pies."

"She asked me how I liked it."

"You told her, all right." Greg reached across the table and patted her cheek. "I love you anyway," he said, grinning. He was a tall young man, lean and dark, with broad shoulders and big, capable hands. Mary, his wife, two years younger, was small and very pretty. They were discussing the church social they had gone to the night before.

"Actually," Greg went on, "Henrietta was pretty big about it. She told me later she guessed people could be divided into three classes—born liars, those who are honest most of the time, and finally a few like you who have to tell the truth even if it kills them."

"I just can't pretend," said Mary.

"That's one of the reasons I love you," Greg said. "But you'll have to admit it can be embarrassing at times."

He cited incidents. There was the lengthy graduation address given at the high school last June by an Air Force colonel, a fat and pompous man who monopolized Mary at the reception afterward and relinquished her only after asking, and getting, her candid opinion of his harangue. She told him it sounded like Edmund Burke, and the colonel had flushed guiltily because, as a matter of fact, his speech had been lifted almost word for word from the great orator.

There was the Little Theater production of Cyrano last year, in (Continued on Page 105)

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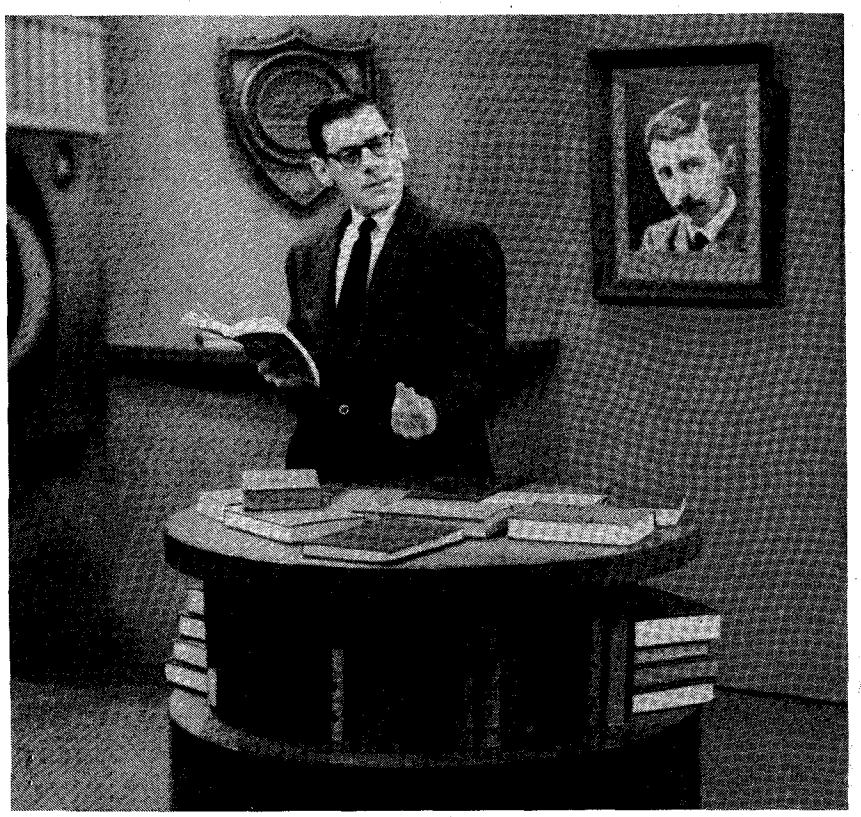

Professor Floyd Zulli, Jr., who uses no notes, lectures to his TV "class" on the novels of E. M. Forster ("A Passage to India"), whose portrait is on the wall.

Young Jamie Osborne, of White Plains, N.Y., never misses Sunrise Semester. His mother takes it for college credit.

How to Get Smart Before Breakfast

When New York University and a Manhattan TV station bravely televised a college course last fall, they never dreamed it would turn out like this.

By SARA MURPHEY and SALLY WRIGHT

On a blizzardy evening last December, Dr. Thomas D. Duane left his office to drive twenty miles to his country home seventy-five miles from New York City. Before midnight the doctor had to abandon his car, lower his head and start slogging through the snow. He was still ten miles from home, but there were friends not too far away, some as close as a fraction of a mile. He passed these havens and went on, bucking snow and cold wind, to a house two miles from his abandoned car. He endured the extra share of blizzard for an odd reason.

Doctor Duane, educated to his high forehead with four college degrees, researcher in classified space medicine, did not want to miss school next morning at 6:30. At the more distant house were friends who would not only put him up for the night but who were also dedicated to the same dawn classroom.

The school session which exerted such an unusual pull on the young doctor was a television program called Sunrise Semester. The course, conducted in the fall term of 1957, was Comparative Literature 10, in substance the development of the novel from Stendhal's The Red and the Black to Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises. Coproducers of the program were New York University and WCBS-TV, home station of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The telecourse was the first one for college credits ever offered over a commercial TV station in the country's largest TV concentration—the area roughly within an eighty-mile radius of mid-Manhattan.

Delivering the lectures each weekday from 6:30 to 7:00 A.M. was Dr. Floyd Zulli, Jr., thirty-five-year-old assistant professor of Romance languages of N.Y.U.'s College of Arts and Science. Viewers who followed Doctor Zulli's lectures, read the prescribed books, wrote a term paper, took two open-book exams at home and passed a final exam on the N.Y.U. campus, collected three college credits. They paid a tuition of seventy-five dollars.

Doctor Duane's defiance of frostbite in order to listen to Doctor Zulli was not abnormal devotion to learning for Sunrise Semester students. A housewife in North Bergen, New Jersey, sent her husband to the roof at six o'clock one morning to repair a loose aerial connection. In Glendale, Long Island, another housewife, her television set suddenly gone out, got up early enough the next morning to dress and walk four blocks to her sister's house to meet the 6:30 date with literature. An Air Force lieutenant, when called on early-morning duty, always had a sergeant tape-record that morning's lecture. A young mother in Scarsdale, with no possible chink in her household schedule, solved her time problem by setting up her ironing board at 6:30 A.M. in front of the TV screen.

There were 177 students who met N.Y.U. entrance requirements—out of more than 700 applicants—and enrolled in Sunrise Semester for scholastic credits. But an estimated 120,000 others followed the course, outnumbering the registered students almost 700 to 1. Working men and women, housewives young and middle-aged, grandmothers, high-school seniors, elderly couples and whole families watched as regularly and took notes as conscientiously as the registered students. They read the books with a delighted sense of discovery or reread them with heightened appreciation. Motivated by no prospect of gain except a better understanding of sixteen classic novels and the pleasure of meeting a perceptive mind, they had nothing to lose but sleep.

Sunrise Semester was a radical experiment in the New

(Continued on Page 99)

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Unfinished Love

How could he tell the story of their marriage until it had a happy ending?

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

It was five o'clock on Saturday afternoon and the place was certainly crowded. The room in the front, a gay Continental version of an ice-cream parlor, was more than totally occupied by children and their parents, mainly fathers. There wasn't a place to be had, not even standing room by the soda fountain. Sharon and I had a good place at one of the round red tables near the window. Outside, it was snowing heavily. The snow had begun to fall during the night and it was pouring down in thick flakes, piling up in drifts on the sidewalks and encrusting the bare trees in Central Park with a shining whiteness. It felt peculiar, as it always does, to see New York City temporarily clean and soft and silent, as it becomes during a snowstorm.

Inside, it was not so quiet. A hundred children were, all at once, babbling, chattering, screaming, laughing, whining. There was a smell of damp children and rubbers and wet coats, and through it all that distinctive sweetish odor, a blend of lacticity and confectionery, that is characteristic of ice-cream parlors.

Sharon carved a small piece of banana with a spoon. She carefully added fragments of vanilla ice cream, chocolate sirup and crushed walnuts. She daintily maneuvered a maraschino cherry on the heap. Watching the way she delicately brought the overcrowded spoon to her mouth and ingested it without spilling a drop, you would think she were at a formal dinner party. Sharon wiped her lips delicately. I ingested my martini. I spilled a few drops. I was nervous. Large groups of children make me nervous. So do small groups. So does my own daughter. I don't know what to do with her. She's only five years old, but already she's more than I can handle.

Of course, the entire domestic situation—which includes Sharon's mother—is more than I can handle and it makes me extremely nervous also. I see Sharon only on Saturdays. That's the way it's been since the legal separation last April. Her mother puts her on the 9:55 train at Hastings-on-Hudson and I pick her up at the GrandCentral Station at 10:41—that's assuming the train is on time, which it never is. There's always something strained and artificial, contrived, about these Saturdays. It's as if I've been sick and haven't been able to go to a birthday party, and so a small piece of cake has been saved for me, but it's a little stale and crumbled by the time it comes to me, wrapped up in a pink napkin.

On these Saturdays, Sharon and I never seemed to be able just to be together. We had to be doing something. A ballet recital, a Walt Disney true-life adventure movie, a stroll through the zoo, the children's concerts at Hunter College, the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, the sight-seeing tour of the Bowery and Chinatown, the ferry ride to Staten Island. I could go on like this. Why, I bet I am the only native New Yorker who has actually been to the Statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island. Yes, I mean it. I took Sharon there last September and she wanted to climb to the top, but my heart gave out at the eighth floor.

Climbing statues of Liberty is no activity for a forty-five-year-old man. Not that I have any business being the father of a five-year-old girl at my age, but what can you do if you have a wife who, when she's thirty-seven years old and married happily for many years without any children, decides that life is not complete without a baby? Or what are you going to do if this same wife—a (Continued on Page 114)

"You can hardly wait until I go to Florida and get the divorce, can you?" she said.

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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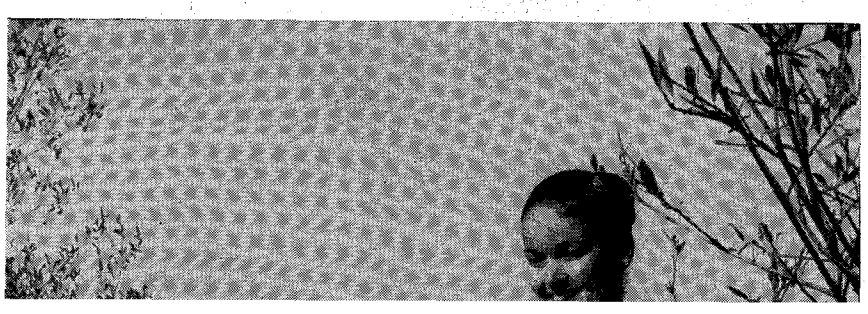
I CALL ON KATHRYN GRANT CROSBY

Pretty young Mrs. Bing Crosby tells a Post editor
how she plans to be a successful actress as well as a good wife.

BY PETE MARTIN



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A LOT HAS HAPPENED TO THE LITTLE GIRL FROM TEXAS

Standing behind a wooden barrier at the Palm Springs airport, Kathryn Grant waited for me in the hard white sunlight. She was very young, very large of eye, very clean. She seemed scrubbed until she shone. She appeared to be wearing no make-up. I'm no expert in such matters, but that's how I got it.

I groped in my mind for a simile to describe her. Cute as a bug; pretty as a little red wagon. Neither of these quite did it. The comparison that jumped into my head was a newly peeled hazel twig—springy and full of juices.

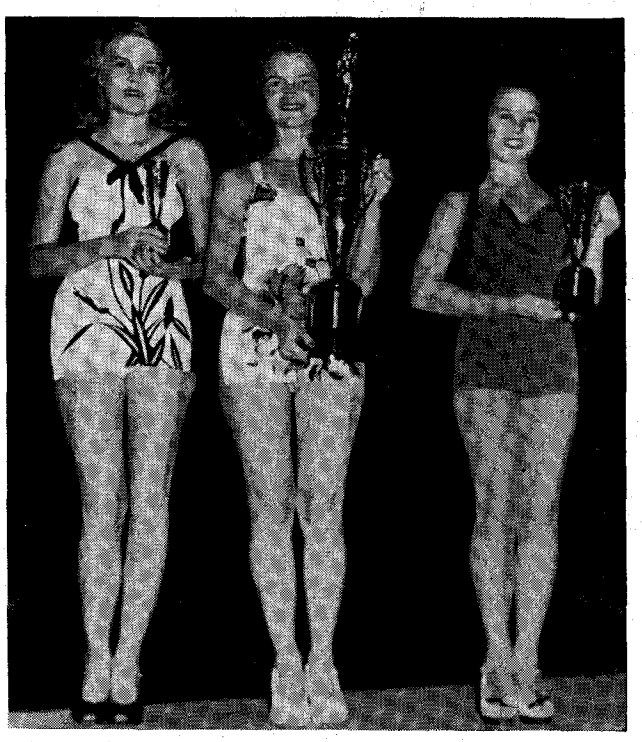
I noticed some of the people back of the barrier looking at her out of the corners of their eyes, but Kathryn Grant seemed unaware of their covert surveillance.

I picked up my luggage, she led me to her car, and we headed for Palm Desert, thirteen miles from Palm Springs. Her husband, Bing Crosby, and his friend, song writer Jimmy Van Heusen, had bought lots there, side by side. They had built homes on a plain of volcanic rock and mesquite. The two houses were set against a dramatic background of mountains shoving their heads into the clouds.

She looked at me thoughtfully, then said, "There's something we'd better understand before we begin to talk. When we were married, Bing and I made a pact. Our life as Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby will be purely our private and personal affair. Naturally, since I'm in show business and am an actress, any studio I work for will want lots of publicity about me. I see the need for that quite clearly. But my husband and I don't want to hold still for any exploration into how a man his age can fall in love with a girl my age or vice versa; how we met, how we live, what we do, what we plan to do, or other things we feel are strictly our business. However, I'll be happy to talk to you if you'd like to go into my background and my professional life, my hopes and aspirations, my likes and dislikes. In other words, all the points generally covered in such a story."

"I'll do my best to keep it that way," I said. "I don't see how we can talk, even casually, without occasionally mentioning your husband. That's up to you. You'll be in control of our conversation."

"Bing and I are a great deal alike in one respect," she said. "We're inclined to stand off a little and size people up, before we decide about them. Once we've made our decision, that's it. If you're my friend, you're my friend. Actually I need to do this more than Bing, because he has mastered the art of being amusing, of talking casually—and saying nothing. It's very difficult (Continued on Page 101)



At 14, Kathryn (right) placed second in this beauty pageant. Later she won many contests.

Last year Kathryn made a spectacular entrance at the Ballyhoo Ball as "Gina Lollobrigida."

Kathryn and Bing on one of their first dates, a party after the 1955 Academy Awards.

Kathryn with Ernie Kovacs in her recent—and best-known—film, Operation Mad Ball.

The Crosby house near Palm Springs. For privacy's sake, the Crosbys keep no servants here.

Mrs. Crosby does her housewifely chores by doing her own marketing, in Palm Springs, Cal.

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THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

Ten Thousand Years to Make Up

The white settler and Stone Age man of New Guinea have formed a bizarre partnership that works to the profit of both . . .

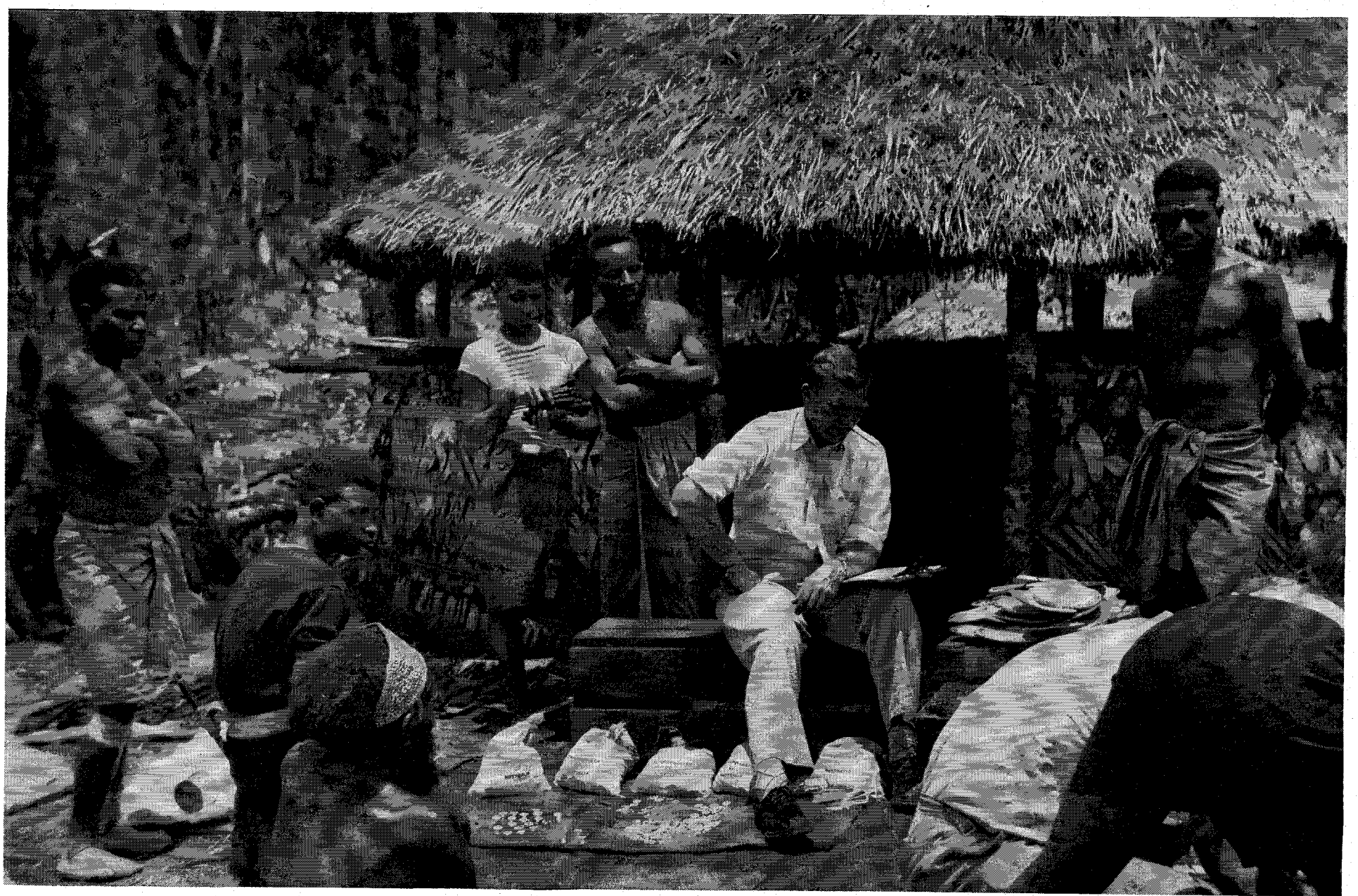
By ROBERT C. RUARK

CONCLUSION

In the frontier town of Goroka, in the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea, there is a one-room wooden bank which does a bustling business. Here, it is not unusual on any day to see a black savage, with a built-up wig of human hair, with a towering headdress of bird-of-paradise plumes and black cockatoo feathers, with a headband of brilliant green beetle shells, his nose pierced and adorned with pig tusks and two-foot-long plumes thrust through the septum, possum-tail bangles hanging along his ears, a shell-studded belt, his chest covered with gold-lip pearl shell, his face painted red and yellow, and his nose painted red, his body smeared with pig fat and clothed by a fiber-string sporran in front and a bunch of fresh green leaves behind, his arms adorned with bracelets, his hands carrying a Mount Hagen stone ax and a gaily-carved-and-feathered spear, a ripping knife stuck into his girdle. Thus attired, he walks up to this one-room wooden bank and produces a pouch full of pound notes, shillings and half crowns, sixpence and pence.

"Puttim long side other fella shilling allasame," he will say to the bank manager, and walk away, along a road, past a post office, a jail, a general store, a lumber mill, a hospital, a hydroelectric plant, an airstrip, a coffee refinery, a golf course, a plant nursery, a corn mill, a passion-fruit pulping mill and an employment bureau which were not there seven years ago. There was nothing there seven years ago.

Today's Goroka has 500 white inhabitants and more than 1000 native bank accounts. Its airlift is 650 landings and take-offs per month. Everything in the town, from bank to golf course to jail to (Continued on Page 124)



Ian Downs pays off his native road builders with their traditional currency, pearl shells (on bench at right), coins and tobacco sticks. But pearl shells are on the way out, he says. "Air-freight costs are too big, the shells are too heavy to be flown in from the coast as common tender."

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"What you gonna do, Busey?" Royce whimpered. "Busey, I ain't armed. . . ."

The Cowardice of Tom Royce

He committed an unforgivable betrayal in the mountain country. Now retribution had caught up.

By CHAD OLIVER

Screened by the thick willow brush, Busey Shafter stood knee-deep in the cold water of the beaver pond. The spring sky of the mountains was studded with gray cotton rain clouds, but the sun was shining brightly, warming the faded flannel back of his shirt as Busey bent over at his work. He did his job mechanically, trying to ignore the chill knot of worry in his chest.

He baited the trap with beaver medicine from the plugged horn bottle at his belt and set it in the clear water just to the left of the spot where the beaver slide entered the pool. Careful to stay in the water where he would leave no man scent, he drove a stout trap pole through the ring of the five-foot steel chain into the stream bank. He arched a willow branch over the trigger of the trap and smeared it with more of the musky castoreum taken from the preputial glands of the beaver.

Busey waded out of the pond, keeping clear of the mound of mud and branches that was the beaver house. He kept to the stream until he was sure that the beaver could not catch his scent and then climbed out on the bank and stood up in the grass of the high mountain meadow. His joints were stiff and his rheumatism—the legacy of years spent in icy streams—was bothering him again. He walked over and picked up his heavy Hawken rifle and checked its load.

Something was wrong. Busey couldn't quite figure it, but he knew that something was wrong. A mountain man had a nose for trouble; he could smell it on the wind. It had been a hard winter, that winter of 1833, hard on men and hard on horses. And he had been a fool to come into the mountains with Tom Royce for a partner. Tom knew his beaver right enough and he could handle a rifle, but it took more than that to make a man who could live in the (Continued on Page 75)

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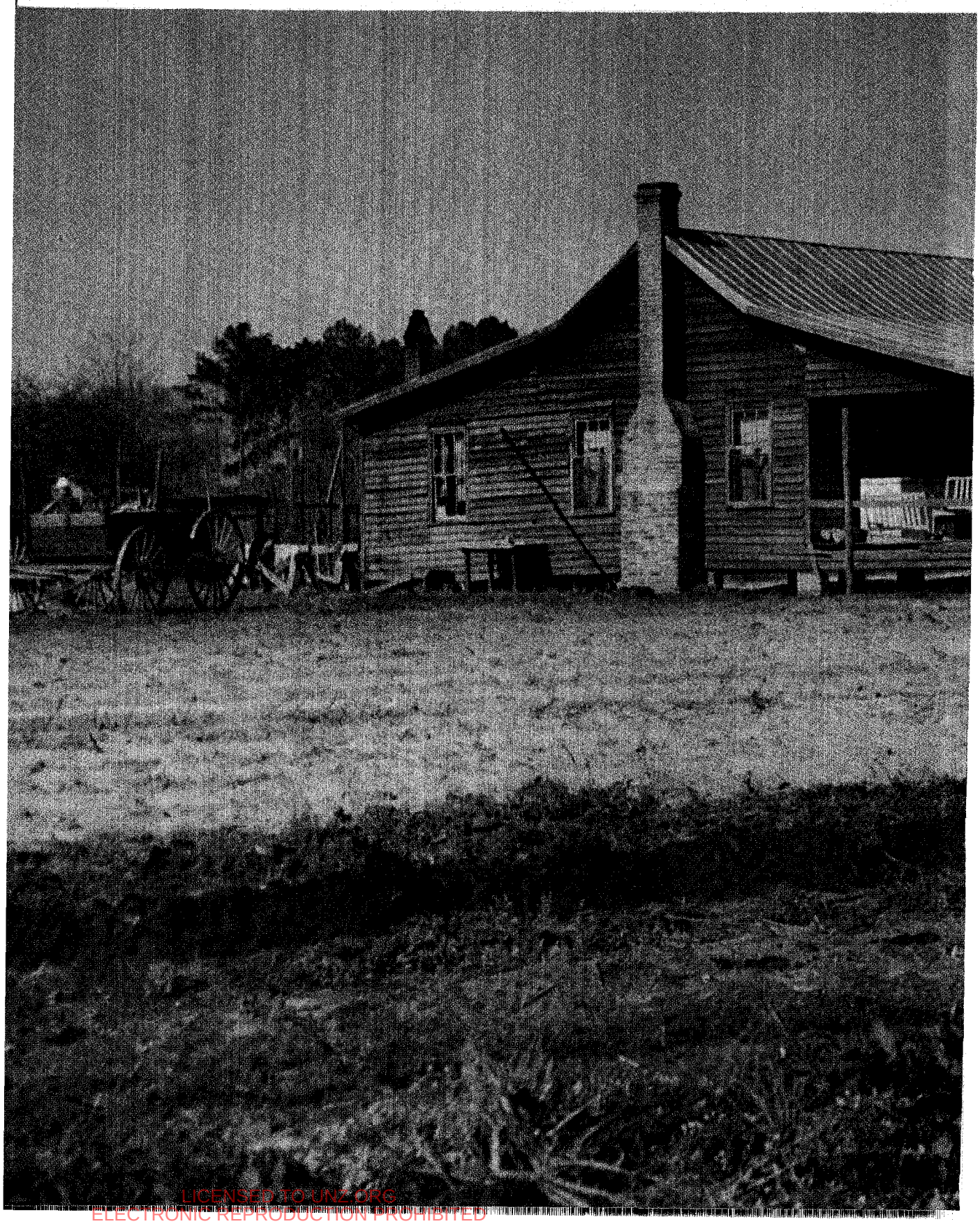
The Pace of AMERICA

Share Cropper



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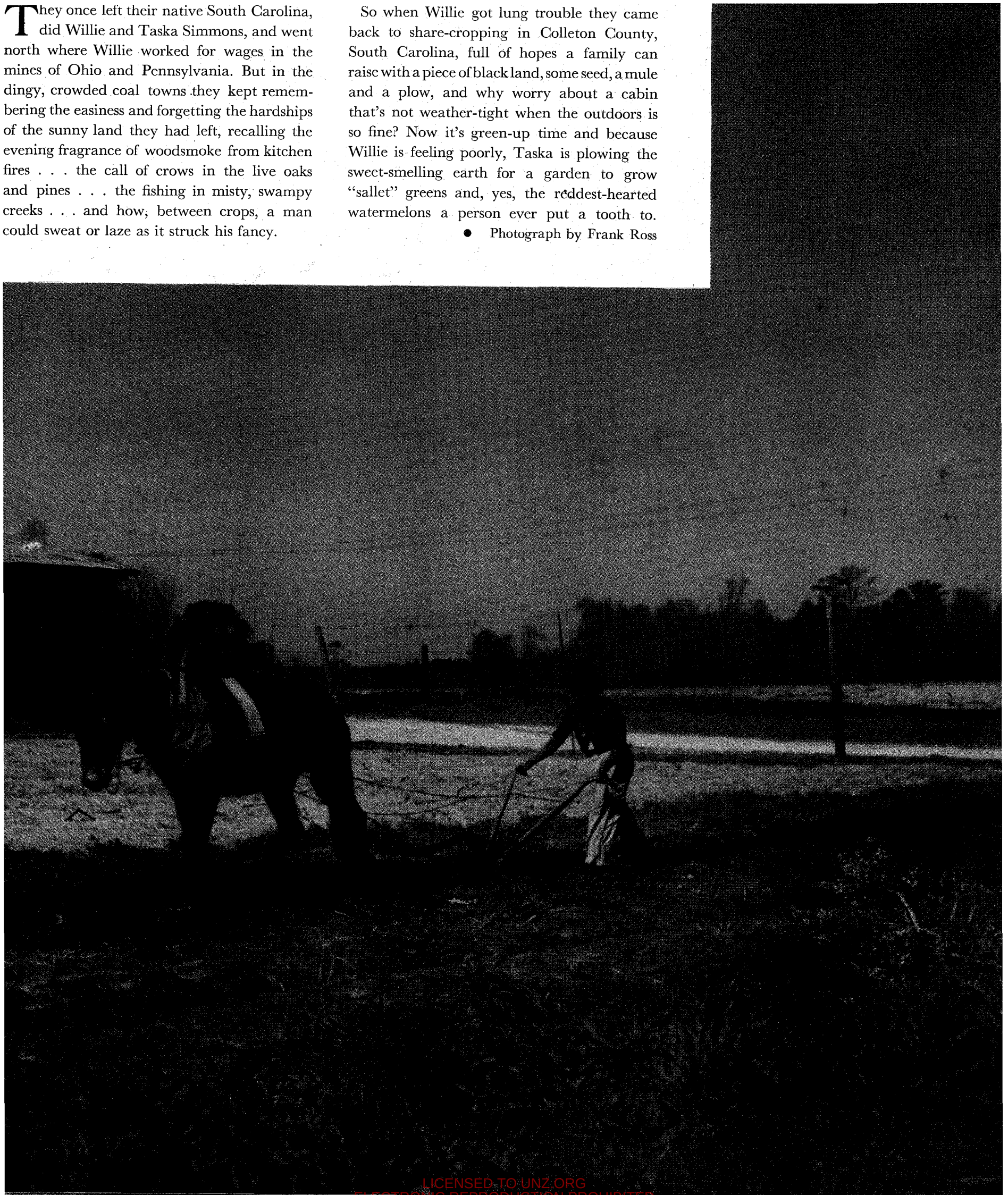
They once left their native South Carolina, did Willie and Taska Simmons, and went north where Willie worked for wages in the mines of Ohio and Pennsylvania. But in the dingy, crowded coal towns they kept remembering the easiness and forgetting the hardships of the sunny land they had left, recalling the evening fragrance of woodsmoke from kitchen fires . . . the call of crows in the live oaks and pines . . . the fishing in misty, swampy creeks . . . and how, between crops, a man could sweat or laze as it struck his fancy.

So when Willie got lung trouble they came back to share-cropping in Colleton County, South Carolina, full of hopes a family can raise with a piece of black land, some seed, a mule and a plow, and why worry about a cabin that's not weather-tight when the outdoors is so fine? Now it's green-up time and because Willie is feeling poorly, Taska is plowing the sweet-smelling earth for a garden to grow "sallet" greens and, yes, the reddest-hearted watermelons a person ever put a tooth to.

● Photograph by Frank Ross



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Cruel Decision

In seconds the truckload of gasoline would explode.

It was either George's arm—or his life.

By CLIFF FARRELL

Thomas Stafford, 3rd, was sure he was walking into a baited trap as he drove up to the residence office of Dr. Rufus Peach in Clear Springs, Ohio. But, being forewarned, he was confident he could overcome any skulduggery and be on his way in a few moments, still master of his own destiny.

It was midafternoon, and the sun of the late June day beat down with authority as he swung into the wide driveway which served both the comfortable Peach home and its neighbor. These houses stood among spacious lawns and shade trees on the hilly western fringe of town. It was cooler here, and pleasant.

Before he braked to a stop, he came within an ace of damaging a fender on a large young

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George saw the glint of a scalpel in Tom's hand. And the surgical saw. "No!" he cried.

man in jeans and T shirt who came bounding over the privet hedge. This arrival had dark hair, and tapered in a rugged fashion from very broad shoulders to lean waist and supple legs. He carried a football in a hand that was of a size for such a hobby.

"Watch it, bud!" the person chided, and went loping away.

Tom cut the ignition and unfolded from the car, which was built on the general design of a flatiron. He had assembled it himself from various sources and paid for it out of the meager income of a medical intern.

He stretched. He was lank and had sun-bleached sandy hair, with freckles and good gray-blue eyes. He had a long jaw and chin. He was thin and a trifle drawn. Because he was the son of Thomas Stafford, 2nd, no wheels had been greased for him in medical school. He meant to make up for that.

A sprightly lady with handsome gray hair came hurrying onto the veranda of the Peach residence.

From among his luggage in the flattie, Tom produced a new, black leather case. "I'm Tom Stafford," he explained. "When I left Cleveland this morning, my father asked me to deliver this to Dr. Rufus Peach. It's a present, I believe."

He tried to hand up the bag, but the handsome lady ignored it and hurried to his side. "So you're young Tom Stafford!" she cried. "How very nice! Your father and my husband are old friends. I'm Selina Peach. Rufus is out on a call. I'll have your luggage taken up to your—to the guest room. This is a wonderful surprise!"

Selina Peach was not a devious person. It was obvious she had been expecting his arrival. The trap was set.

He again tried to surrender the black case, and failed. The case, by appearance, should have carried delicate surgical instruments. But he had heard the gurgle of fluid. His guess was that it contained a bottle or two of the delectable and expensive Spanish sherry which was his father's only indulgence. It was undoubtedly intended as a bribe.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Peach," he said, "but I want to get back on the turnpike and make it to Chicago before I hang up tonight. I'm on my way to California."

It was all the upshot of a long-drawn difference of opinion between him and his father. It had to do with a standing offer he had received to join a flashy medical group on the West Coast which specialized in fat fees from fat patients with fat salaries.

There had been a final heated discussion the previous afternoon (Continued on Page 92)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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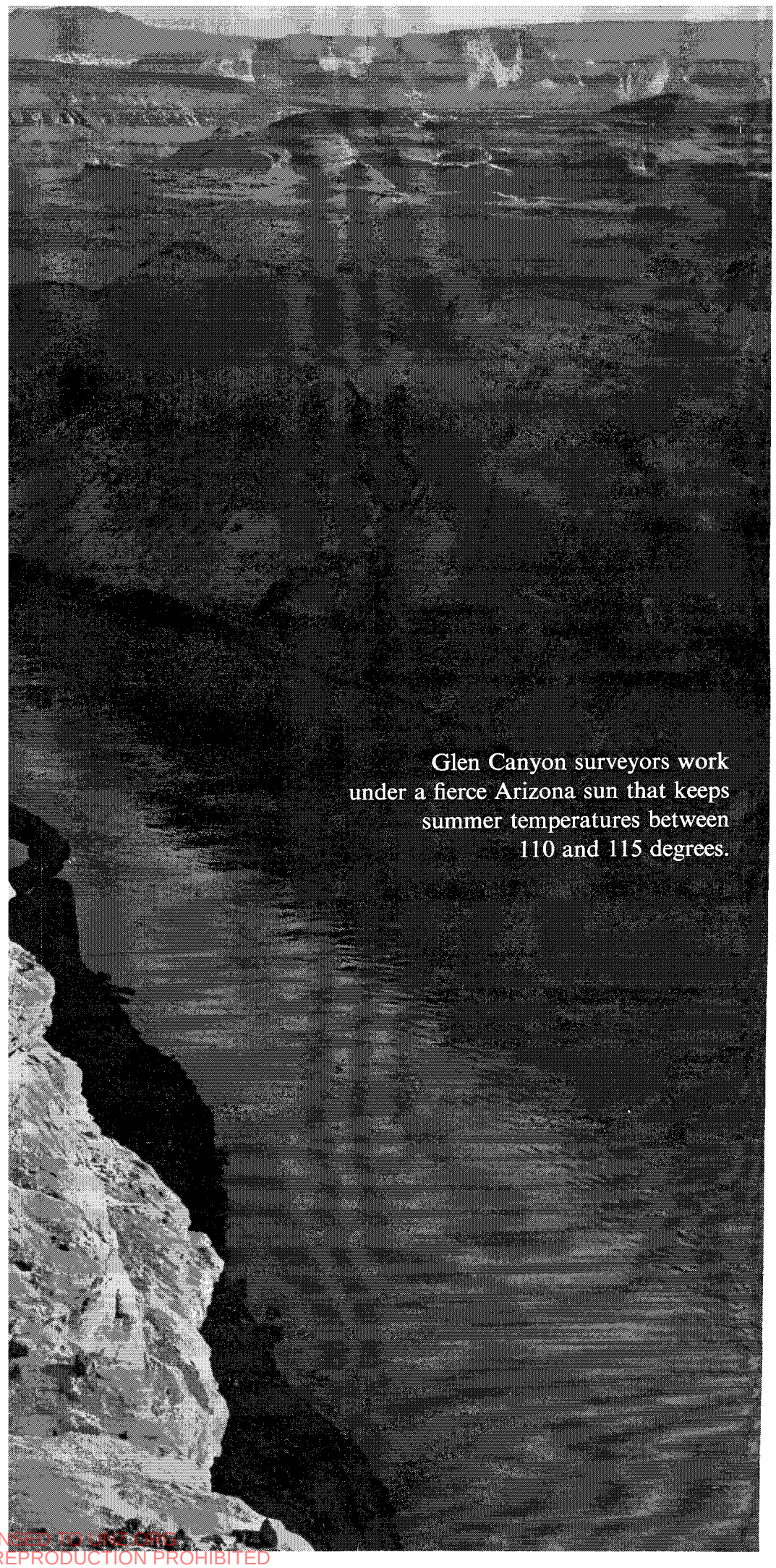

Glen Canyon surveyors work under a fierce Arizona sun that keeps summer temperatures between 110 and 115 degrees.

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GIANT of the COLORADO

By NEIL M. CLARK

The mammoth new Glen Canyon Dam soon will transform the face of the desolate Arizona-Utah frontier, with eventual benefit for millions of vacationing Americans.

It was just a ceremony. High-scalers and drill-bargemen could have got going without it. But historic beginnings suggest ribbon snipping and oratory, and at 11:30 A.M., Mountain Standard Time, on October 15, 1956, Utah's senior senator, Arthur V. Watkins, gripped a radiotelephone at a forbidding spot in the Arizona-Utah desert, waiting for a phone call from the White House. It came on the dot. Felicitations ensued, and President Eisenhower pushed a special telegraph key. The script called for things to happen fast, so that it would seem as if the President actually had sparked the fuse. But there was a hitch.

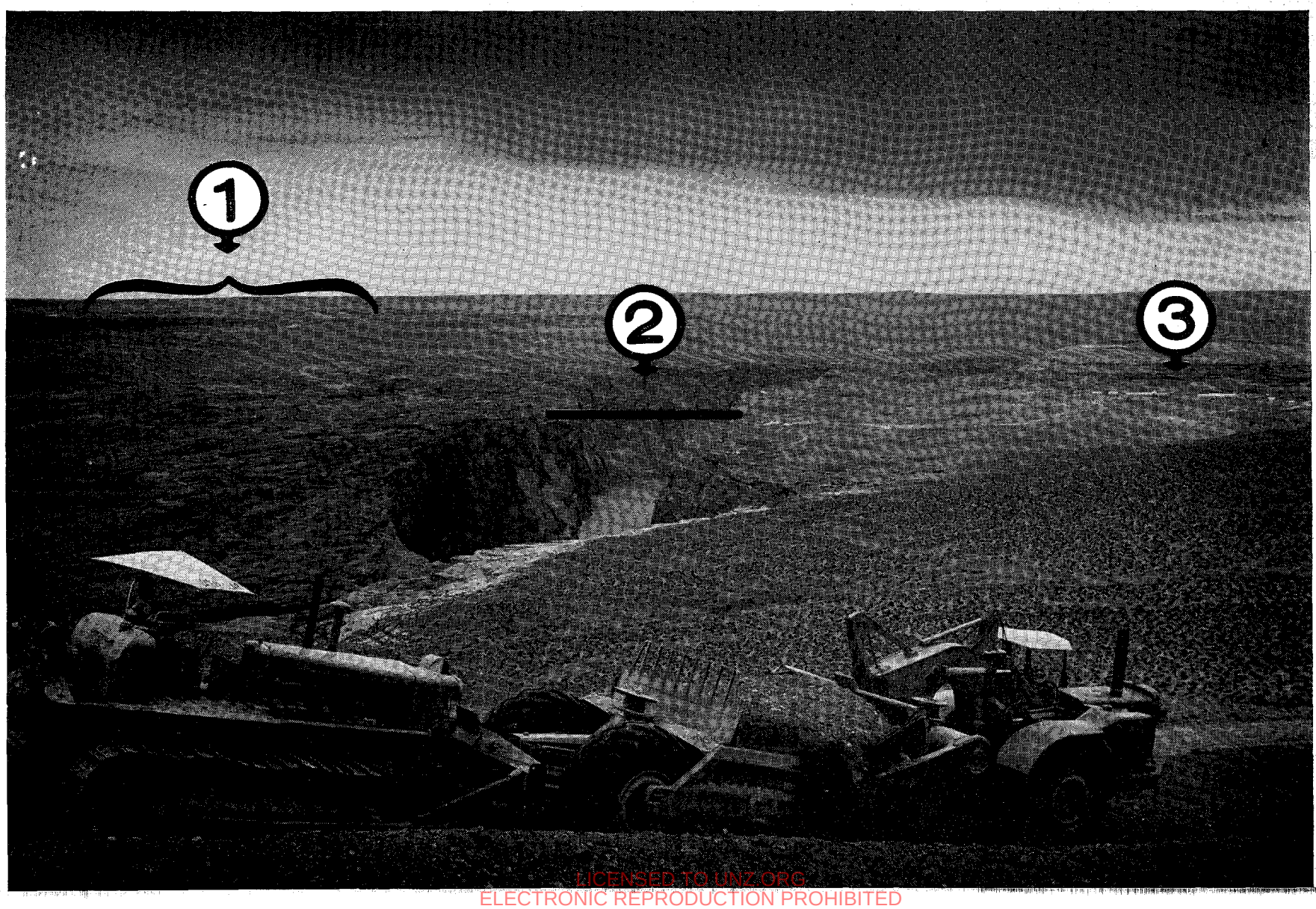
The first flagman snapped his signal flag down when the buzz came. The second flagman, at a distance, saw him and did the same. The powderman should have thrown the switch instantly. He didn't. Instead, he called across intervening canyon space, "Do you mean now?" Engineers held their breath. Sight-seers were silent. The powderman repeated, "I said, 'Do you mean now?'"

"Yes!" Flagman No. 2 flapped frantically. "Let her, for heaven's sake, go!"

Finally the powderman did. The earth heaved, rocks flew and dust rose a thousand feet. As the roar of the explosion reached Washington and radio listeners, some of the latter chuckled. They heard the President of the United States let out "a whoop and a holler"—then add dryly, "That electricity took a long time to get there!"

It did indeed. It might be said to have taken forty years to get there—forty years of dreaming, planning and bitter controversy. The slightly goofed ceremony was the official start of Glen Canyon Dam, the first dirt to move under terms of Public Law 485 of the 84th Congress, known as the Colorado River Storage Project Bill. Signed by the President on April 11, 1956, (Continued on Page 120)

Below: 1. A new, permanent city will be built here for workers and tourists. Authorities estimate its future population at 10,000. 2. Here the Glen Canyon Dam, rising 700 feet from foundation bedrock, will hold back the Colorado. Beyond the dam, 900 feet downstream, the nation's highest steel arch will span the chasm for a highway. 3. The present construction camp. In the foreground, earth-moving machines grind away at their Herculean job.



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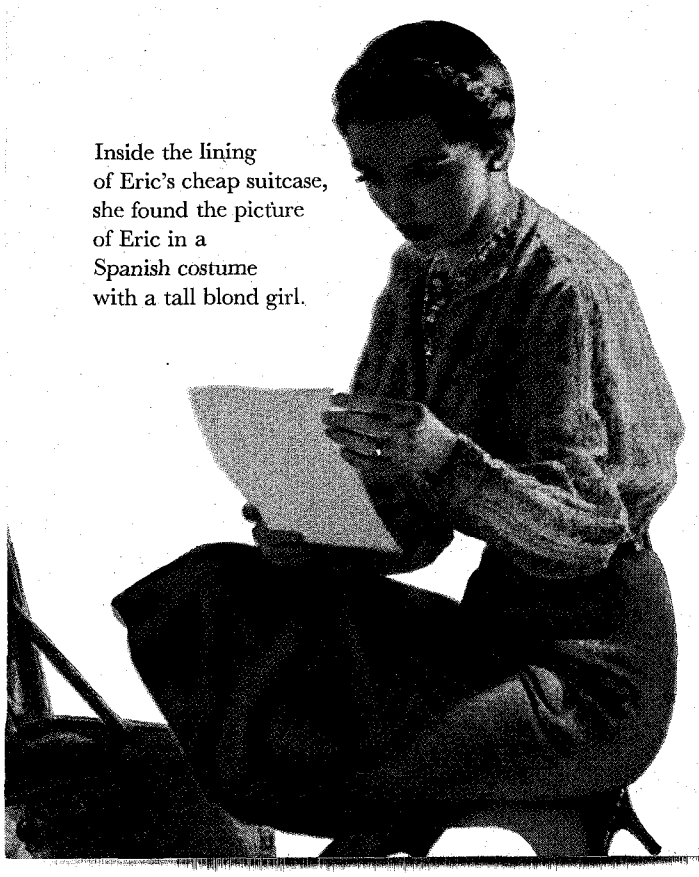
DEATH STALKS THE BRIDE

She could feel herself helplessly sinking deeper into the ugly mystery of this strange man's past.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

"This is right. I know it is right," said Jessamine Abbot to herself on the winter day of her marriage to Eric Barthelmieu. Though she had known the dark stranger for only six weeks, Jessamine, a member of a socially prominent family, felt that in time she would learn whatever secret lay in Eric's past. She could not know yet of a mysterious scene which took place the previous October on a lonely beach, miles from her Chicago home. There, a tall, athletic man walked with a petite redhead, while an elderly man and a little girl dozed nearby over the remains of a picnic. Stretched out not far from them was the body of a beautiful woman, a knife in her throat.

Eric invited no friends or relations of his own to the wedding reception. But two unexpected guests appeared: Maxann York, a dazzling redhead, and Eric's father, a white-haired old man named Papa Raoul. Why, Jessamine asked herself, were these two so unwelcome to her husband? Then, as the newlyweds left the Abbot house for their honeymoon, Eric angrily lashed out at the photographer who tried to take a picture of their departure.



Inside the lining of Eric's cheap suitcase, she found the picture of Eric in a Spanish costume with a tall blond girl.

II

Eric was crouching beside her, holding her. "Jessamine!"

"I'm all right." She felt the color flooding her face. She tried to straighten her new hat. She decided Willi had been right; on her the feather was a mistake. And she certainly didn't manage high heels very well. "But everyone's looking! Please help me up."

Eric helped her up, gently brushing her coat, her suit skirt and her stocking, which was torn. He seemed to have forgotten the photographer.

"I'm awfully sorry," Jessamine said to him. "It was my fault. An accident."

"Yeah," said the photographer. "Some accident!"

"You aren't hurt? Of course we want to get you a new camera."

"You bet you will!" said the man, whereupon he picked up his crushed camera and walked away.

Eric looked down at Jessamine. "I behaved very badly. I'm sorry. But a man has his pride. To be called Mr. Abbot ——" He stooped to pick her up, to carry her bodily to the car. He bent to kiss her cold lips. "Jessamine?"

She forgot her anger. She clung to him. After a moment, he kissed her again and went around to the driver's seat. They sat just looking at each other. They sighed. He held her hand in his carefully, as if it would break. Finally, in two starts, he had the motor going. They pulled away with a great jerk, scraping the fender of Aunt Ann's car.

"Eric," she said, "you are such an awful driver!"

"Your first remark as a married woman to your husband!"

They both laughed then. And the laughter had a warming power. She snuggled very close to him. He put an arm around her shoulder, pulling her even closer.

She shrieked, "Eric, we're going to hit that roadster!"

Eric swerved the car violently and came to a stop against the curb.

"Since we're stopped anyway." He took her into his arms.

"Eric, this is Michigan Avenue!"

"Any avenue."

"And I would hate to be giving a ticket to newlyweds," said an Irish voice at their elbow. "But that's just what I'll be doing if I count a hundred and you're still here."

Jessamine looked into the face of a uniformed policeman. "How did you know we were ——"

The policeman gestured. "Tin cans. A sign, 'JUST MARRIED, STILL DELIRIOUS.' And you not seeing the one or hearing the other."

"Willi!" said Jessamine.

"On your way," said the policeman. "Name the first one for me."

Finally they were out of the Chicago traffic, heading steadily north. The old car had no heater. Their frosted breaths were plain before them. Jessamine did not even notice. It was so good to be close to Eric. To be finally alone with her husband.

She said it wonderingly, "My husband."

They drove steadily for several hours. Jessamine was tired. The motor of the car was loud but regular. The tires on the snowy pavements, the gradually approaching darkness ——

When the car finally stopped, the darkness was complete. Eric leaned over to put his cheek against hers very gently. "Awake?"

"I wasn't asleep! I couldn't have been. Is this Deer Lodge?"

"It should be. If the directions on the brochure are right."

"Have you ever been here before?"

"No. But I had heard of it someplace, and the travel folder made it sound so enticing. Tennis courts, riding horses, swimming in the lake. And cheap."

They laughed at the snowy Wisconsin landscape.

Jessamine, who was more used to luxury hotels, found the (Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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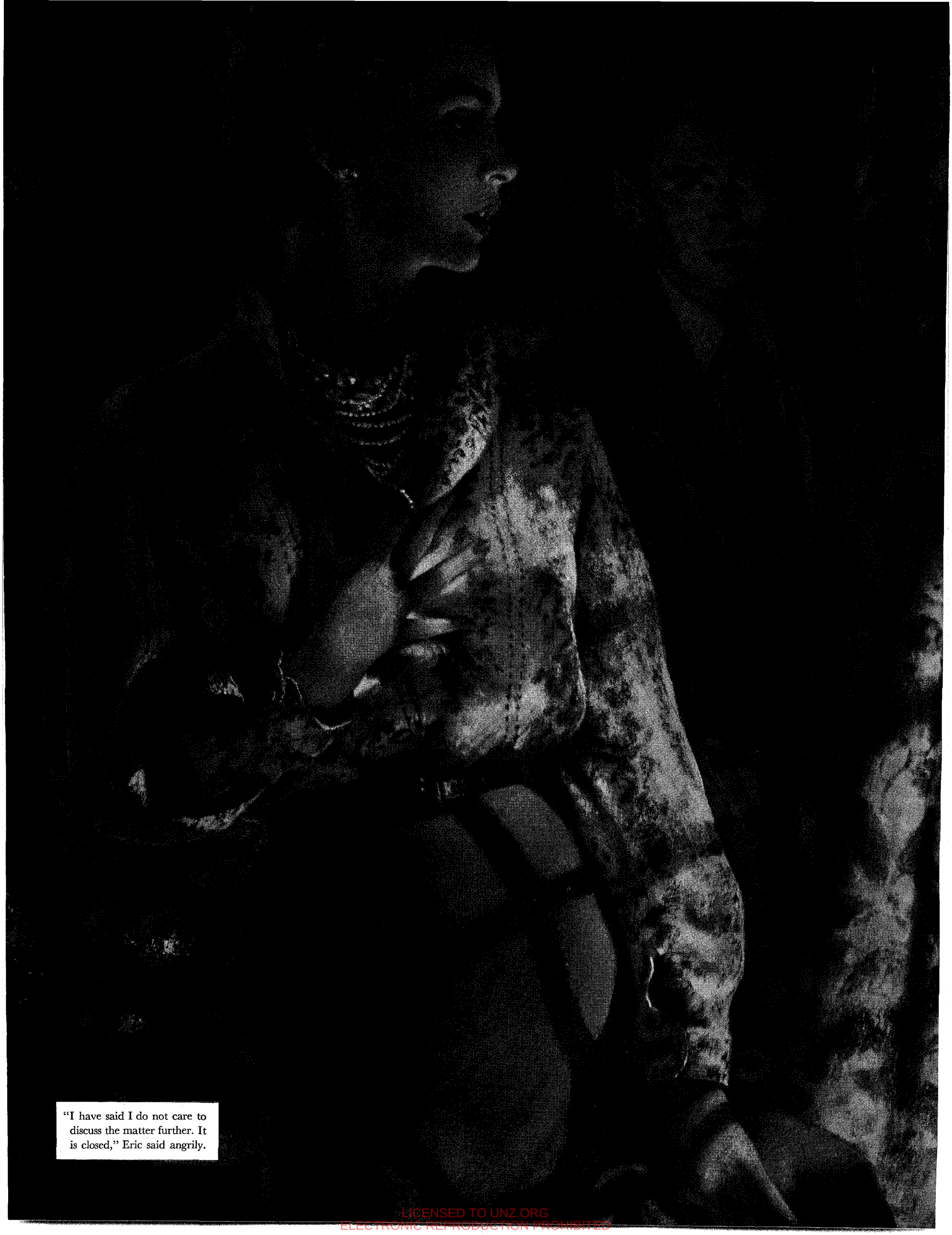

"I have said I do not care to discuss the matter further. It is closed," Eric said angrily.

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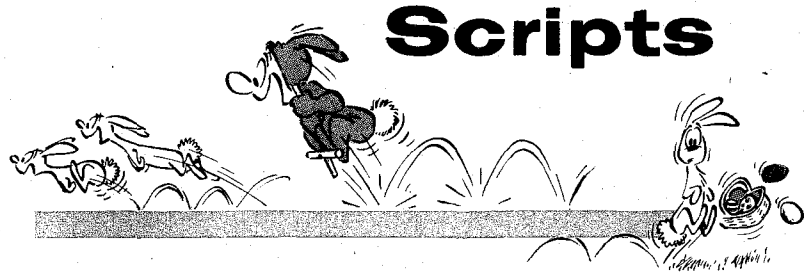
Post Scripts



Thoughts on Awakening

This could be the day that will bring me the news
Of a legacy left by an uncle,
Or a long-hidden box will reveal some old stocks,
Or maybe an attic or trunk'll.
It could be the day when I'll win the big prize
In a contest which closed last September,
Or someone unknown may call on the phone
To make it a date to remember.
This could be the day that will zoom me to fame—
We'll just wait and see if it doesn't.
Yes, it could be the day when my ship will come in ——

P. S.: (Some time later) It wasn't!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Sport Thrills You'll be Tuning In To

"If he sinks this one, he'll tie for a play-off. It's going straight for the hole! It's—oh, it just rims the cup, and he tosses his club up in the air in disgust!"

"He grabs it—and he's in for a touchdown! . . . Wait a minute. Hold everything! There's a marker on the play."

"It's a long one! It's going out of here! It's going! It's going—foul."

"Grogan's knees are wobbly! Clancy nails him again—and again! He can't possibly hold out—and there's the bell ending the fight, and Grogan dances back to his corner."

"Now Mad Boy is making his move! He catches Blue Grunion and Jet President! He's moved up from seventh to sixth—he's fifth now—fourth!—and as they go under the wire, it's Ace Gun, Peace Atom and Mean Angel, in that order!"

"Now the Herons have the ball! Fenstrom shoots from midfloor just as the final buzzer sounds and—he scores a senSATIONAL basket! That shot must have traveled fifty-five feet for a new record! Well, folks, that wraps it up with the Herons on the short end of a 127–84 score."

PARKE CUMMINGS

"Ten years ago I would have just laughed at him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

RHYMERS MEIN GROSSFADER MADE

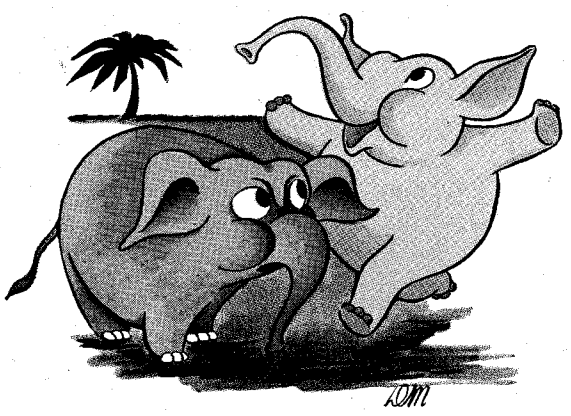
By DAVE MORRAH

DER ZEBRA

Der zebra ist blackisch und stripen mit whiten,
Or elser, das vicen der verser ist righten,
Der zebra ben simplisch, mitouten disputen,
Ein donkischer wearen ein hoosengow suiten.

DAS SMALLISCH BLUE BOY

Raus mit uns, Blue Boy, und tooten das horn,
Der sheepers und milchers ben nibblen der corn!
Vere ist das donderhead hiden mit missen?
Besiden der haystacker, flirten und kissen!



DER ELEPHANT

Der outsizen elephant swayen und grunten
Ben swingen der tailers in backen und fronten.
Und folkers ben watchen der pinkers cavorten
Mit ober-indulgen der shortischer snorten.

DAS LION

Das lion ben strongisch und coloren strawisch
Mit toothen und pawfooten gnawisch und clawisch.
Oftenisch lions ben fed mit der fingers,
Includen der nailers und goldenisch ringers!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Would You Repeat That?

"Dealer's choice, so the poker game we're going to play this hand is a real dilly called Duluth Bombshell. Threes, sixes and one-eyed jacks are wild with aces, straights and flushes, while deuces and the joker are wild with everything else. A black seven means that you have to throw in two chips, while a red eight means that you not only get another card, but that if the card you get happens to be a two-eyed ——"

"Being's you've never driven out there before, I'll tell you what I think our best route will be: Keep going straight here on Willow Drive until you get down to where Willow Drive, Sixth Street, Eldon Parkway, Atlas Court and Fourth Avenue all intersect, then turn on to Eldon Parkway for a block or so until you get to Seneca. South on Seneca to Leary, east to Eighteenth, south again to Monrovia, then swing over Pritchard Circle to Galsworthy. West to Hayden, then south again ——"

"I think that you're going to find this a simple thing to operate, once you get the hang of it. You see, this lever here is called the A lever, which you press to start the plates to revolving counter-clockwise. As soon as the plates are revolving real good, you twist this dial about one and a quarter turns to the left, at the same time holding this little arm at about a forty-five-degree angle. When the gears under this little disk engage, you merely release the little arm, keep turning the dial here to the left and throw this little switch over to the right, keeping in mind, of course, that you also have to ——"

"All ready to move the furniture for me, eh, dear? Well, here's what I have in mind: The sectional can go over here by the wall, unless, of course, the TV set is too wide for the space between the furnace register and the hall door. If it is, I'm sure that the bookcase will fit O.K. there. However, if the bookcase does go there, I'll want the sectional over by the windows, which means that the big chair will have to go over where the lamp tables are now, and the lamp tables will have to be put—well, perhaps over where the TV set was. That green occasional chair is going to present somewhat of a problem, so I think that you might have to slide the sectional down just a little, move the coffee table over this way, put the TV set ——"

RAYMOND HOWARD

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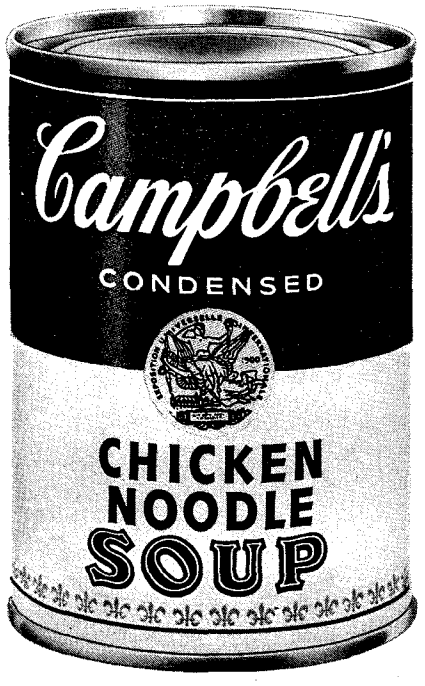
Delicious...any time...every time!

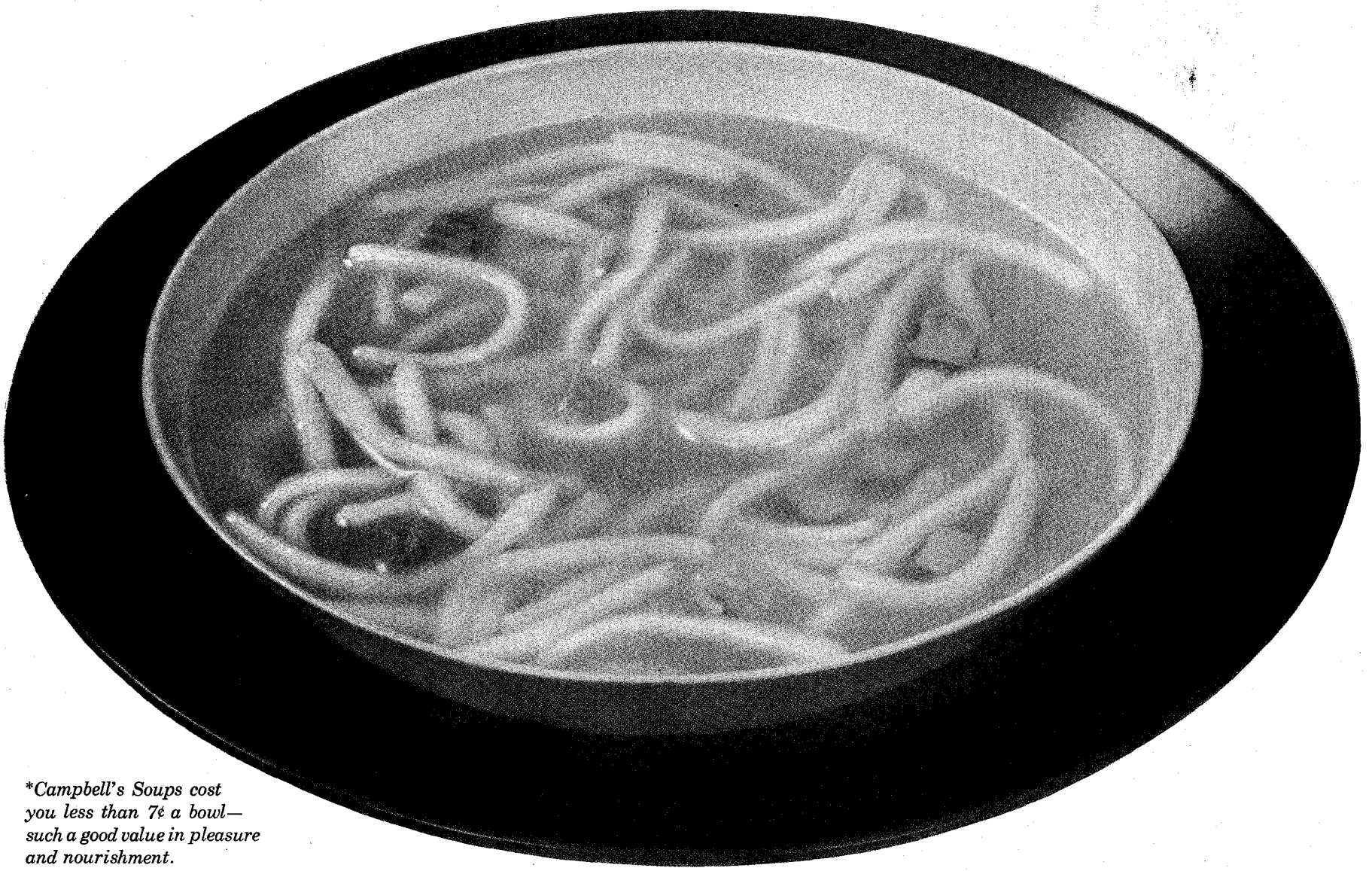


You never get tired of soup, with Campbell's 21 kinds to choose from! Chicken soups, meat soups, vegetable soups, cream soups! No wonder soups are so popular.

And soups are good for you. Soups help supply vitamins... and proteins...and minerals. Where could you find better values* anywhere, in wholesome pleasure and nourishment?

Today, have that old favorite—Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup—the chicken soup with fine golden broth and enriched egg noodles. Tomorrow, have another kind. Make it a happy habit ... once a day ... every day ... Soup. Campbell's, of course!

Have you had your soup today?



**Campbell's Soups cost you less than 7¢ a bowl—such a good value in pleasure and nourishment.*

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The Hot Dog's Best Friend

Whether you like it fiery or sweet, there's a good chance that yellow sauce you put on your frankfurters comes from the spice merchants of Mustard Street.

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

At a company outing, employees of R. T. French's Rochester, N.Y., plant demonstrate loyal delight in their No. 1 product.

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Only a squeamish minority of Americans will try to deny that the hot dog is one of the most apt and universal symbols of America. The eight billion bun-cradled, mustard-plastered dogs consumed last year were so perfectly distributed that the three highest producing states comprised a straight cut across the land—New York, Illinois and California. From the beach at Savannah to the ball park at Seattle the hot dog is the most American of American objects. Hence it is strange to be reminded by an Oxford accent from Rochester, New York, that a deep British infiltration of this national cornerstone exists today and has existed for years.

The basic hot dog is a bun, a wiener and a smear of mustard, obviously. There are permissible deviations beyond that, but those primary parts are the foundation of the American symbol. Now it is asserted by the R. T. French Company, of Rochester, that more French's mustard is sold than all other kinds together, and it follows that more than half the country's dogs are customarily covered by French.

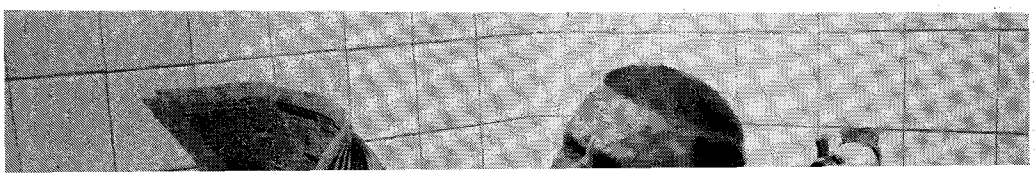
What this means is that the Reckitt family, of Hull, England, and the Colman family, of Norwich, are greatly responsible for and benefit from decidedly un-British activities in un-British locations like the bleachers at Yankee Stadium. For the R. T. French Company is owned by only one stockholder, and the single stock certificate outstanding is in the name of Reckitt and Colman, Ltd., a worldwide English company formed in 1938 of two very old family firms. The American trade bastion of Reckitt and Colman, the French company, was purchased full blown in 1926, which, as it turned out, was a very fortunate time to acquire a handhold on the American hot dog.

R. T. French is principally a condiment house, although a fast-growing part of its business is for the birds, mostly parakeets, and a promising young division produces mashed potatoes in powder form. The address of the main plant is One Mustard Street. As it happens, there is no Mustard Street, and never was. The term was originally a joking name for an opening between buildings, but long use has given it such acceptance that the city of Rochester laid a water main beneath it in the belief that it was a city street.

The undiluted British parentage of French is inconspicuous in its American surroundings. About the only un-American product is a small amount of barley water produced for South America. And in language the English top management calls parakeets budgereegahs and refers to laundry bluing as blue. There are on hand at the factory, but without appreciable trade, some reminders of the British parent's place in the world. These include Reckitt's Blue; Silvo, the world's leading silver polish outside of the United States; and Brasso, holding the same position for brass. In England, Colman's Groats is a leading cereal and, of course, Colman's Dry Mustard is universally known.

French's British blood is sometimes convenient. It is handy (Continued on Page 111)

Some mustard magnates at the tasting table: Savoring a new batch of French's "mustard sauce" are (from left) Dr. J. M. Fogelberg, technical director; Jack Cockcroft, president; and W. R. Knott, vice president.



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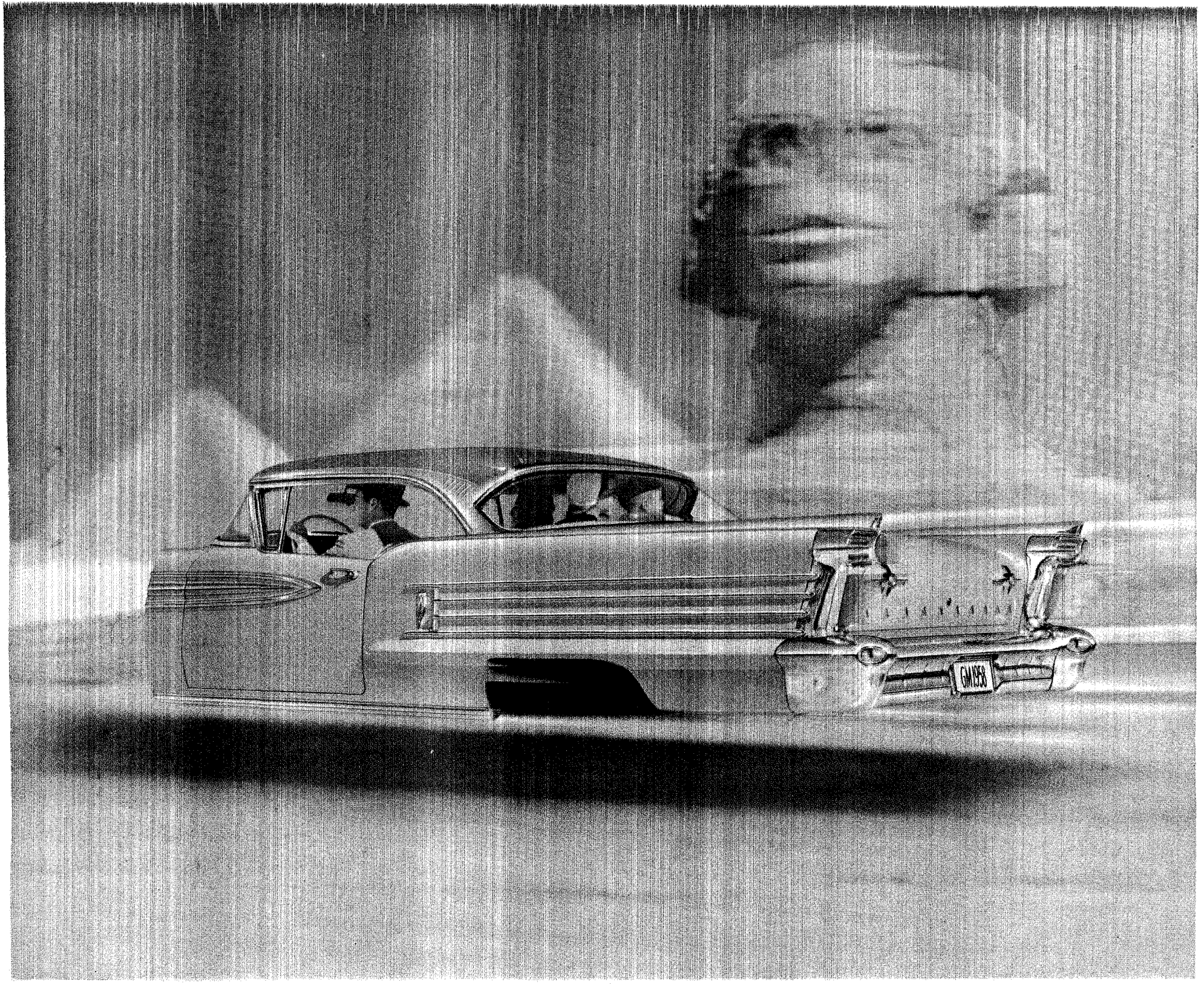


A dramatic portrayal of the Body by Fisher in the 1958 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Holiday Coupe.

The secret is in the build-

THE NEW "SOUND BARRIER" BODY BY FISHER

Built to stay silent for years—that's the new "Sound Barrier" Body by Fisher.

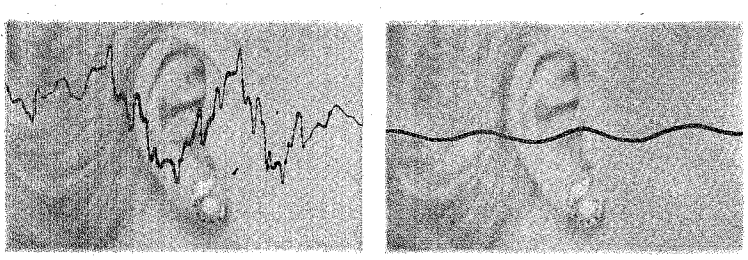
Its secret? Life-Span Build — with roof structure, side members and steel foundation *integrally joined* into one unit.

Result: every Fisher Body shrugs off the shakes and shuts out road noises.

The new "Sound Barrier" Body is the latest achievement in 50 years of Fisher Body "firsts."

* * *

Another Fisher Body dividend: Safety Plate glass in every window—front, rear *and side!*



HEARD THROUGH AN ELECTRONIC EAR. On the left, you can "see" the annoying road noises as recorded by an oscilloscope in a '58 car body before the application of 23 "Sound Barrier" insulating and sealing materials. Compare that jagged "loud" line with the *subdued* sound waves recorded in a "Sound Barrier" Body by Fisher.

Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

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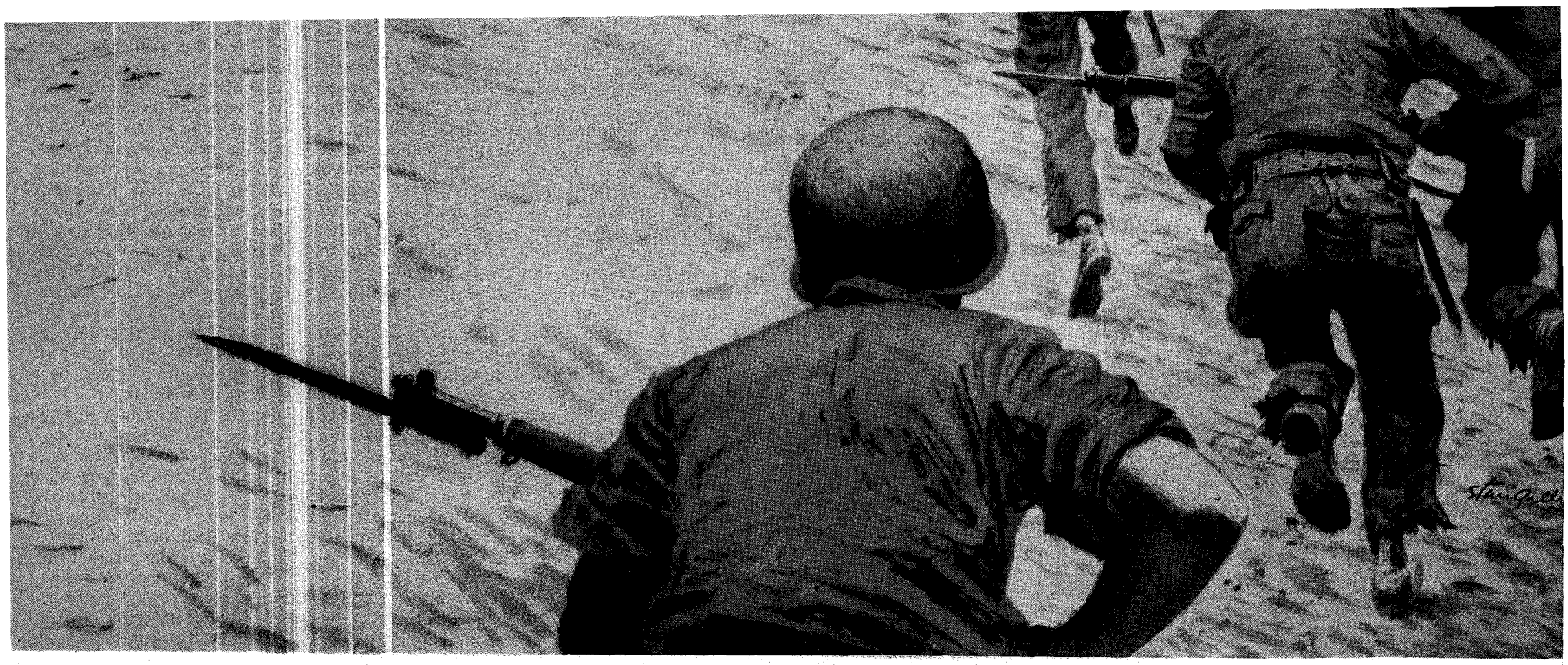

The whole line surged forward, smashing like a wave against the fringe of bamboo that half hid the bunkers.

Seven Days to Tingyong

This was the showdown—an attack by a ragged, half-starved battalion of Americans against an entrenched and vicious enemy.

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

"I told you to cancel those march orders!" Colonel Ashmiller snapped.

Major Antioch shook his head. "I'm sorry, colonel, but my orders are to move. Shanz Force marches in fifteen minutes."

The major had promised General Parsons he would take the Japanese airfield at Tingyong Ga, and no staff colonel with counter-orders from the rear echelon was going to stop him. So Ashmiller could only fall in with the column and wait for a chance to take command.

His was not the only discontent in the unit. Finn Burke was also biding his time, waiting for the opportunity to kill Lieutenant Huddleston, who caught Burke trying to go AWOL. But for the moment neither exhaustion nor hunger nor dissension stopped Shanz Force, struggling through the Burmese jungle toward Tingyong Ga.

CONCLUSION

It was a little before noon when Two Platoon ran into the Jap trail block. It was cunningly laid; so cute that even Isaac Haussan, who was an old hand at ambushes, didn't smell it out. The first warning that Two Platoon had was when a burst of light-machine-gun fire, coming from the front, stitched Turk Haussan across the chest, and then a crossfire, spewing from the knobs to the right, joined in, and two more men went down: a boy from Brooklyn named Meyers who'd been carrying the BAR since Finn Burke had been marching under Sergeant Garbo's watchful eye in company headquarters; the other was Sid Delaney, who'd used to run a filling station in Orlando, Florida.

Willie Haw was an old hand at this business though. He (Continued on Page 54)

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I Took the Jerusalem Road (Continued from Page 21)

When the present Circassian settlement of Jerash was founded, about eighty years ago, the old city became a handy stone quarry, and some finely cut masonry is to be seen in the goat pens of the new town.

Whereas Gilead is on the right side of the road as I drive along, on the left are the painted mountains of Moab, bearing the name of Ben-ammi's brother, borne for Lot by his elder daughter. It was in this naked wasteland that Moses incurred the wrath of God by striking a stone with his staff. The bitterness of the Lord poured forth in the form of saline water and Moses was told to go up onto Mt. Nebo, the loftiest peak, to be shown the promised land and there die. His remains lie in a secret grave on those heights today.

The bones of Moses' successor, Joshua, rest on the north side of the Hill of Gaash, off the Jerusalem road fifteen miles out of Amman. Joshua, who led the Israelites across Jordan and stormed and captured Jericho, died at the age of 110 and lies "in the border of his inheritance . . . which is in Mt. Ephraim." His sepulcher is twenty-seven feet long, for truly Joshua was a big man in the history of his people. Like many of the monuments of Judaism, his grave is today a Moslem shrine.

At a point near Joshua's tomb the road enters the Valley of Jethro, named for the father-in-law of Moses, from which it is not to emerge until it reaches the floor of the Jordan Valley. Soon the ancient town of Salt appears, and the road begins to descend in earnest. The people of Salt have long been known for their fierce independence. As early as 1444 B.C. Salt was spoken of in a respectful manner when described along with the other cities of the inheritance of Judah. Such towns of the mountains and plains as Goshen and Carmel were mentioned merely by name, but Salt was called "the city of Salt," even though it was a community in the wilderness.

West of Salt and deeper in the wadi I come to a sign marking sea level. For the next thirty-five minutes of travel toward Jerusalem I shall be below the level of the sea. But still the waters of the Dead Sea are not in view. They lie 1300 feet down and around many curves of this tortuous highway. To the right and below me is a valley of fire and water. Flaming oleanders grow in wild profusion along the banks of a sparkling stream which tumbles down to the Jordan. To the right and the left towering bluffs reach skyward, covered with new spring grass and ablaze with the scarlet blossoms of wild anemone—the Biblical "lily of the field"—with roses of Sharon and other wildflowers in yellow, pink and purple. The effect is that of rich Persian carpets hung on both walls of a narrow hallway.

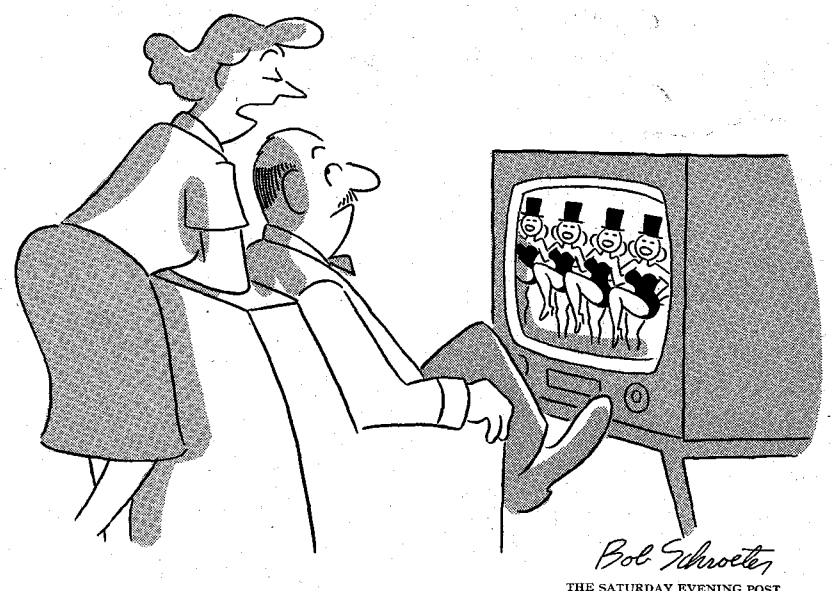
Soon the road spills into the Jordan Valley, and the Dead Sea shimmers in the sunlight to the left and still far below. Behind now are the mountains of Moab. Between them and the sea stretch the plains of Moab. In this land was enacted one of the Bible's most inspiring stories of devotion, the Book of Ruth.

Presently I reach the Jordan River, spanned by King Hussein Bridge. A few rods downstream is the spot where Jesus was baptized by John. And just to the north of here, Joshua's legions roared down out of Shittim and camped on the banks of the river before they passed over it, on dry land—thanks to an earthquake, which jarred the powdery banks down into the stream, creating an earthen dike. Further north is Gilgal, the first campsite of Israel in the promised land. There Joshua raised a monument of twelve stones, one for each of the twelve tribes.

Most persons seeing the Jordan for the first time are disappointed at its narrowness and muddiness. In summer it is possible to hop across the river on high spots in its channel. But in winter, after heavy rains in the north, it can be a sizable and dangerous stream.

At this point I am traveling through the lunar landscape of the Jordan Valley. These heaped-up silt deposits were once the floor of the Dead Sea and now form a useless stretch of salty ash pile. The Jericho oasis looms ahead, suspended between the west-bank continuations of the ash heap and the wilderness that rises behind it toward Jerusalem. According to tradition, the seer Elisha once passed this way and tasted of the water of a certain well. Finding the water salty, he flew into a fit of pique and tossed a handful of salt into the spring. The water thereupon became sweet. Fortunately for the inhabitants of the oasis, it has remained so ever since. Elisha's fountain now supplies water not only for the city of Jericho but also for many of the 80,000 Palestinian refugees in nearby camps, and for sizable units of the Jordan Army—formerly the Arab Legion of Glubb Pasha—encamped in the valley.

To the north and west is the spot where Joshua bellowed forth commands causing the sun to (*Continued on Page 50*)



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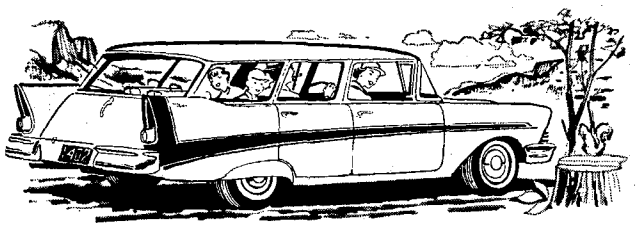

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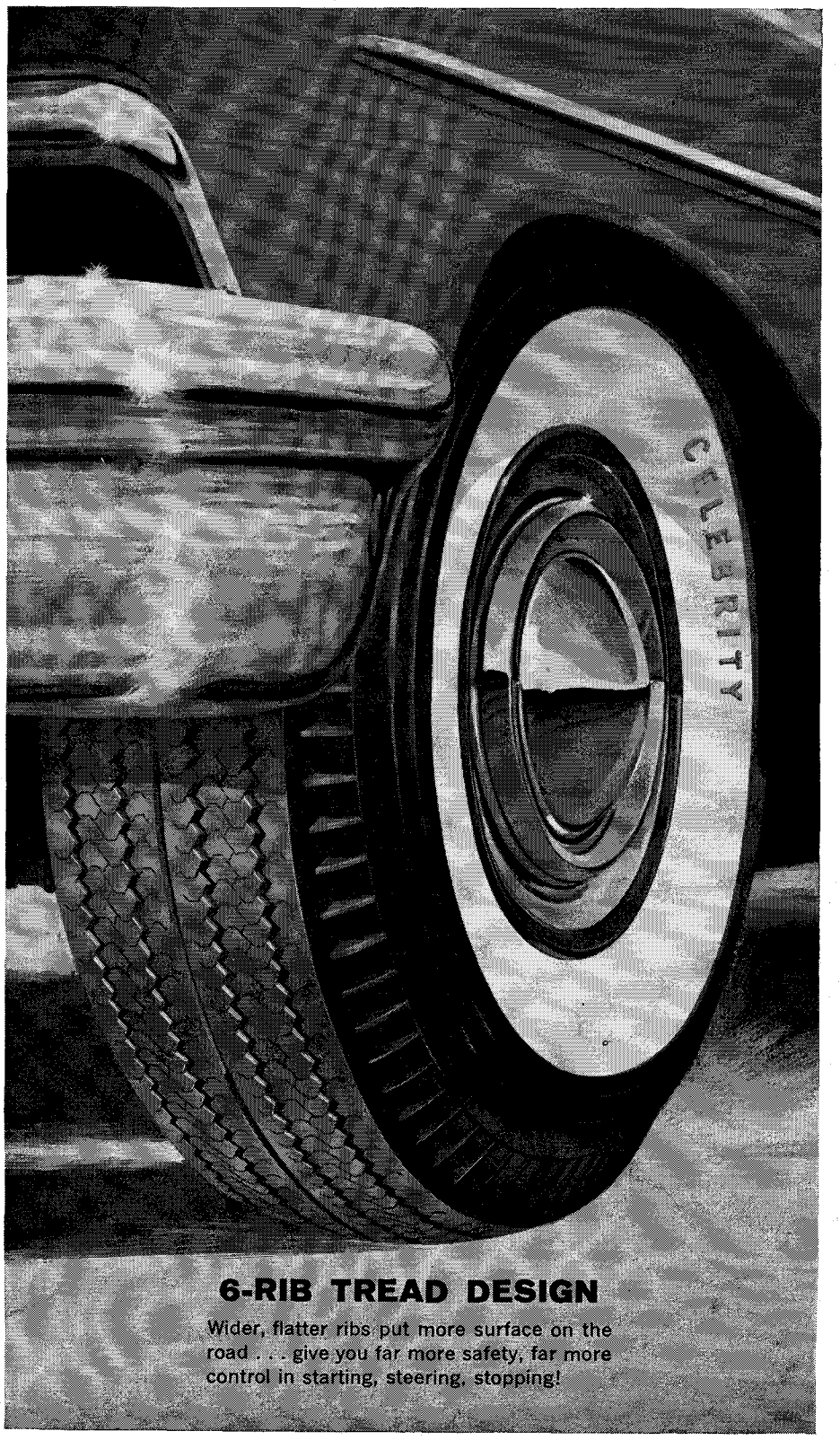

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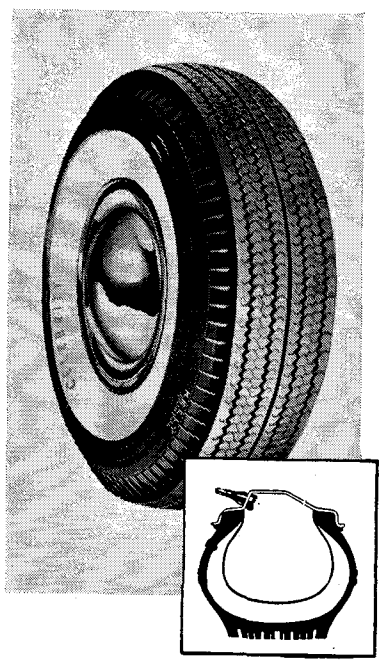

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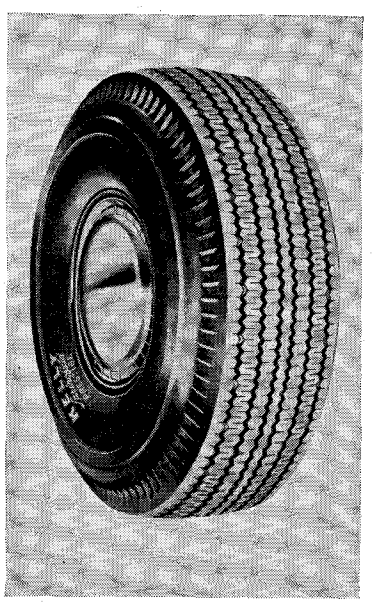

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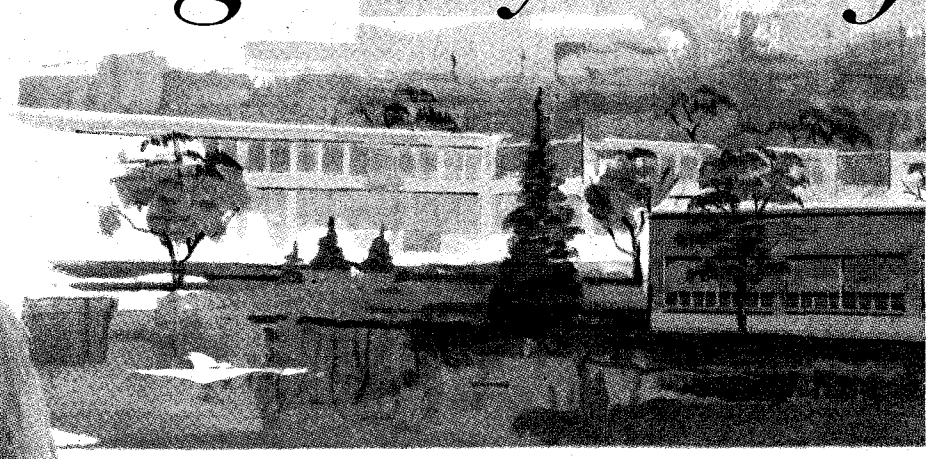

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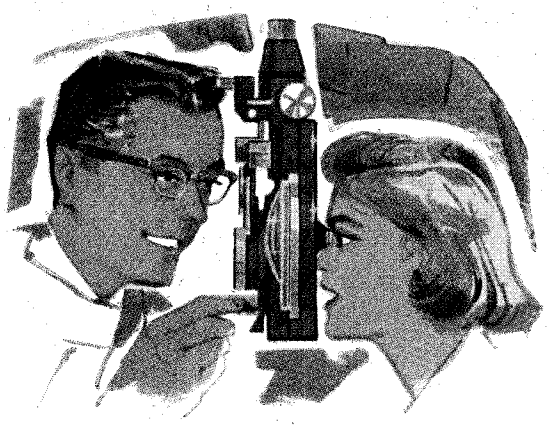

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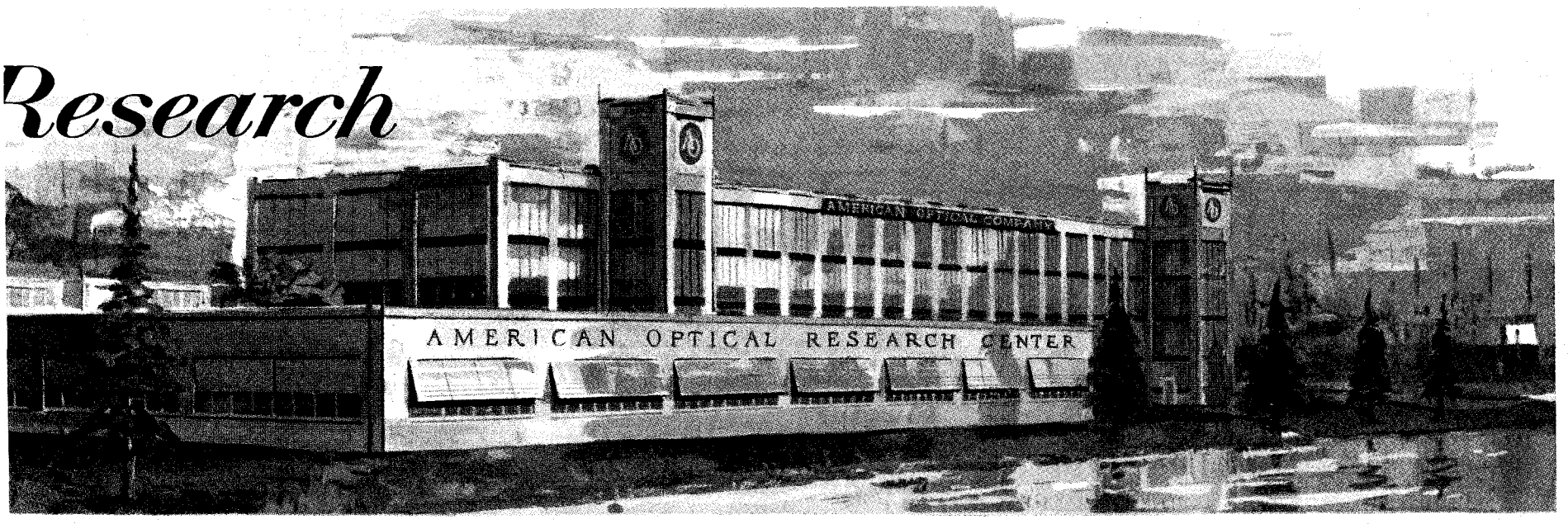
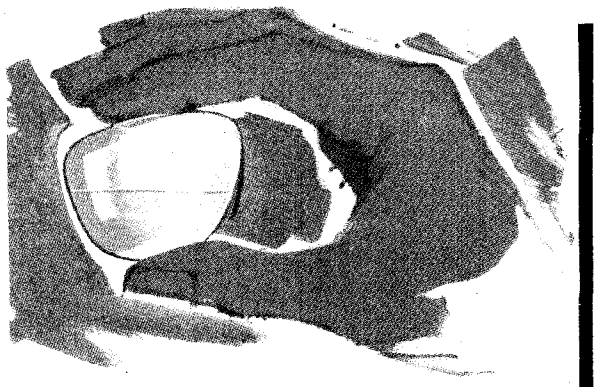
Research



You've often heard the expression, "You can see it with the *un-aided* eye." One hundred and twenty-five years ago, almost *all the eyes of America were un-aided.* In 1833 impaired vision was a handicap borne by millions. Then, in a short century and a quarter, the Eye Care Professions, assisted by American Optical Research, have produced the age of the *aided eye*...a wonderful age where even the near-blind are provided with usable sight. Working hand-in-glove with these professions, American Optical's contributions to this progress have been many and vital: the first steel spectacles, the first lens allowing full eye-sweep correction, the first Ful-Vue bifocals, and many instruments that help the professions examine and prescribe the proper corrective measures for impaired vision. Today American Optical Research, in cooperation with the Eye Care Professions, works on tirelessly . . . investigating, improving, innovating . . . searching constantly for ways to provide BETTER VISION FOR BETTER LIVING.



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American Optical Outdoor Glasses filter out uncomfortable glare and heat rays, aid vision, sharpen detail. Available in Calobar (Green), Cosmetan (Tan) or new True-Color (Gray). You should obtain these Outdoor Glasses from the Eye Care Professions . . . glasses which are not only flattering and serviceable but of highest ophthalmic quality.

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Industrial eye accidents used to blind hundreds annually. Now American Optical safety goggles are a must in well-managed plants where eye danger exists. American Optical also protects workers from head to foot with other safety equipment such as respirators, helmets, protective clothing, and gloves.

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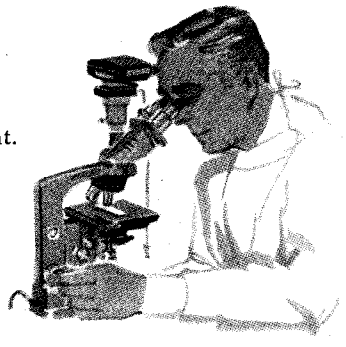
ou would expect scientists to turn to a ıesearch leader for their optical equipment. nd so they do. Scientific instruments ade by American Optical and its ıbsidiary, J. W. Fecker Company, are ıed throughout the world in leading ıiversities, hospitals and industries.



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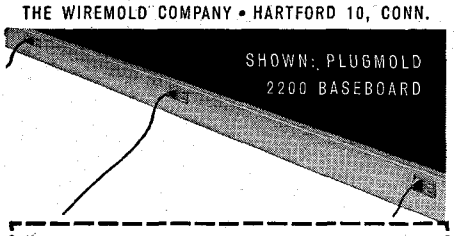

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STREET

CITY STATE S2

(*Continued from Page 46*) stand still upon Gibeon and the moon to halt in the valley of Ajalon. Beyond this place, in the cave-riddled wilderness to the west, Joshua in one busy day slew the kings of Jerusalem and Hebron and three lesser potentates, threw their bodies into a cave and rolled stones over it "which remain unto this day."

Jericho, possibly the world's oldest continuously inhabited community, is also the world's lowest. It stands on a slight rise above the Dead Sea. Here transpired one of the Old Testament's most awesome and best-known events, the destruction of Jericho's walls by the shouts and trumpet blasts of Joshua's legions—and, as one might suspect, by a second fortuitous earthquake. Of all the inhabitants of the town, man, woman and infant, only Rahab, Joshua's undercover agent—the harlot with the house on the wall—escaped the slaughter, together with her family.

This city laid waste by Joshua lies a mile and a half north of present-day Jericho, which stands on the ruins of Byzantine and Crusader Jericho. The ancient city reached its peak under Herod, who died here in 4 B.C., crazed with disease and pain. Jericho had been farmed out to him by Cleopatra for the equivalent of about $150,000 per year. She in turn had received the rich date-palm gardens of this oasis from Antony, as a small token of his esteem. Apparently she cared little for them.

Archaeologists today are sifting through digs well below the level of the time even of Joshua. There are good indications that man was building stone forts here as early as 7000 B.C. A tourist recently asked Dr. Kathleen Kenyon, British archaeologist in charge of the dig, to point out the remains of the walls from Joshua's time. Doctor Kenyon was horrified that anyone would waste his time on "modern" Jericho.

Towering above the excavation is the Mount of Temptation, where Jesus fasted for forty days. Built into the mountainside by a Greek Orthodox order—and utilizing some of the very caves where, tradition has it, Jesus fasted—is a monastery.

Satan took Christ to the summit of this mountain to show him in the twinkling of an eye "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." An energetic person who takes the time to make the climb today derives especial appreciation of this Biblical account. From the peak one may survey Sodom, Gomorrah, Hebron, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Samaria, Gilead, Gilgal, Jericho, Moab, Edom—indeed, the kingdoms of the world of that day.

Just out of Jericho in the direction of Jerusalem there rise out of the Dead Sea the black and ugly cliffs of Qumran. In caves here Bedouin shepherd boys in recent years discovered apparently worthless rolls of parchment which the world now knows as the Dead Sea Scrolls. New discoveries are being made from time to time, but many scholars have concluded from already uncovered scraps of records that John the Baptist, who exerted much influence on the life of Christ, was a member of the Essene community, a hermit-like monastic sect that inhabited this inhospitable lizards' nest on the edge of the Judean wilderness. There is speculation that during the "lost years" of Christ's life, the Teacher himself may have been a member of this sect, practicing its rituals of fasting, self-denial and mortification of the flesh before he considered himself worthy to take up his final victorious task.

Now begins the climb through the desolate wilderness of Judea, hell's half acre multiplied ten thousand times over. Hardly a blade of grass is to be spotted in this flint-scattered void, even in these days of spring when the fields of Amman and Jerusalem and the oasis of Jericho are lush with vegetation. It takes fifteen minutes to climb out of this pit of Satan to the brink of a hill where green fields again make their welcome appearance.

At this spot I pass the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where the wayfarer, beaten and robbed, was comforted and taken to the inn by a lowly Samaritan. The walls of the inn, in relatively good condition, house a Jordan Army guard post on what I must now begin calling the Jericho Road. Indeed, the storied road from Jerusalem to Jericho crosses and recrosses the present macadam road a score or more times. It is preferred to the latter by the diesel-fearing donkey drovers.

Swinging around a sharp curve beyond the inn, I see for the first time the towers of Jerusalem breaking majestically on the view. Many a devout pilgrim's heart has swelled and his eyes have welled with tears as this first glimpse of the Holy City has thus thrust upon his vision.

From this spot the road prowls for another ten minutes in the valleys and low places beneath the city. Then it makes the final climb up the boulder-littered incline to the summit. Verily, "the hills surround Jerusalem as the Lord surrounds his people." Here is the Apostle's Well where Christ and his fellows often stopped for a drink of cool water as they traversed the Jericho Road.

At the summit of the last rise is Bethany, home town of Mary, Martha and Lazarus and of Simon the leper. A neat and new little Franciscan church stands over the traditional house of this Bethany family that enjoyed Christ's special friendship. Tourist guides like to point to a ruined stone building in the courtyard of the church which they say is the house of Lazarus and his sisters. Swifts flit among its tumbled walls. Guides also point out a ruin higher on the hill which they vow was the home of Simon, where Mary anointed the Lord with precious nard, wiped his feet with her hair, and was blessed for her act.

Up a rude and stony trail is a tomb said to be that of Lazarus—more likely a clever bit of the Crusader fakery that abounds in the area—where Christ performed one of his supreme miracles. A Moslem caretaker ushers me into its clammy depths, about fifteen feet below street level, and booms in stentorian tones as I emerge, "Lazarus, come forth." This modern-day miracle is wrought for ten piasters, the price of a small, hand-dipped taper.

Around a curve and only a few score yards from Bethany is Bethphage, whence Christ on Palm Sunday began his triumphal ride into Jerusalem on the borrowed colt of an ass. A small church is built over a boulder revered for having served as the mount for the ass. Bethphage is Arabic for "home of the fig," alluding to the time when a hungry Jesus, on his way to oust the money-changers from the temple in Jerusalem, cursed a barren fig tree at this spot and caused it to wither and die.

Swinging around yet another curve I see on the left of the road the Hill of Evil Council, where certain notables of Jerusalem met to conspire against Christ. Next in view is the Hill of Offenses, where Solomon kept his 1000 wives. The hill is now crowned with evergreens. Nestled among them is a small hotel which does well to accommodate 100 pilgrims on this Eastertide.

On the slopes below is the Field of Blood, a potter's field purchased with the thirty pieces of silver cast aside by Judas in a fit of remorse after his betrayal of Christ. Afar to the left are the eastern slopes of Mt. Zion. There the church of St. Peter in Gallicante stands over the site of the Palace of Caiaphas and a grotto believed to have been the prison into which Christ was cast on the night of his passion. The garden of this church is one of the most serene in Jerusalem. Through it (*Continued on Page 52*)

The Perfect Squelch

The tourists in a Los Angeles sight-seeing bus were a happy crew except for one woman who kept up a running fire of criticisms and unkind remarks. Nothing that she saw pleased her. Her chatter soon dampened the group's high spirits and made it difficult for the bus driver to point out places of interest.

"Look at that line standing outside that theater," she commented. "That's another thing I don't like about this place. You stand in line at the stores, the post office, everywhere. I've been in town three days, and already I'm tired of it. And not a thing you can do about it!"

At that the driver spoke up. "You might try our depot or airport, madam. Nobody is standing in line to leave our city."

Mabel C. Moore

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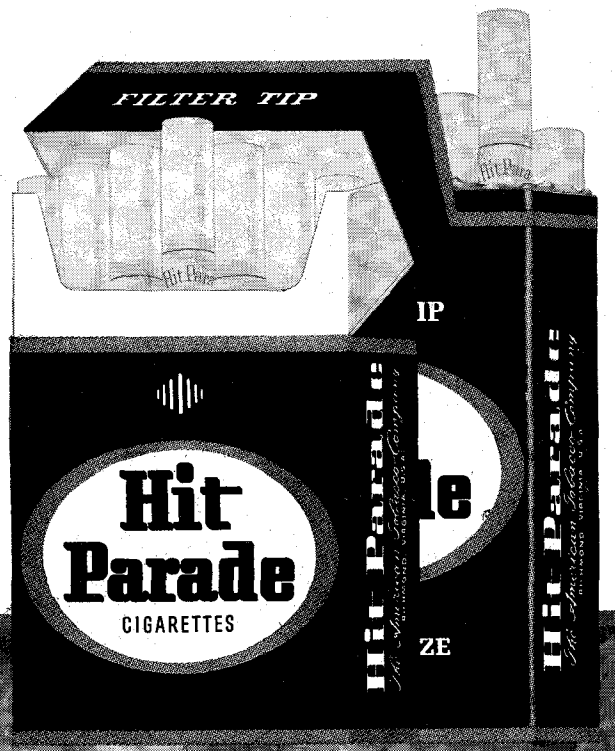

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... only the choicest grades of quality tobacco. And it's all 100% natural tobacco!

The tip you want
... the pure white filter that really does right by the flavor!

The taste you want
... the freshest, liveliest taste of any filter cigarette. Get new Hit Parade today!

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In this colorful old Gulf city and all around the U.S.A., more people are smoking Hit Parade

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How Good Earnings for the Telephone Company Benefit the Telephone User

Good earnings provide both the incentive and the means for better telephone service and greater value.

But if earnings are low, and all energies and judgments must be directed to meet the pressing needs of the moment, it becomes impossible to do the best for the long run.

For a practical illustration, let's take a telephone engineer who is figuring out what size telephone cable should be installed to serve a growing neighborhood.

He knows it must serve 200 homes right away. He's reasonably sure also that in another couple of years perhaps 200 more homes will want service. Putting in a cable today that is big enough to serve all 400 homes will cost more *at the start.*

However, putting in a smaller cable today that will serve only 200, and another of equal size two years later, will cost a lot more in the end.

What will the engineer do?

If the company is pinched for money, he'll have to put in the smaller cable, even though this will be more expensive in the long run.

But if the company is in good financial shape—

If it can readily get the capital required for the big cable—

And if the general level of earnings justifies absorbing the temporarily higher cost of the larger cable, until the time when its full capacity is utilized—

Then the engineer will decide to go ahead with the larger cable. Over the years this will save money for both the company and telephone users, and produce the best service.

Telephone people are called on to make decisions like this, day in and day out. In all these decisions good earnings are essential to assure the greatest economy and progress.

There is nothing to justify the philosophy that keeping telephone earnings low is the way to insure low rates.

Such a policy, by limiting progress and long-range economies, leads inevitably to poorer service at a higher price than the customer would otherwise have to pay.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(*Continued from Page 50*) runs the stairstepped Roman road over which it is said the legionnaires brought Christ from Gethsemane. It was at this spot that Peter thrice denied Christ before the cock crew.

Below is the Jebusite village of Silwan—old Siloam—and the vale of Kidron, believed by many to be the "valley of the shadow of death." It is hard below the walls of Jerusalem, whose glorious panorama now spreads before me. At three or four o'clock in the afternoon, while it is still light in the Old City, deep shadows are falling in the valley, whose grass is kept eternally green by the cool, still waters of the pool of Siloam and Job's Well. In the former, the sight of the blind man was restored. There are those who hold that the patriarch of Uz bathed the boils of his affliction in the sweet waters of the latter.

Down in this valley is Absalom's pillar, supposedly erected in the "king's dale" by Absalom because "I have no son to keep my name in remembrance." In fact, the pillar, carved out of the living rock, dates from a much later time and was probably erected by the Maccabees, who, like the Crusaders of much later years, went about the countryside patching up history's frayed fabric according to their own blueprint.

The Palm Sunday route from Bethphage comes down across the Mount of Olives to the right, just beyond the Garden of Gethsemane and the Basilica of the Agony of our Lord. It proceeds across the vale of Kidron and up to now-blocked Golden Gate, through which Christ entered. In the garden are eight ancient olive trees, lovingly tended by the Franciscan fathers, which date from the time of Christ's entrance into the city. They still bear fruit.

By the garden is the tomb of the Virgin Mary; and across the road, just under the walls of the Old City, is St. Stephen's chapel, raised by the Greek Orthodox over the spot where it is said the first Christian martyr was stoned to death from the walls of the city.

Swinging off the main road now, I make my way under the walls to the back of the city. I enter through Dung Gate, so called because, until recent years, it was through this back door that the city's refuse was heaved. As I enter the North African Quarter, largely ruined and unoccupied since the shellings of the Palestine War, Mt. Moriah and the temple area rear their domes and minarets on my right. It was here that a heavy-hearted Abraham went, willing to sacrifice his only son, Isaac. It was here that the Jebusites had a mammoth threshing floor and that David, out of favor with God, erected an altar to his Master but was not allowed to raise a temple. His son, Solomon, beloved in the sight of God, did rear a magnificent temple, only to have it destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B.C. It was in a later temple that Christ, at twelve, confounded the elders and, near the time of his crucifixion, created a furor by chasing out the money-changers. He foretold the destruction of this temple, and in A.D. 70 it was indeed destroyed by the Romans, along with the rest of the city.

This has been the holy place for Jew, pagan, Christian and Moslem. After it served as the shrine of the early Jews it was the site of Hadrian's spurious temple to Jupiter. Queen Helena, mother of Constantine, first Christian emperor of Rome, came to Jerusalem and ordered all such temples laid low. The area then became the city's rubbish heap. When the Arabs took over in the seventh century, they hastily cleared the debris and erected, first a simple wooden mosque, and, later, the present grand Dome of the Rock.

Later still the Crusaders occupied Jerusalem and in the Dome founded the Order of the Knights Templars. An intricate wrought-iron screen is all that remains to mark the fact that the Christian knights passed this way, for the Dome of the Rock is today Islam's third-holiest spot—the place where Abraham went to offer up Isaac. It is still the grandest example of Islamic architecture, weather-beaten and war-torn though it is.

Visible also are the domes and golden crosses of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Though time-ravaged and ineptly patched, this is certainly the holiest church in Christendom, erected supposedly over the traditional site of the crucifixion and burial of Christ. Six Christian orders—the Latins, the Greeks, the Armenians, the Assyrians, the Copts and the Abyssinians—all have shrines here and vigorously compete for hours of worship.

The lowly, ebony-skinned Abyssinians, weak in number, have literally been pushed out of the building by their stronger "Christian brothers." Their shrine is on the roof, where the monks huddle in ramshackle rabbit warrens which they have built for themselves. Once a month, except in March, they celebrate Christmas. At this season, during Eastern Holy Week, they observe the strange rite called Searching for the Body of Christ. These gentle, devout, unprotesting people trace their origin to a supposed mating of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Their liturgical language is Geez, the all-but-forgotten tongue of ancient Ethiopia.

From the time of Saladin, the Moslem family of Nusaibeh has kept the key to the massive weathered oaken doors of the church and thus has kept the peace among the clamoring Christian factions. The early fourth-century church built by Constantine was burned, rebuilt and destroyed again. The present structure is much as it was when completed by the Crusaders in the twelfth century.

Here ends my fascinating two-hour journey—but not the story of Jerusalem, the eternal. Jerusalem has been besieged fifty or more times, partially destroyed on thirty occasions, and five times razed to the ground. But the City on the Hill, sacred to Christian, Jew and Moslem, will live forever.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

THE END

To a Second Child

By Elise Gibbs

Never quite old enough,
Tall enough,
Strong enough,
Allowed to wander far
enough,
Or stay up long enough;
Taking, breaking big
brother's things,
Aching to be like him,
Wishing time had wings,
Hating being little,
Excepting maybe
When mother holds her
arms out
And says, "Where's my
baby?"

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New Medallion can help you decide

Whatever your taste in architecture, make sure your new home carries the "Live Better Electrically" Medallion. This handsome plaque is the new hallmark of electrical quality. It certifies that your new home is built to meet all the requirements of modern electrical living—with full HOUSEPOWER, Light for Living and the basic time-saving, labor-saving electrical appliances. Before you buy, build or remodel—see your local electric utility or builder for the complete details about "Live Better Electrically" Medallion Home benefits.

CHECK . . . *how many of these Medallion Home benefits does your new home offer?*

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- ___Electric water heater
- ___Electric space heating
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- ___At least one 2-lamp 40-watt fluorescent or 150-watt incandescent ceiling or recessed lighting fixture in every room
- ___A wall switch at each room entrance
- ___Additional illumination for work, dining, recreation, and grooming areas
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HOUSEPOWER

- ___Service entrance for full HOUSEPOWER
- ___One 15-ampere circuit for every 350 feet of floor area
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- ___Separate circuits to service major electrical equipment
- ___*One duplex outlet for each* 12 feet of wall space
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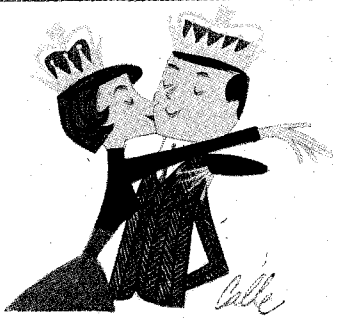

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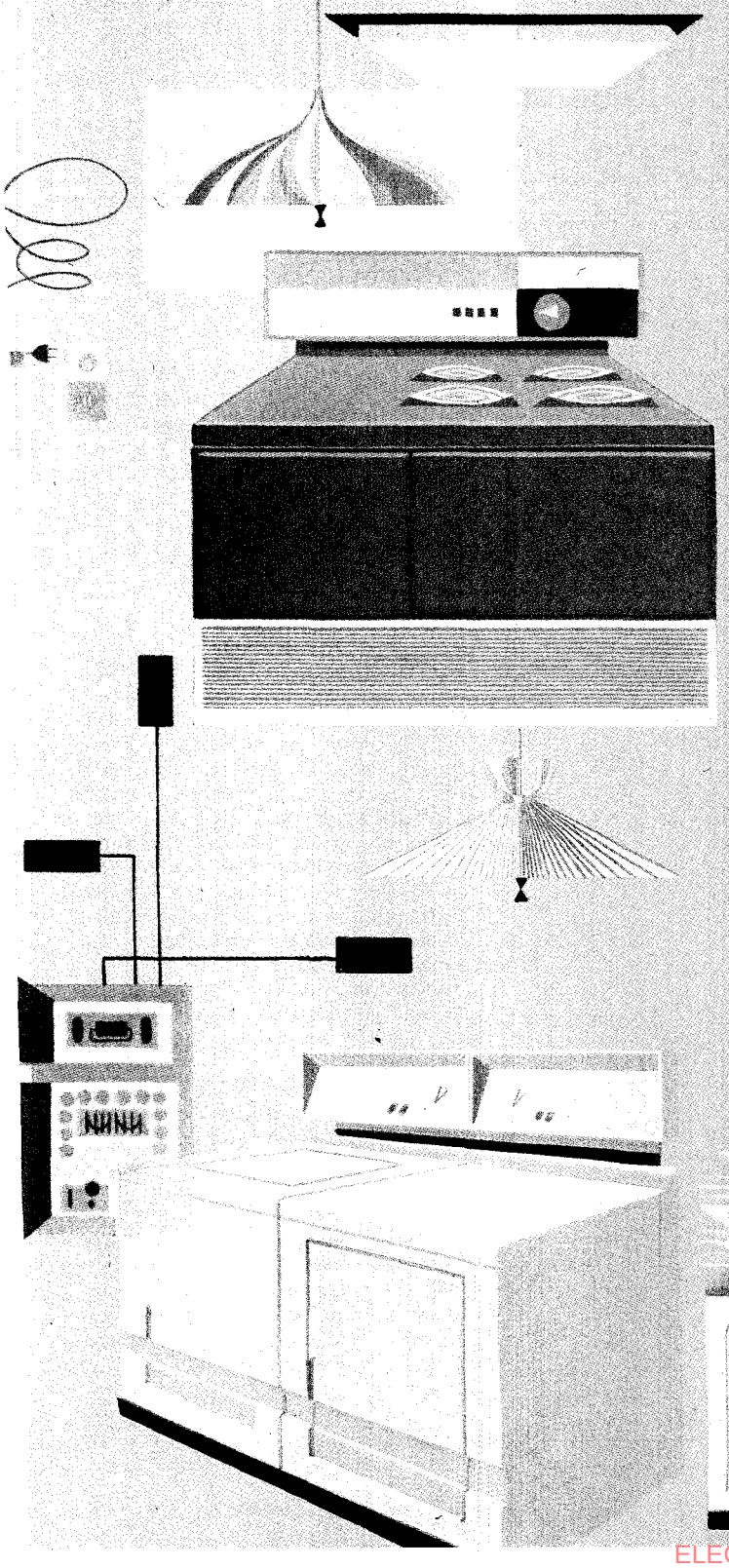
Living conditions in this house are positively primitive. Modernize into a Live Better Electrically Medallion Home . . . quick!



LIVE BETTER ...*Electrically*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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Seven Days to Tingyong (Continued from Page 45)

got Two Platoon deployed among the boulders where they could return the Jap fire, and took care that his flanks were firmly anchored so that the Japs couldn't get around them. Then he went to take stock of things. Meyers and Delaney were dead; Lieutenant Haussan had bad chest wounds. A bullet had smashed the walkie-talkie and wounded Otto Jenks, who'd been carrying it, in the arm, but not too seriously.

Willie put a hasty dressing on the three wounds in Haussan's chest; he got the bleeding stopped, talking while he worked because the Turk was still conscious.

"Take it easy, lootenant," Willie said. "You ain't got nothing that Doc Gregg can't patch up. We'll get you back to him pretty quick, so just rest easy."

Haussan looked up and got his lips twisted into a sardonic smile pasted beneath his red beard. "You're a lousy liar, Willie," he said with an effort. "But thanks for the try."

Willie said again, "Take it easy," and crawled off to where Joe Hakari was firing slowly and deliberately with his M-1 from behind the shelter of a boulder.

"Get the hell back to the pass, Joe," Willie snapped. "Tell Old Detestable what's happened and tell him the Turk's hit bad; he'll know what to do."

Joe Hakari's brown face showed nothing. "How bad's the Turk hit, Willie?" He asked the question as though he didn't want to hear the answer.

Willie Haw's face settled into hard lines. "So bad that he'll be going up to sit on the right hand of God before long if Doc Gregg don't get to him quick!" Willie said harshly. "Now shag your butt out of there!"

Frank Antioch awoke with a start, looked at his watch and saw that it was past noon, and realized that he'd fallen asleep without meaning to as he'd rested here with his back against a boulder. He'd been writing a couple of lines to Karen to keep himself awake, and now he glanced at the sheet of paper still in his hands as he tried to pull his fuzzy thoughts together:

". . . We are in the mountains now; the march has been quite difficult and the weather bad, but the men are taking it well. In a few more days this present operation should be finished and we will be going back for a rest. I'll write you a really good letter then, darling."

He shook his head again to clear it as he slipped the paper back into the musette bag and buckled the strap. There'd been something that he'd been dreaming; something that had waked him out of his fatigue-drugged sleep, and he had the vague feeling that it had been the sound of distant gunfire. He'd better get in touch with Haussan, he thought, as he reached for his carbine and stood up.

He saw them then—the knot of officers moving toward him behind Clay Ashmiller. All of Shanz's officers except O'Fannion and Huddleston and Turk Haussan, Antioch's swift glance noted. The set expression on Ashmiller's face told him, too, what this was going to be about as the colonel halted a few feet away, his mouth grim.

"You are under arrest, Major Antioch," he said flatly. "I am taking command of Shanz Force as of now, and marching it back to the Langa Hka. I warn you that I will use force if necessary; these other officers are backing me in this."

Before Antioch could answer that, Joe Hakari came trotting out of the scrub to halt before the major and deliver his message, paying no attention to the others. They could hear and Antioch could see Hakari's words bite into them as they listened.

"Two Platoon ran into a trap, major," Hakari said. "Ed Meyers and Delaney are dead. The lieutenant's shot bad through the chest. Sergeant Haw says you better come."

"Right," Antioch said evenly. He turned back to the others for a brief instant. "Get back to your companies," he ordered curtly. "Shanz will attack as soon as I've had a look at the situation."

They went without a word.

The Jap trail block was no hastily organized resistance to be lightly brushed aside, Antioch found. Two Platoon would have to punch through the hard way. Antioch built up the second platoon's firing line with the rest of George, and brought Benny Kane's mortars up into position. Now, at 1400 in the rainy afternoon, he issued his orders to the officers.

"Move Easy over onto George's right flank," he said to Murch Shoemaker. "Use your fire sparingly—we've got no ammo to waste—but keep the Japs' heads down while Simmonds takes Fox around their flank on the left. . . . Benny, you start to clobber their position with your mortars as soon as I give the word. Any questions so far?"

There were none, and Antioch was aware that there was an uneasy shame in the faces of the officers around him as they avoided his eyes. He didn't hold what had happened back at the pass against them; all that was washed out in the job that lay ahead. He swung around to Simmonds.

"Jim, you'll take Fox down through the gullies over there," he said, swinging his arm to the left. "I'll be with you. When Fox is in position we'll all go in. I don't need to tell any of you that we've got to go through on our first try, because time is running out on us damned fast. The first mortar salvo will be the signal to start. . . . Benny, I'll give you the word by radio when you're to start shooting. Got it?"

"I got it," Benny Kane said.

"O.K., that's it. Move out."

They went, Antioch delaying his own departure for a moment as Doc Gregg crawled up. Doc dropped a hand on Antioch's arm.

"You can direct the attack just as well or better from here, Frank," he said urgently. "There's no real reason for you to go with Fox. Just how much sleep have you had in the last four days?"

"Enough, doc," Antioch told him absently. "Stop worrying about me. How's Haussan doing?"

Gregg's face clouded. "Not good, Frank," he said. "Don't count on anything; the Turk's mortally hurt."

Antioch swore bitterly under his breath. Said, "Do everything that you can for him, doc."

Gregg's face flamed red once more as he snarled, "What the hell do you think I'm doing?"

Antioch tapped him gently on the arm and murmured, "Take it easy, doc. I know you are; that was a fool thing to say. We're all doing the best we can. Time to move out. I'll see you later."

It took Fox a long time to work through the ravines and onto the flank of the trail block, so that it was going on 1600 in the gray, dripping afternoon before Antioch took the handset from Bert Messner and spoke to Benny Kane, back with the mortars.

He said, "O.K., Benny. Let 'er go."

Jim Simmonds turned his head from a few feet away. "I'm sorry for what's happened, Frank," he said awkwardly, as they waited for the first sound of the exploding shells. "I just figured I'd tell you—well, in case ——"

His voice trailed off into embarrassed silence, and Antioch said, "Forget it, Jim. It's no sweat now."

The mortar salvo crunched down on the trail block then, the shells tearing away the quiet of the afternoon.

"Time to go," Antioch grunted.

The thing was done easier than they'd dared hope. For a few minutes fire poured out of the Jap positions on either side of the trail; then there was a confused shouting as Fox hit at flank and rear and George went straight in down the track, with Easy swinging wide on the right, and, after ten minutes of vicious slugging, it was all over. Half of the Jap defenders were dead in the undergrowth and the rest had faded away and the road in front of Shanz was open again.

It was in the last few minutes of the fight that Finn Burke found the opportunity that he'd been waiting for. He lay in a little patch of scrub above the trail, and he had a clear look at Ned Huddleston as the latter moved ahead of George. Burke's face settled into heavy lines as he raised his own M-1 and lined the sights on the middle of Huddleston's back. His finger was tightening on the trigger when a queer thing happened to Finn Burke. His finger refused to move that last tiny fraction.

He fought to make it obey his will while his face contorted into a tortured mask and sweat ran down his cheeks. Then, finally, he knew that it was no use, and he lowered the rifle, letting his breath go out in an anguished sigh.

First Sergeant Garbo's angry voice came at him then out of the brush, "So you sneaked away on me, did you? Just what the hell you been up to now, Finn?"

"Nothing," Burke told him tiredly. "Nothing at all."

Garbo glared back at Burke; then tapped the butt of his carbine significantly. "I better tell you something," he said, his voice as harsh as the torn top of a can. "I've seen the way you been lookin' at the lootenant. If the lootenant stops a bullet—anybody's bullet—you're goin' to stop the next one, Burke. You got it?"

"I got it," Finn Burke replied dully. "You don't need to worry no longer about me, I guess."

He tried to figure out what had happened to him as he got up and moved away, but none of it made any sense. All that he could think of was that, as he'd been trying to pull the trigger, he'd kept seeing a picture of Natty Ned lying with his arms flung out and the wide-brimmed hat rolling away from him. And he hadn't wanted that, somehow.

It wasn't until Shanz Force had assembled again on the trail that realization dawned that Frank Antioch wasn't there. Ned Huddleston, a red-seeping scratch across his face showing where a bullet had come almost too close, was the one who put the question after Jim Simmonds had brought Fox Company up to the assembly point.

"Where the hell is Antioch?"

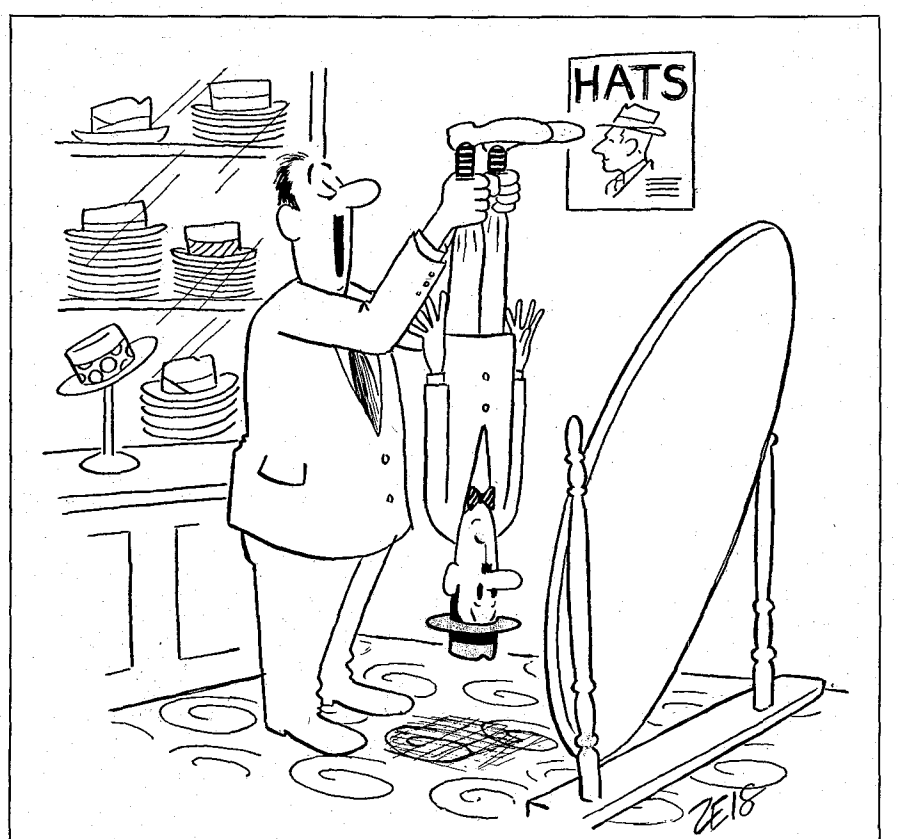
Clay Ashmiller, who'd stayed back, saw the growing uneasiness in the faces of the officers as it became more certain that Antioch was missing. Then the possibility that Antioch was dead hit Ashmiller all at once; the implications of that slammed a hard fist into his belly. He'd have to take over the command of Shanz and, after the fight he'd just seen, the bitter knowledge rose in him that he was not competent to command these men in the rougher fight that lay ahead at Tingyong Ga. His months behind a staff desk had given him no skill and no know-how for leading men in battle.

Huddleston was speaking again, his voice angry, "He was with you, Jim! Damn it, what happened to him? Don't you know?"

Word had already started to run among the men; it went swiftly, and reached Doc Gregg at his aid station and Pete O'Fannion waiting with his mules. Not a good word. "Old Detestable's had it . . . missing."

It was not until now that Shanz had realized just how much it had leaned on Frank Antioch, just how much real esteem was in that derisive nickname that Mary Jesus had dreamed up. Old Detestable. Well, Shanz Force was really an orphan now.

Only Frank Antioch wasn't gone. He came up the (Continued on Page 57)



"It seems to fit you snug enough."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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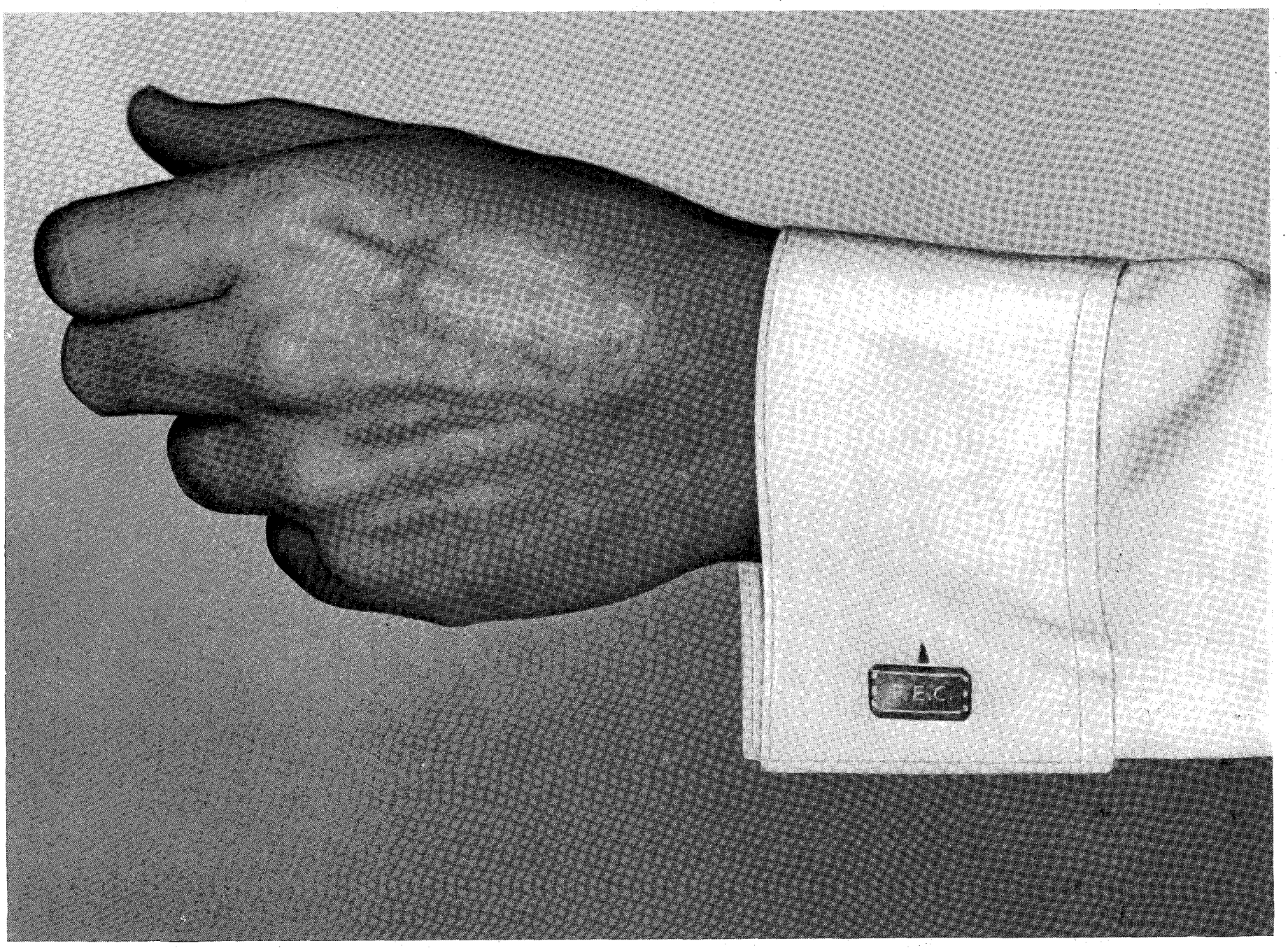

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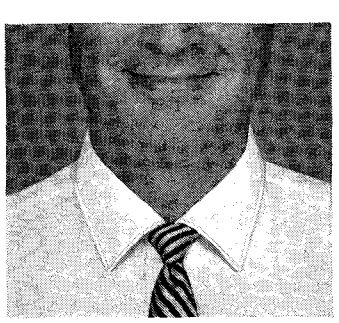

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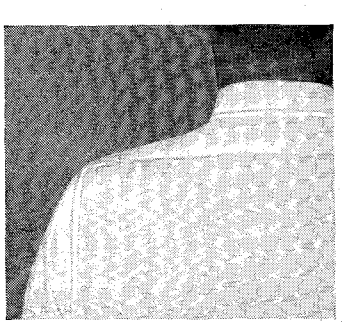

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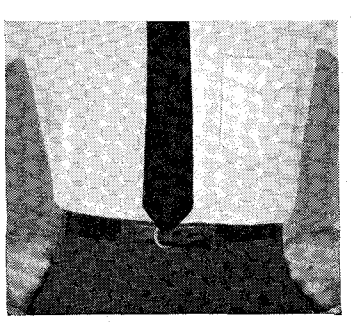

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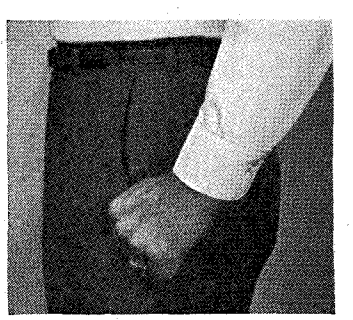

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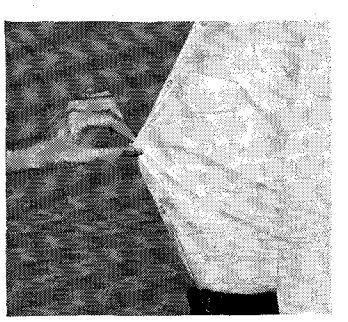

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He wrote a song for the home of the brave...

YOU CAN hear it ringing shrill and sweet from classroom windows. Its music flies like a splendid scarf over ships at sea. You rise and stand quietly for it at the ball game, and at the old grandeur the old tingle goes straight up your spine.

Every school child knows the story of how the words were written down by a man named Francis Scott Key during the British bombardment of Fort McHenry in the War of 1812. When the terrible night had ended, Key lifted his eyes to find the flag high over the ramparts in the morning mist. There was a gaping hole shot through one of its stars. But . . . the flag was still there.

Which meant America was still there.

The anthem, through all the years, transcends the man and the battle. It could have been written by a man named Smith at the Argonne. Or a man named Jones at Leyte. Because, in "The Star-Spangled Banner," America found the song that suited herself. The song that *is* herself.

It's a big song, a song that's even hard to sing. But have you ever heard another with such great, unshakable strength? Another that ever sent out such an indomitable thunder of courage?

Each time we hear it, we straighten our shoulders to its ringing reminder that the land we live in, the land we love, is the land of the free and the home of the brave.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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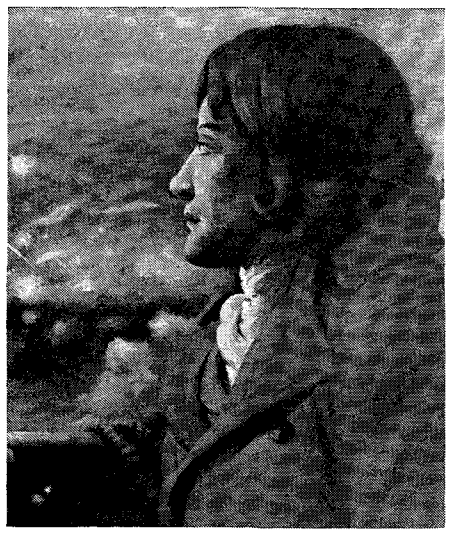


As we look at American history, we find many times when the future seemed bleak and hopeless. George Washington's tired and hungry "army"; the long and bloody years of the Civil War; the shock of Pearl Harbor; the great depressions . . . all gave the defeatists ample reason for taking a dim view of the future. Looking back, we know how wrong they were.

The John Hancock has faced many of these dark periods in American history. The very nature of our business has always given us a close view of the faith Americans have in the future. That's why it's reassuring to report that our company today has over 20 *billion* dollars of life insurance in force . . . more than double the amount in force just 10 years ago.

We have invested our policy owners' funds in hundreds of businesses, in every state in the Union; in home loans and farm loans; in both national and local governments. The money our 10,000,000 policy owners have invested in their own futures is constantly at work building a greater future for *all* America.

If you are not sharing in this as much as you should be, I'd suggest you talk to one of our John Hancock agents. He has skill, experience, and the most modern, adaptable types of life insurance contracts. Let him show you how your family can have a bigger, happier share in America's bright future.

BYRON K. ELLIOTT
President

★ ★ ★

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

(*Continued from Page 54*) trail after a little, a bullet through his left shoulder, so that his arm hung loose, but he carried his carbine, and his brown face was as emotionless and as firmly set as ever as they gathered around, almost boisterous in their relief.

"I got knocked out for a bit," he told them, brushing it aside as of no consequence. "Shanz did a nice job here. All right, we'll march in an hour."

It was a little later, when Doc Gregg was dressing the shoulder wound and putting Antioch's left arm in a sling, that the latter elaborated a little on what had happened. His voice was embarrassed.

"Hell, doc," he said, "I think I just went to sleep. I was crossing this little spur when the bullet hit me—knocked me maybe ten feet down into a little gully. I was lying there, thinking about getting back on my feet, and that's the last I remember until the rain coming down into my face woke me up. Isn't that a hell of a thing?"

Doc Gregg grinned sourly beneath the bristle on his face. "Is it?" he asked morosely. "You remember that thing you were telling me about the limit of human endurance?"

"I remember," Antioch answered, a little surprised.

"That general was wrong," doc said in a rough voice. "The limit can be reached. It's a God's wonder that you're not sleeping back there in that gully still, Frank."

"Nuts!" Antioch grunted impatiently. "What about Haussan?"

"Unconscious," Gregg said somberly. He went on to tell of the other casualties of the fight on the trail. A half dozen walking wounded; they'd make out all right. Two seriously wounded who'd have to be carried in mule litters with Haussan and three men from the recon platoon. "I hear we got plenty of mules for it now," doc added glumly.

Mules that should be carrying rations and grain, Antioch thought. Shanz was sure going to march hungry from here on in. A figure came out of the scrub and started toward him then, and Antioch saw that it was Clay Ashmiller.

"Well?" he asked, his voice rough, as the other came up.

"I realize I've been wrong about all of this, major," Ashmiller said slowly. "I wanted to tell you so before we moved out again."

The words caught Antioch by surprise, so that, for a fleeting moment, he wondered if he'd heard aright or if this was just another of Ashmiller's schemes to stop the mission to Tingyong Ga. It wasn't. There was still enough daylight remaining so that he could see the other man's face, and he decided that the words were honest.

"Thanks, colonel," he said finally. "I guess that we've all got to do the job the way we see it. All of us may not see it the same way. No hard feelings."

"Will you shake hands, Antioch?"

"Why not?" Frank said, and found the other's grip firm and sincere as he murmured, a little embarrassed now, "Well, it's time to be moving on, I guess, colonel."

"You've lost your exec," Ashmiller said, and it was his turn to be embarrassed. "If I could be of any help to you in that capacity, well ——" He paused for a moment, and then added wryly, "I'm supposed to be rather good at administrative details."

"I'd be glad to have you, sir," Antioch told him.

George Company still led; Ned Huddleston had asked for that, taking over the responsibility for scouting the trail ahead. He'd rotate the platoons, he told Antioch, and they'd make out all right.

Two Platoon marched back with the rest of the company tonight as they moved out into the rain and the darkness.

Two Platoon thought for a little of Ed Meyers and Sid Delaney, buried back there beside the trail; remembered for a little the sound of Frank Antioch's voice as he'd spoken the few simple words above them. Then Two Platoon forgot those things, because, when you are on the long trail and another fight lies ahead, it is best that you do not remember too much. Better to curse loudly the gnawing in your belly or the rain, cold at this altitude, that dripped off your helmet and ran down your back. Presently Thorn Healy's voice lifted in its endless jawing at Willie Haw.

"You're one step nearer being a major now, Willie," Healy grumbled through the murk. "If the Turk buys it, you're in line for promotion to exec. Now what do you think of that?"

The callousness of the words didn't shock Two Platoon; hell, it was better to joke about the Turk than it was to bawl. Bawling wasn't going to help the big guy any. Nevertheless, Willie Haw said sharply, "Leave the Turk out of this, Healy," and Thorn did.

Mary Jesus steered the thing away in his unconcerned voice. "You get an idea in your head and you worry it around like a dog with a bone," he said to Healy. "Why don't you quit trying to get Willie promoted? He don't want to be promoted. He'd rather be a happy dog-face like me. I don't want to get promoted, Mr. Healy."

"What the hell could they promote you to?" Healy demanded. "You're already fifteen degrees below yardbird. They don't promote from that far down, you dumb Mex."

"I'm bucking for yardbird first class, Mr. Healy," Mary said, unperturbed. "I think I got it made."

But the talk died away in Two Platoon and they marched in silence again, concentrating on putting one foot ahead of the other in the mud and the rain.

It was two hours after midnight when Antioch halted the column; he passed the word that Shanz would rest here until daylight. Shanz knew, without being told, that there'd be no more halts—except for brief rests along the trail—after this until the airfield at Tingyong Ga had been taken. The fifth was the day after tomorrow.

Antioch moved his feet leadenly as he moved now toward where Doc Gregg and his corpsmen were. He moved reluctantly, afraid of what he'd find, and doc came to meet him.

"You'd better come," doc said gruffly, and led the way to where Isaac Haussan lay on a blanket.

The big lieutenant was conscious now, Antioch saw as he crouched down; Haussan's eyes were open and the "Well, what the hell did you expect, anyway?" smile was pasted stiffly beneath his red beard as he looked up.

The smile didn't fool Antioch, and he felt tired and empty as he murmured, "Hello, Turk. How is it?"

"Can't complain, chief," Haussan answered haltingly, and the tightness of his voice told Antioch of the effort that it cost the other to speak. "Like I said—it's a long war."

Antioch put a hand on Haussan's shoulder; wished that he could think of something to say.

"Take it easy, Turk," was the best that he could think of. "We'll have you out of here before long now. Your next stop is a hospital and a flock of pretty nurses, boy."

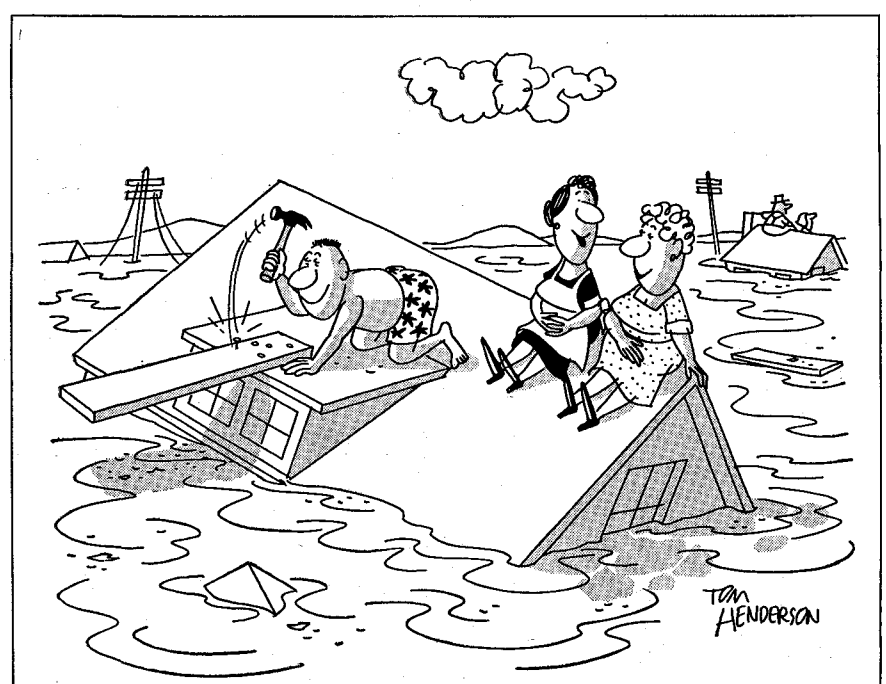
Haussan's smile became more fixed. "Make it Nua Nevi, skipper," he said, so low that Antioch barely heard. Then, after a long moment, he added in a whisper, "Good luck, Frank," and died.

They buried him beside the trail as the others had been buried; Antioch standing, his shoulders squared, beside the shallow grave while he repeated as many of the words as he could remember. Two Platoon, making a little knot in the moonlight, were tight-lipped mourners.

Antioch intoned, " . . . I will fear no evil . . . " and then made his words rougher and more harsh to hide the unsteadiness in his voice, "thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. . . ." Simple words that made a requiem for Turk Haussan.

Then the thing was done and there was a little silence until out of the tough second platoon of George someone said softly, "Amen. So long, Turk," and the little knot of men dissolved, leaving Frank Antioch standing there alone with Doc Gregg. And for a fleeting instant Antioch knew that this was the bitterest hour of his life.

Then Doc Gregg said harshly, "Come on, Frank. I want a look at that shoulder of yours. Whether you like it or not, Shanz Force is riding on your back alone now."



"Herbert always tries to look at the bright side."

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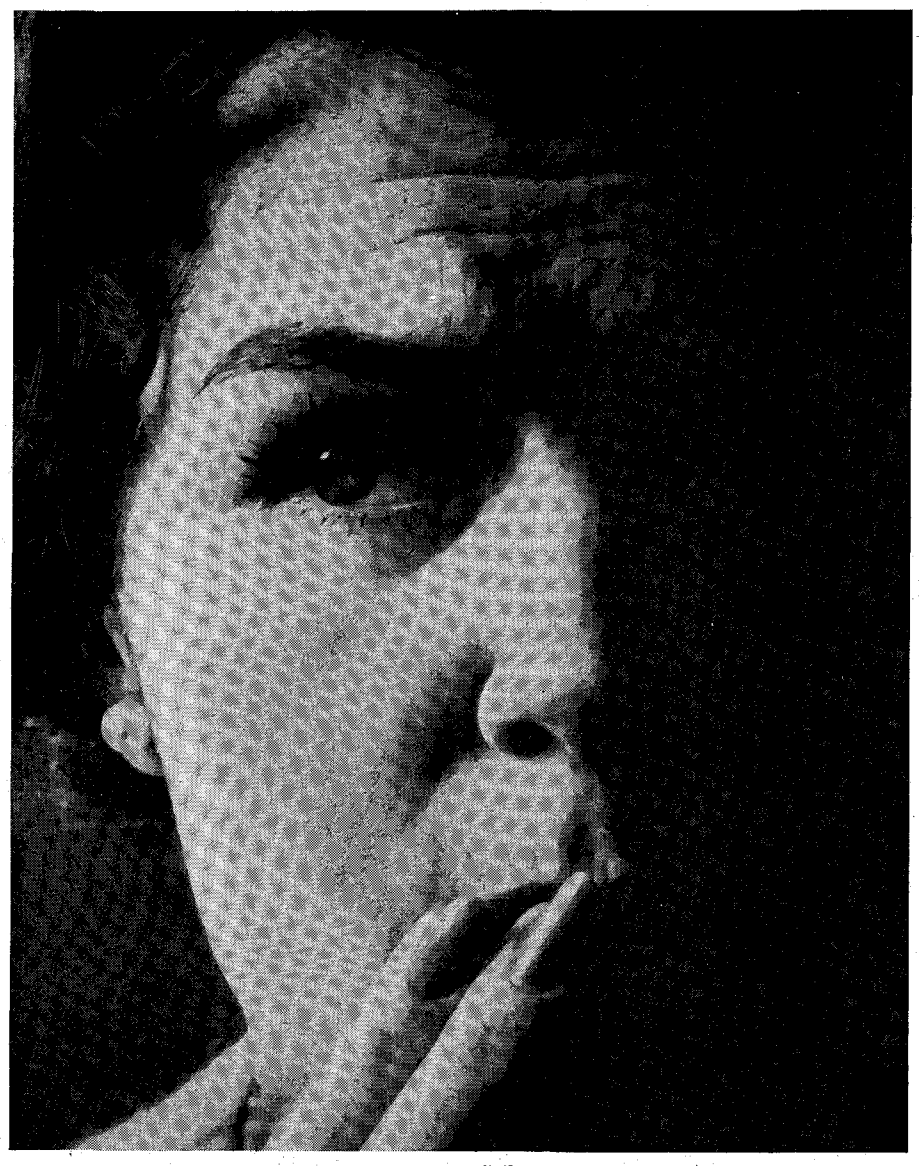

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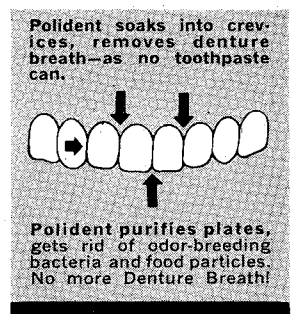
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LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
Don't rely on weak powders.
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with this long-lasting cream adhesive.

The rain started again at midmorning, and Antioch, forcing himself hard now, made his way along toward the head of the column. Shanz was almost done, his mind told him dully as he saw the gray, drawn faces of the men as he passed them; Shanz had almost had it, but somehow he had to keep the outfit on its feet and moving a little longer. How many more miles to go? He didn't know.

So far there'd been no more Jap trail blocks. That was a credit to be placed against the increasing tiredness of Shanz, Antioch thought. His shoulder had become one big ache, but he put that out of his mind as he concentrated on getting back to the head of the column. His watch said that it was 1125, and they'd halt for a full hour at noon, he decided. While the men rested he'd scout ahead a little; from the looks of this country, this valley would merge with a larger valley soon, and that could be the one that led to Tingyong Ga. It had to be the one.

After another five minutes of half shuffle, half trot, he came at last to the head of George Company again. The trail had broadened so that two men could walk abreast, and he fell in beside Ned Huddleston and motioned Bert Messner to follow him.

"One thing I can't figure," Huddleston said as Antioch got his breath back. "Why haven't the Japs hit us again, skipper? It's not like the little boogers to leave us alone this way."

Antioch knew that; the answer to it had been bothering him too. "Your guess is as good as mine," he murmured. "It could be that they've not got much of a garrison at Tingyong Ga and that we hurt them bad enough at the pass so that they're still shook up. That won't last, though. They can bring reinforcements up from South Burma a lot faster than we can march."

His estimate of the terrain had been right, Antioch saw now, as the trail emerged from the dense valley growth and he saw the expanse of a much larger valley ahead. The width of it, broken by bamboo clumps and carpeted with *kunai* grass, told him they'd reached the big river; that knowledge drove the tiredness out of his mind and sharpened his perceptions. By heaven, Shanz had made it.

"*Bashas* ahead, skipper," Huddleston grunted. "We're back in civilization."

Antioch had already seen them; a dozen thatched houses reared on their spindly stilts. No sign of life showed in the little village, but he guessed that eyes had already spotted the men on the trail and he knew what he must do, and fast.

"Swing George down to block the trail," he snapped to Huddleston, the habit of command cutting through his tiredness. "Then work back through the village, rounding up the natives. I don't want any of them slipping away to warn the Japs we're coming."

Huddleston grunted, "Right!" and swung his arm, and George went off at a shambling trot. The knowledge that the long trail was nearing its end was acting like a tonic on George too.

That shot in the arm ran back along the rest of the column as the word passed to close up and take five. The march was over. No matter if a fight lay ahead—just who else could have marched across those mountains in five days?

After a half hour, Ned Huddleston came back to report that he'd rounded up the few Kachins who remained in the village and was holding them without trouble, for they had no love for the Japanese, who had taken their women and impressed their young men for work on the Tingyong Ga airfield. Huddleston brought an old man with him, and Joe Hakari, who spoke many languages, interpreted as Antioch stood under a tree out of the rain and asked questions.

Tingyong Ga was perhaps five kilometers distant, the old Kachin said impassively. The airfield was one kilometer on the far side of the town. The Japanese force occupied a bunkered perimeter at the airfield, sending patrols into the town now and then.

"Ask him how many Japs?"

"About three-four hundred, sir," Hakari translated over his shoulder. "He thinks that more are coming, though. They'll come from the south and cross the river east of the airfield."

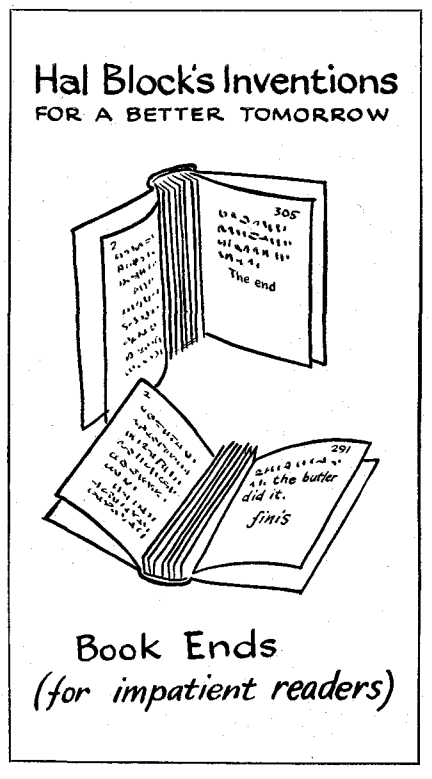
Antioch nodded and felt a small elation rise in him. Shanz had a small superiority of strength if they could hit before the Jap reinforcements arrived; once in possession of the ground and dug in, Shanz would be hard to move. The urge was strong in him to push on immediately and slam straight in now, but Antioch fought the temptation down. A piecemeal attack, such as that would be—and made with tired men—could be smashed to bits by a rested enemy in prepared positions. No, he had to be careful about this, because one chance was all that they were going to have. Better to gamble with time a little more and go in at dawn tomorrow with a co-ordinated attack that would leave nothing to chance. The gamble would be worth it.

He slapped a rein on his eagerness and said to Hakari, "See what the old man knows about the Jap positions at the airfield, son," and then turned back to Bert Messner and told him to get the word back for company and detachment commanders to come up at once.

Joe Hakari and the Kachin talked, the latter illustrating each point with gestures, and then Joe sat back on his heels again and nodded up at Antioch. The old man had drawn a map in the mud to show the airfield, and Joe pointed to it now as he translated what he'd been told, while Antioch crouched beside him, following Joe's directions on the air photo of the field which he held on his knee.

"The old guy says most of the Japs are here," Joe said, pointing to the northwest corner of the airfield. "They send out patrols to cover the rest of the field at night, but that's about all. Down here at this other corner is where the Japs cross the river coming up from the south. I figure he's giving it to us straight, major."

(*Continued on Page 60*)



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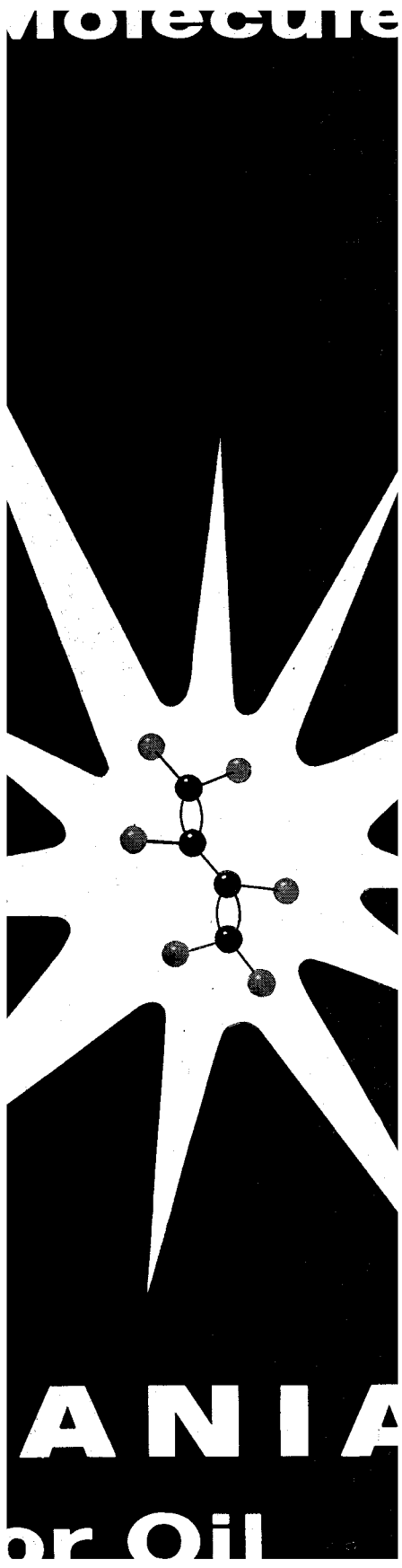

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(*Continued from Page 58*) "Good," Antioch said. "Keep after him, Hakari, for any other dope you can get—what sort of shape the Japs are in, when their patrols start out, anything at all." He turned back to Bert Messner to ask, "Did you contact the other officers?"

"They're on their way sir," Messner said.

A new feeling was starting to run through this little group here by the deserted *bashas*; a sense that something big had been accomplished and that the payoff was just ahead. Antioch was aware of that as he stood up. Jim Simmonds' big shape was coming down the trail out of the jungle now; behind him came Benny Kane and the rest, and Antioch beckoned them to where he stood under the big tree and out of the rain.

He'd been laying out his plan in his mind even as Joe Hakari had talked, and now Antioch gave it to the others. They listened attentively to his clipped, assured words, and again Antioch had the feeling that at least some of the defeat—the apathy born of tiredness and hunger—was being swallowed now by their greater pride in the realization of what they had done.

His voice laid its weight on them. It was a simple plan; essentially the same one that had worked well back at the trail block by the pass. Hold hard with a big hand here; then slam the roundhouse punch wide from the flank. Easy Company would do the holding, attacking from the west; George, less its second platoon, and Fox would make the wide swing and hit the main Jap position, flank and rear, from the southeast. He'd have no reserve, Antioch knew, but a reserve was a luxury that he couldn't afford right now. He had to gamble that Shanz would smash through in the first rush, and it wasn't a bad gamble. He saw agreement with that in the faces of his officers as he stood up to look at each one of them.

"What about my second platoon, skipper?" Huddleston wanted to know.

"I want it down here, Ned," he said, putting his finger down at the place where the old Kachin had said that Jap reinforcements would probably cross the river. "If Nip reinforcements come from the south, the second platoon will have to keep them on the far side of the river until we've secured the field. Any other questions?"

There were none, and Antioch nodded, satisfied. "We'll stay here until dark," he said. . . . "Pete, see that your loads of reserve ammo are distributed. I don't need to tell any of you that the stuff is precious as diamonds now; it's got to do us until we've got the field secure enough for supply planes to come in tomorrow."

It was Simmonds who asked the question that had been lurking unasked in the minds of all of them. "You sure that those planes will be here tomorrow, Frank?" The big captain's voice was a little hesitant, and the rest waited for Antioch's answer with a strained attention. "We'll sure be up the creek if they don't show."

"The planes will be here," Antioch said curtly. "You have my word for it. We'll move out after dark to jump-off positions. I'll be with Fox. Keep in touch with me by radio. The attack goes in on my word at dawn. Meanwhile, see that your men get all the rest that they can. I wish they could eat as well. Good luck, gentlemen."

They gave him their salutes, no longer shame-faced as they'd been at the pass; that business was over and done with, Antioch knew. He fumbled for a cigarette as he watched them start back up the trail to their commands; he remembered, then, that he'd smoked his last cigarette last night, and was a little surprised when Ashmiller came to offer him one.

He took it, murmuring his thanks as he stood for a moment longer, his mind busy with things still to be done. Beside him, Ashmiller waited, and again Antioch was vaguely aware that the other was changed from the smart General Staff officer who had climbed out of the L-4, back at the Langa Hka. It wasn't just that Clay Ashmiller was dirty and ragged and unshaven. The change went deeper than that, and it was something that Antioch could see only dimly, but something that he liked.

"Are you really sure that planes will come in with ammunition and rations and reinforcements tomorrow, Antioch?" Ashmiller asked in a low voice. "How can you be so sure?"

For some reason, Antioch felt no resentment at the question. "The Old Man promised it, colonel," he said without emphasis. "I'm banking on his word; it's as simple as that."

Ashmiller thought of that for a moment; then nodded his head. "That tough old rooster has got a way of making good on his promises," he agreed with a reluctant admiration in his voice, then added angrily, "If some staff foul-up doesn't screw everything into a cocked hat!"

"Damning the staff is a favorite indoor sport in Shanz, colonel," Antioch murmured. "Welcome to the club; we're glad to have you, sir."

Clay Ashmiller looked suddenly startled; then answered Antioch's grin with a sheepish one of his own. "A man learns in a hell of a hurry marching across the Kugans, I guess," he said.

Frank Antioch, Bert Messner beside him, and Fox Company deployed behind, lay in a muddy paddy at the edge of the airfield as he watched the dawn begin to come—a cheerless dawn, for the rain still fell. Beyond the airfield Tingyong Ga began to emerge as its *bashas* shaped themselves into lumpy animals standing on skinny legs, sad in the steady drip of the rain.

Antioch glanced at his watch. Time to go, he decided. "All right, Bert," he said quietly. "Pass the word."

It didn't take long—perhaps the time for a second hand to tick once around. Then the dull boom of Benny Kane's mortars opened from the *kunai* grass and the machine guns took up their stuttering mirth. Antioch could see the tracers winking across the airfield like fireflies in the gray light as they ran swiftly on toward the semibunkers where the main Jap force lay. Then his ears, tuning swiftly to the symphony of battle sounds, caught the hoarse bark of the M-1's, punctuated by the "whang-whang-whang" of the BAR's, and he knew that Easy Company had opened the ball in front. With an effort he forced himself to wait until his watch had counted off five more minutes; then spoke softly again to Bert Messner and heard Bert pass the word over the walkie-talkie. Almost instantly he saw Fox and George rise out of the paddies and surge forward.

They slipped along in the gray light, with their weapons silent until the moment when they should be discovered. Like clockwork, Antioch thought as he scrambled to his feet and joined Jim Simmonds to follow close behind the firing line; so far, not a shot had come in their direction to show that the Japs knew they were being flanked—were about to be destroyed. The leading elements of George were within fifty yards of the bunkers when the first fire came. Off to the flank, Antioch could hear Ned Huddleston yelling, the lash of a bugle in his voice, "Come on, George! We're going in! Come on, you hellions! Come on!"

The whole line surged forward, smashing like a wave against the fringe of bamboo that half hid the bunkers, and Antioch found that he was running, too, cradling his slinged arm as best he could and adding his wild yells to the rest. A sudden blaze of fire came from the bamboo now, but it was too late; Fox and George were into the enemy positions, firing and stabbing and swinging rifle butts. A hard fist jolted against his thigh as he ran, and his knee buckled and he pitched down into the mud on his face; then felt a hand helping him up again and heard Simmonds' anxious voice asking something that seemed unimportant.

"You all right, Frank?"

"I'm all right," Antioch grunted and went on, gimping on a leg that had lost all feeling. "Don't stop here! We've got them going, Jim! We've run right over the top of them, boy!"

It was over presently, except for one Jap bunker at the far side of the enemy position, deeper and more solid than the rest, which sheltered a dozen fanatic men who refused to die. George lay in front of the bunker, firing futilely at the slots, until Ned Huddleston's voice snapped angrily at them above the racket, "Save your ammunition, damn it!"

He crawled to where First Sergeant Garbo lay behind a hummock, and the older man made room as Huddleston lifted himself to study the bunker some twenty yards in front. Then the lieutenant slid back down beside Garbo, his smooth face expressionless.

"A grenade through the slot should do it, I do believe," he said to Garbo in a casual tone. "So procure me one grenade, fragmentation, Government Issue, sergeant. Perhaps you'd best make that two."

"The lootenant ain't goin' to ——" Sergeant Garbo began in a worried voice, but Ned Huddleston cut him off.

"The lootenant is," Natty Ned said. "Now shag that fat butt of yours after them grenades, my worrying friend. Like the feller says in the book, we ain't got all day."

Garbo crawled to the rear and came back with two grenades in his hands. "Cover me!" Huddleston snapped. Then he jumped to his feet and dodged forward, running with an effortless stride. He'd almost reached the bunker when the blast of automatic fire came; it spun him around so that he flung the armed grenade to the left, where it exploded in the bamboo; then he crumpled on his face, arms outstretched and the white hat rolling away on its stiff brim.

Finn Burke, crouched a little behind Sergeant Garbo, saw; he remembered in a flash that ran electrically through him that this was the same thing that he'd seen in his mind back there at the pass. Afterward he was (*Continued on Page 64*)

You be the Judge

By CEDRIC G. d'EASUM

Colonel North, wearing two belted pistols in Wild West style, hammered at the door of John Blank. When Blank came to the door, North demanded an apology for remarks Blank had made about him. Blank refused, saying the remarks were true. Without drawing a pistol, North struck Blank to the floor with his fist. Blank's mother-in-law, seeing him knocked down, suffered a fatal heart attack. North was charged with manslaughter.

"North's conduct was the immediate cause of this poor woman's death," the prosecutor asserted. "He marched up to her home wearing two enormous pistols, the mere sight of which was enough to unnerve her. When he struck down her beloved son-in-law, the shock was too much for her."

"I did not threaten or harm the deceased in any way," North replied in his own defense. "In fact, I did not at first realize that she was a witness to what went on. Surely I am not responsible for a heart attack which she might have suffered anyhow."

If you were the judge, would you convict North?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

North went free. The court accepted his claim, backed by medical testimony, that the fight was not necessarily responsible for the heart attack.

Based upon a 1910 Idaho case.

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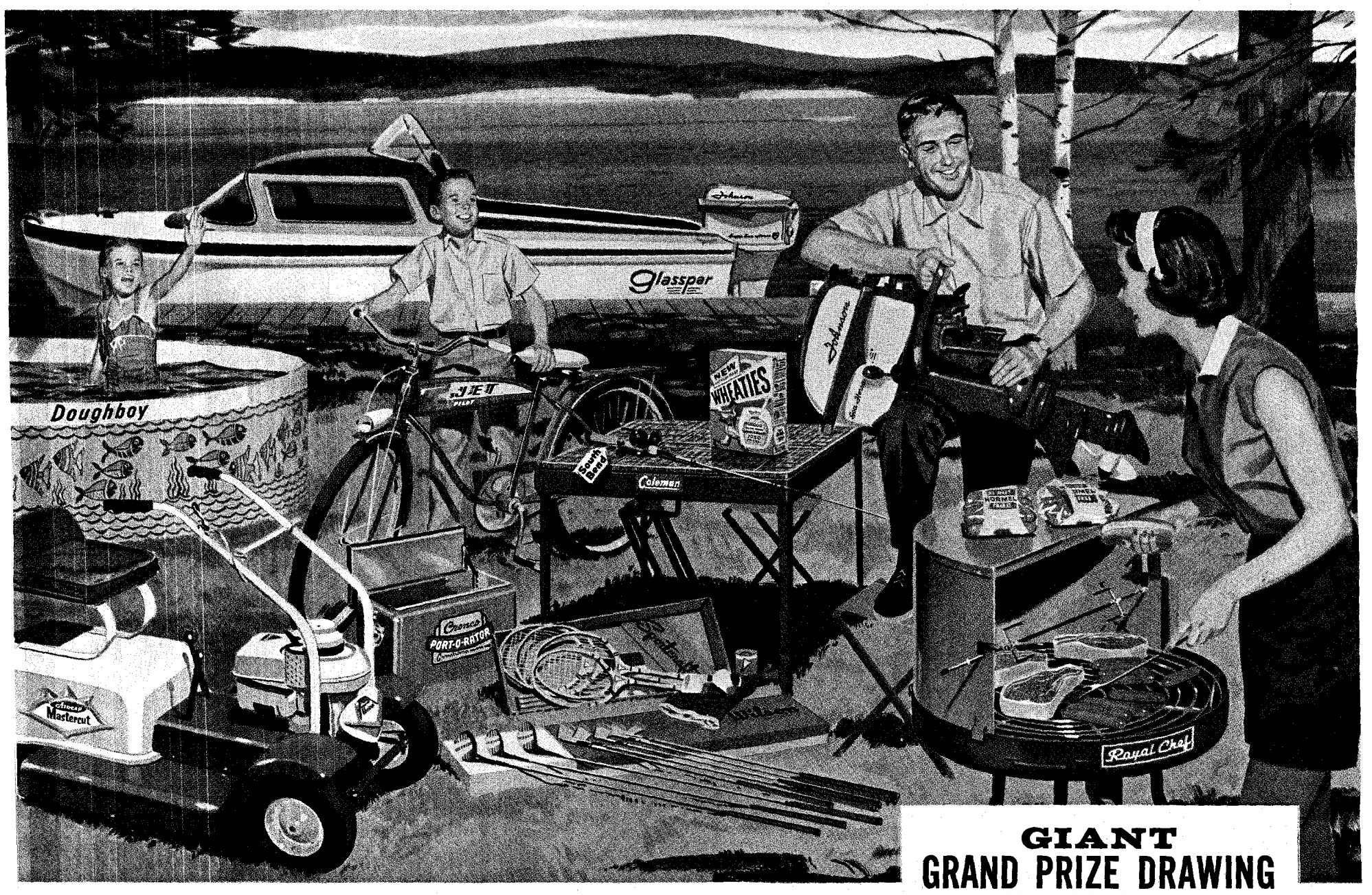

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Each week New Wheaties is giving away 306 Prizes!

1st PRIZE—16-Ft. Glasspar Del Mar Cabin Cruiser with Johnson Super Sea-Horse V-50 Outboard Motor.

5 2nd PRIZES—Aircap Master-Ride Power Mower.

50 3rd PRIZES—Coleman Pak-Table with 4 folding chairs.

50 4th PRIZES—Cronco Port-O-Rator Cooler.

100 5th PRIZES—Sportcraft Official Badminton Set.

100 6th PRIZES—Full case of Hormel Dairy Brand Franks.

Weekly Drawings Will Be Held On
APRIL 21 • APRIL 28 • MAY 5 • MAY 12

After each drawing, all entries are saved and added to the following week's entries. Thus, every entry you send in has a chance to win a wonderful prize in any or all of the remaining weekly drawings! In addition, all entries received by 8 A.M. May 19, 1958, are eligible for the mammoth Grand Prize Drawing! So enter early and often! Subject to Federal, State and local laws.

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NEW WHEATIES takes your taste outdoors Take the "ho-hum" out of breakfast. Try the new taste that shows you how good whole wheat can really be. Big, golden flakes, radiant-crisped clean through to *stay* crackling crisp in milk. Chock-full of the food value whole wheat's famous for. *Your* family would enjoy the New Wheaties tomorrow morning!

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- Boy's or Girl's Roadmaster Jet Pilot Bicycles.
- Coleman Pak-Table with 4 folding chairs.
- Wilson: Patty Berg, or Sam Snead Golf Club Set.
- South Bend Spin Cast® Rod, Reel and Line Set.
- 8-Ft. Doughboy Splasher Pool.
- Cronco Port-O-Rator Cooler.
- Royal Chef Charcoal Brazier.
- Sportcraft Official Badminton Set.
- Full case of Hormel Dairy Brand Franks.
- Year's Supply of New Radiant-Crisp Wheaties (120 12-oz. packages).

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100 4th PRIZES—Roadmaster Jet Pilot Bicycles (Your choice of boy's or girl's model).
200 5th PRIZES—8-Ft. Doughboy Splasher Pools.
400 6th PRIZES—South Bend Spin Cast® Rod, Reel and Line Sets.
200 7th PRIZES—Royal Chef Charcoal Braziers.
50 8th PRIZES—Year's Supply of New Radiant-Crisp Wheaties (120 12-oz. packages).

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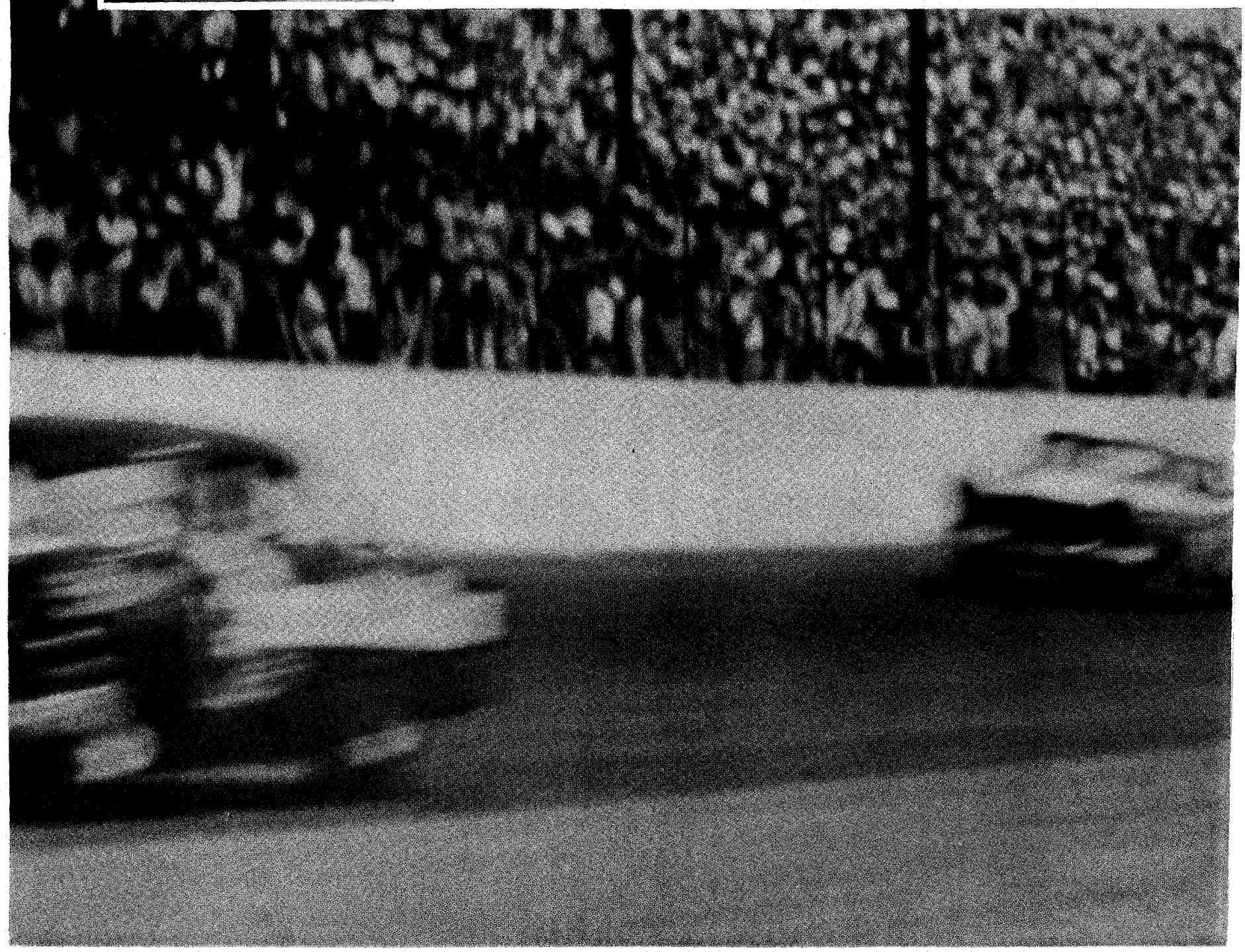

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(*Continued from Page 60*) never able to explain, even to himself, why he did the thing that he was suddenly doing now.

He was running toward the bunker, hearing the pounding of his feet in the mud as though he listened to someone else who ran. The Japs were shooting at him, but he felt no shock of bullets. Then he had his big hand on the second grenade, which had rolled away from Natty Ned's fingers; had yanked the pin and thrown and, after what seemed an endless time, a muffled explosion came from the bunker and black smoke seeped out through the firing slots and the guns within were silent. Burke went back, taking Natty Ned Huddleston with him. He put him down behind the hummock and made a second trip for the well-known hat.

When he got back this time he saw, vaguely surprised, but somehow glad, that Natty Ned was sitting with his back against a bamboo trunk while Sergeant Garbo knelt beside him, applying a hasty dressing. The nonchalant smile was still on Natty Ned's face as he looked up at Finn Burke.

"Why, some careless rumormonger told me that you were a deserter, Finn," he said in his lazy drawl. "Lordy, the liars we have got in this company. And, much obliged for the hat, boy."

It made Finn Burke feel pretty good.

By a little after noon the bomb-pocked airfield had been cleared so that planes could land, but no planes had come. Antioch, gimping on a makeshift crutch in defiance of Doc Gregg's orders, was beginning to feel worry gnaw at him now. He'd promised Shanz that supplies and reinforcements would come today, but where in hell were the planes?

Two Platoon, watching at the river, had reported an hour ago that they'd seen Japs in the trees on the river's far side. Antioch had sent the rest of George to support Two Platoon; he dispatched Fox there when Sergeant Garbo, commanding George now in place of the wounded Huddleston, had sent word back fifteen minutes ago that machine-gun and mortar fire was falling in George's position and that the enemy seemed to be getting ready to cross in force.

For a little while Shanz could make a daylight river crossing a costly thing for the Japs, Antioch thought soberly as he started for the place where the two companies lay. But only for a little while. Because Shanz now had only the rounds left in their belts—pitifully few—and when those rounds were gone, everything was over.

Had there been a foul-up? The question kept nagging at Antioch's mind. A day meant little to those people in the rear, maybe, but a day meant that Shanz either lived or died here.

It was slow going, and hard, hobbling along on the branch he'd found for a crutch. Presently he had to get down and crawl because he was coming to where George Company lay under Jap fire now. Nothing in the world was more useless than a dead major, he thought sardonically. He'd stay alive while he could.

Mary Jesus took his time and squeezed his shot off and felt his M-1 slam back against his shoulder with a comforting solidness. "Got him!" he yelled to Healy, lying at the edge of the bamboo a dozen yards away. "I'm a character when it comes to rifle shootin', Mr. Healy! All of my family are characters!"

"The hell with your family," Healy said.

Willie Haw lay at the edge of the paddy and Willie heard the mortar round coming, but he couldn't do anything about it. Then an orange flame blossomed in front of him, like furnace doors thrown wide, and Willie Haw didn't know anything any more. Mary Jesus hunched across to where he lay; hunched back again.

"You were right," he called softly across to Healy. "Willie's got his promotion, Mr. Healy. He's been promoted up to God."

Thorn Healy didn't answer, but the rest of his magazine ran out in sharp, vicious "spangs" as he laid his bullets across the river. He was going to miss Willie. Willie had been a good guy.

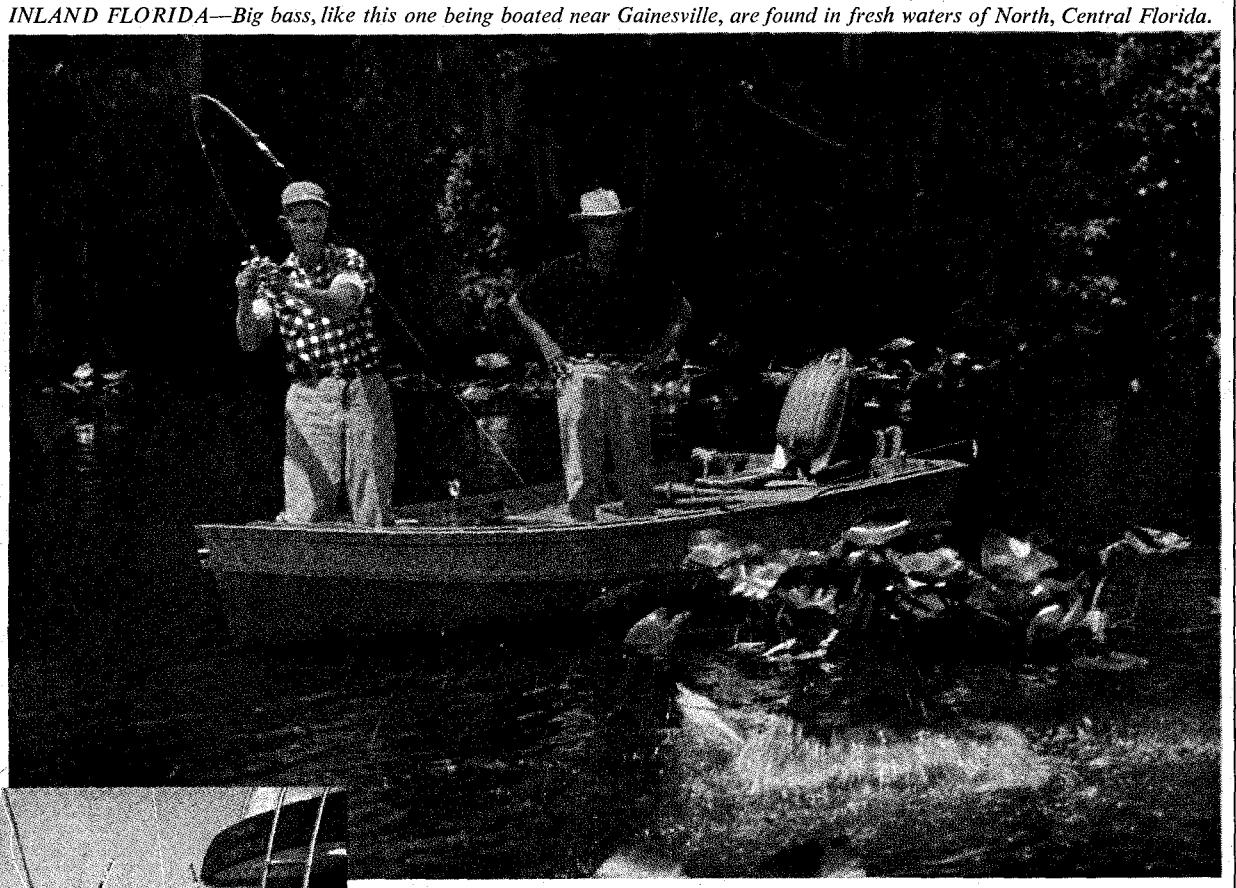
George was doing all right, Sergeant Garbo was thinking with a heavy satisfaction. Firing carefully and hoarding its rounds as if they were jewels. George was a good company. Something made noise behind him and Garbo turned his head and saw that it was the major, crawling up and favoring his wounded leg. He reached a hand and helped the major down behind the little parapet that the paddy made.

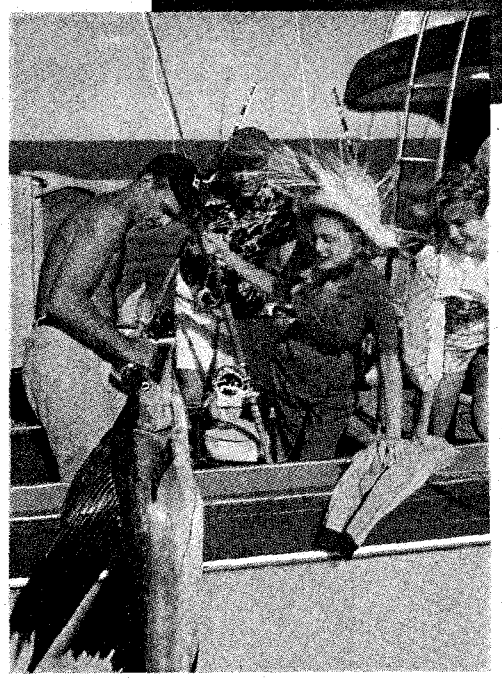
"I figure they're goin' to try coming across pretty soon, sir," Garbo said. "When they come, it's liable to be rough. We ain't got too much ammo left, sir."

"I know," Antioch said tiredly, pushing his carbine forward. "We'll do the best we can. When we've got nothing left to shoot, we'll have to throw rocks, I guess."

The fire was getting heavier and activity on the far bank was increasing now, and Antioch knew that time had almost run out. It was then that he heard the first faint sound of engines and rolled on his side to look. Coming out of the west was a long line of dun-colored ships—

INLAND FLORIDA—Big bass, like this one being boated near Gainesville, are found in fresh waters of North, Central Florida.





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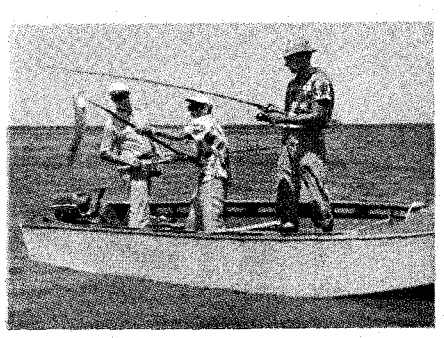

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a sky train with troop carriers in the lead and cargo ships behind, and, over them all, a great cloud of fighters. And presently the first of the ships was landing and khaki-clad men were spilling out, coming fast to join Shanz here at the river at Tingyong Ga.

Shanz's task was finished. "Well done," Frank Antioch murmured under his breath. "Oh, well done, Shanz."

Two Platoon of George Company—what was left of it—sat in the shelter of a *basha* at the edge of the airfield and smoked and talked while they watched the planes come in, disgorge their loads and take off again. Presently those planes would be carrying Shanz Force out of Burma and back to Camp Gabriel. There'd be beds there, and for Shanz the war would be over for a little while.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Ode to a Half Persian Cat

LOST AND FOUND: Lost . . . A half Persian cat, black and gray with a blond stomach.

By Yvonne Ground

Kindly tell me, poor half cat,
In which direction did you scat?
And answer, please, another riddle.
Are you divided down the middle?
If not, and you are cut in two,
Then tell me, please, which half is you?
As I am broke, I'd like to earn
The prize that comes from your return,
So, just in case our paths are crossed,
I'd like to know which half is lost!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mary Jesus pitched a stick at a lizard and watched while the little reptile scuttled away. "No more mountains to march over, Mr. Healy," he said. "I'm going to miss 'em."

Healy snorted. "Go ahead and miss. Me, I don't care if I never see a mountain again. When I get out of this fouled-up Army I'm going to settle down someplace where the highest mountain they got you could spit over sitting down."

"Nothing ever suits you, Mr. Healy," Mary said reprovingly. "Give me a butt." This time Healy tossed the cigarettes over without argument and Mary caught them and went on in a thoughtful voice. "I hear Old Detestable will be going back to the States to the hospital. You know something? I think I'm going to miss him too."

Healy didn't answer that, and none of the others spoke, so that the little group sat silent for a moment, listening to the roar of the C-47's and watching the activity that unfolded in front of them while they soaked up the luxury of having nothing to do. They were thinking of what Mary Jesus had said, though. They were realizing that something good would be gone from Shanz when Old Detestable no longer marched with the column. They were regretting that with a regret that they didn't quite understand.

Thorn Healy stirred finally, lifting a bandaged hand in an awkward gesture. "Yeah," he said. "I guess I'll miss him too. He was a pretty good guy, at that."

Frank Antioch, sitting with his back against one of the posts of the *basha*, but hidden from Two Platoon by a pile of litter, heard that and smiled faintly. A smile that was content as he glanced at the lines he'd been writing on the pad on his knee.

". . . the mission is finished, darling. Successfully, I can say. We'll be going back soon to a rest camp in the rear area; the general told me that a little while ago. Shanz has earned it and more—much more. I can't tell you how magnificent the men have been during these last days."

Antioch reread what he had written, the faint smile deepening on his face beneath the dented helmet with its dangling chin strap. Then he took up his pencil again and added a few words more:

"Have I ever told you their nickname for me? It's Old Detestable. I like to think that they use it with a certain affection. You'd have to know Shanz to understand."

Antioch folded the sheet and slipped it into the oiled pouch and returned the whole to his stained musette bag. He buckled the strap and sat thinking for a few minutes longer. Then he stretched out and slept. Presently the rain started again, but he didn't feel it as it slanted beneath the *basha* to wet his face.

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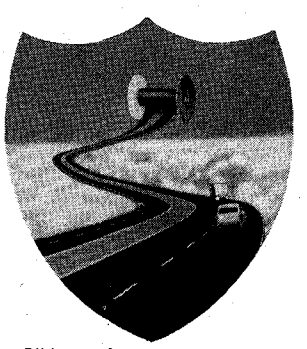

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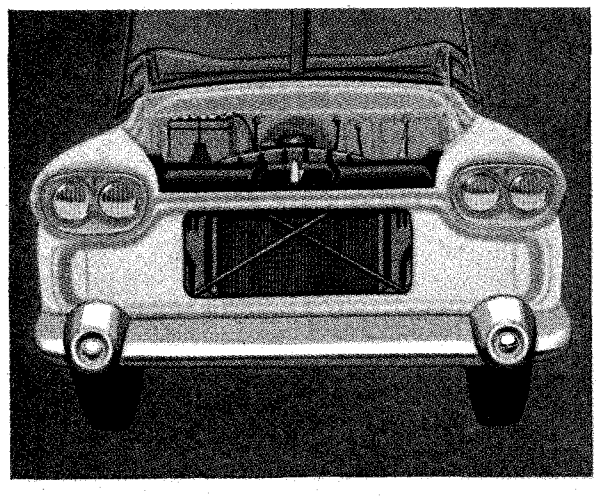

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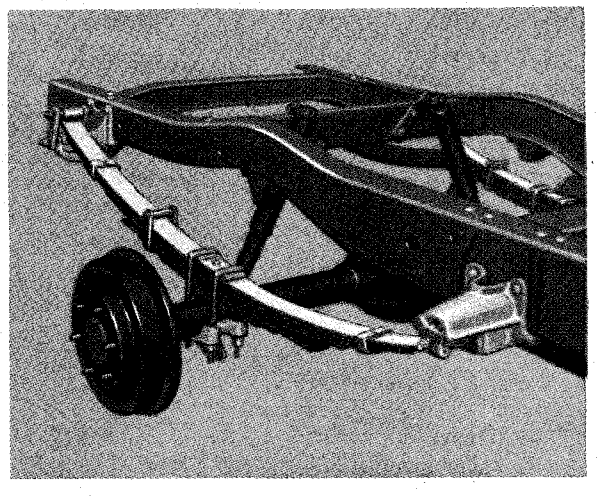

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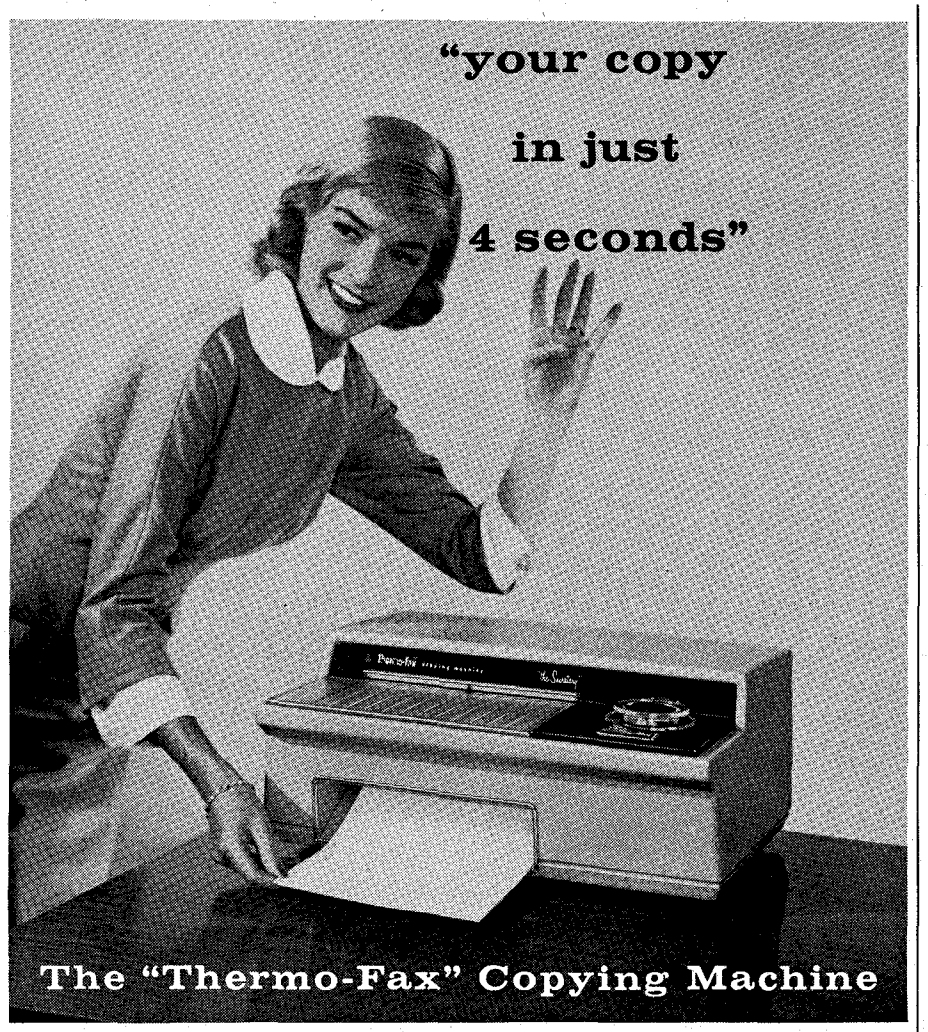

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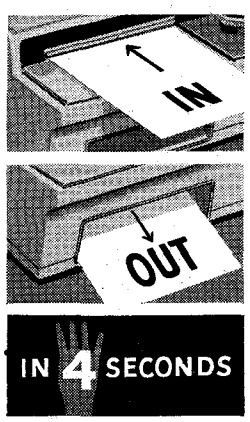

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A Visit With Bobby Jones

(Continued from Page 23)

and rounded life. He stays off his feet most of the time, but can walk with the aid of two sturdy hickory canes which bear the same stamp—ROBERT T. JONES, JR.—that he used to put on his golf clubs.

Bob is matter-of-fact about his disability. "Here's a right interesting thing," he remarked at one point, gesturing toward the canes. "There's a grand old girl up in Barbourville, Kentucky—Miss Nola Minton, used to have a lot of wonderful show horses. She made hickory golf-club shafts in the old days. Well, a few years ago she saw me with two bamboo canes and, not long after, she shipped me these hickory canes, and she wrote me a little note, 'You've been leaning on hickory all your life. It's too late to change now.'"

Speaking of hickory, we wanted to know whether Bob considers the change from hickory to steel shafts the most important advance in golf equipment today.

"Yes, I suppose that's the main difference," Jones said. "But that in itself is responsible for a lot of other differences. I mean, your balancing can be so much more accurate when you can control the qualities of the shaft—the capacities of it and the distribution of weight. The steel shaft is lighter, so you can put more weight in the head. And the steel shaft eliminates the torsion factor"—meaning twisting.

"But I think the main difference in the play of steel and hickory is that the boys nowadays can hit more nearly all out—more nearly full power—without running the risk of something going wrong. The boys seem to be hitting more with their hands than we used to do. I think that's the reason they're hitting the ball farther. I know that the golf ball itself hasn't got that much additional driving power, but people my own age, like Dick Garlington and Charley Black and Watts Gunn—they're driving the ball a good deal farther today than they did when they were younger."

Then he doesn't think the golf ball itself is much of a factor?

Jones said, "It could be some. I suppose the modern ball has a greater percentage of flight to roll. The ball we used to play in the late 'Teens was a soft, heavy sort of small ball. On a dry, hard fairway you could get tremendous distance with it because it had a lot of run.

"There are a lot of other new factors. We know more about golf-course maintenance now than we did before. We've got better grasses for putting greens and fairways. But there's no getting away from the fact that technique has improved at the same time. People jump higher today and run faster, and all that sort of thing, and it's perfectly natural."

Jones went on, "Here's another angle that's always interested me. In the days when Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Harry Cooper and I were all playing, it was sort of accepted that everybody had to have one bad round out of the four in the U.S. Open championship. I think the guy who broke that pattern was Ralph Guldahl. The first time Ralph won the Open"—in 1937 with a score of 281—"he played four good rounds. And that set a new pattern in everybody's mind for scoring in the Open. I think that makes a lot of difference."

Another change is that the playing pros today compete practically the whole year around. Bob Jones seldom entered more than five or six events a year and sometimes played in only two—the United States Open and the United States Amateur. Does he think it would have helped or hurt him to play in tournaments week after week?

"That's hard to answer," he declared, "because it would have involved a complete transformation in my habits of living and thinking. You see, I never regarded golf as the paramount interest in my life. If—with my mind on other things, at least—I had had to play in five or six tournaments in a row, I feel I would have been so damn well fed up with it that I wouldn't have been able to hit the side of a barn. On the other hand, if I'd changed my whole way of living and said, 'Well, I'm going to play a golf tournament every week for the whole year for the rest of my life,' maybe I could have conditioned myself for it."

Jones was warming now into a subject on which he is very expressive—the mental tensions involved in big-time golf.

"These fellows who play the circuit now," he said, "they all have to take a week or two off every now and then. They all get jaded with it, as you do with anything. That's really the reason I quit playing in competition. I'd made up my mind even before I got around to 1930 that if I ever found a convenient stopping place, I was going to do it.

"You take Walter Hagen and some of the others of my era. I think they lost their real enthusiasm for tournaments long before they were physically on the downgrade. I know I did. Gene Sarazen was about the only one of our vintage who kept up his enthusiasm for so long. Of course, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead have gone on a long time in this era."

Income taxes often transform nest eggs into goose eggs.

SHANNON FIFE

We asked him to elaborate on the reasons a man's tournament enthusiasm wears down.

Jones answered, "In tournament golf, and particularly in an Open championship, you take an awful lot of mental punishment. Golf is played at such a slow pace that you don't have an opportunity to work off steam in physical activity. Playing around that golf course in four hours, you get so weighted down by the strain and the responsibility and the difficulty of concentrating that you just wish to goodness you could hit a careless shot—just hit the ball without thinking. And if you ever yield to that temptation you'll always pay for it.

"So unless you're terribly keen to win, you just won't make yourself take that kind of punishment. I think Ben Hogan may be experiencing a little of that now, although he certainly wants to become the first man to win five Open championships. But it seems to me that he's getting a little bit to the point where it's harder for him to make himself maintain that unbroken concentration."

Does a top competitor like Jones sometimes concentrate so much that he becomes oblivious of his surroundings?

"I've hit a number of shots like that," Jones responded. "I think probably every crucial shot that I've played in tournaments was more or less that way. I was just sort of unconscious. I was made that way by the strain. Strain causes some people to concentrate a little better.

"It was always easier for me to play when I was (*Continued on Page 70*)

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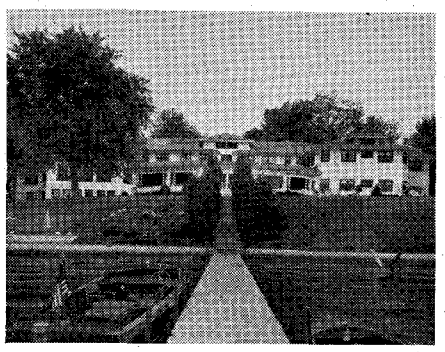

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(*Continued from Page 68*) behind. My approach could be positive and aggressive, and then you can play well. The one thing I could not cope with on a golf course was the fear of looking ridiculous—not only to other people but to myself—by throwing away a big lead. I'd begin to play defensively. But when you finally have thrown the lead away, and you get around to the last hole and you've got to put the ball on the green or in the cup, then the pressure gets so great that you just lose yourself in making the shot.

"A lot of tournaments I threw away and then managed to get them back. I won my first Open in 1923 by hitting a 190-yard iron shot over a pond to the green on the last hole of a play-off with Bobby Cruickshank. I have absolutely no memory of hitting that ball."

"What did you do for relaxation in those days?" we inquired.

"In between tournaments there was no problem," Bob said. "I loved to play golf. I played golf all the time. It wasn't the pressure of being tired of golf, but being tired of taking that damn punishment in the tournaments."

"How did you relax during a tournament?"

"I just stayed away from everything. You don't want to be around the lobby and have a lot of people pulling on you and wanting to talk about golf, golf, golf, so you get away from it. I'd go right up to my room and get in a tub with a drink, a highball. I'd drink that and have one or two more, then eat supper in my room and go to bed."

We asked whether he had any trouble eating or sleeping.

"I had trouble eating," Bob said. "I was so nervous I didn't want to eat anything. I'd always eat a very light breakfast, and I couldn't bear the thought of food at lunch—I'd eat a piece of toast and drink some tea with sugar in it. But I'd always eat a good meal at night."

Jones added, after further reflection, "Here's the whole thing. I'd get so keyed up about a tournament, and while I was on that golf course, that was the most important thing in the world. And then two or three days after I'd gotten home, whether I'd won it or lost it, I'd say to myself, 'Why do you get so damn excited about a golf tournament?'

"It was like the time Sam Snead was talking to me in Augusta two or three years ago—I'm proud of this, that's the reason I like to repeat it. Sam said to me one night at a Masters Club dinner, 'Bob, tell me, which one of the championships that you won did you want to win the most?' I said, 'Sam, it was always the one I was playing in at the time. And if I hadn't felt that way, I never would have won any.'"

Although Jones did not return to national-championship competition after retiring as an amateur in 1930, he did play in the Masters Tournament for a number of years after helping to get it started in 1934. He never came close to winning. Was this because he couldn't get himself "up" the way he used to during his active career?

"I was keyed up," Bob declared, "but I just didn't react the same way. I had abandoned the whole damn business for four years, and I couldn't condition myself mentally. If I was going to do it, I had to get right back in things, which I had no intention of doing. When your confidence is high, your reaction to strain is quite different than when you haven't played a lot of competitive golf, and you're not certain how you're going to react."

We raised the question of whether there were more good tournament golfers now than in Bob's era, and Jones said there definitely were. The next question was, "Do you think the best golfers of your day were as good as the best golfers of the present day?"

"I think so," said Bob. "Maybe some of the golfers today have a little more repetitive ability. Maybe they don't make quite so many bad shots. That could come from playing a lot more competitive golf.

"But I think the main difference in any era between the fellow who wins big tournaments and the fellow who doesn't has more to do with his psychological construction than it does with his physical ability. I'll quote Ben Hogan on that. Hogan said that a man who's capable of being a champion in one era could be a champion in another.

"All you can beat are the people that are around at the same time you are. This reminds me in a backhanded way of what Sergeant York"—the World War I hero—"was supposed to have said when he got back home, and someone asked him how he'd made out in the war. He said, 'Well, I killed more of them than they did of me.'"

Jones went on, "You can't beat the ones that came before you, or the ones that come after. For example, how could you compare Vardon with me, or Hogan, or Tom Morris? You just can't do it." Harry Vardon, with whom Jones—then eighteen—had the experience of being paired in the 1920 U. S. Open, was a six-time British Open winner prior to the First World War; Tom Morris was a nineteenth-century Scottish great.

Getting down to cases on the modern golfers, we invited Bob to give his opinion on the irritatingly slow play of some of the current tournament performers. Does he think it's just a habit they're in, or are they trying deliberately to annoy the other fellow?

"I don't think they try consciously to do that," Jones answered. "I do think there's a certain amount of selfishness involved. But mostly I think that a lot of our younger pros and amateurs are overimpressed with the amount of time and study they have to give to the making of a golf shot. They look to me like they try to take into consideration more damn things than they have to. I think they're setting a very bad example for youngsters.

"I used to walk around a little bit on the green after I got the ball on there, but all I was trying to do was to tranquilize my breathing. Walking a good distance up to the green and making your way through a crowd of people requires a little exertion, and so I'd stall around a little bit just to get my breathing tranquilized, and get my mind back on the shot. But no more than that. Like old Alex Smith used to say, 'Miss 'em quick.' If I ever took a second waggle, I might as well put the club back in the bag. I just couldn't hit the ball.

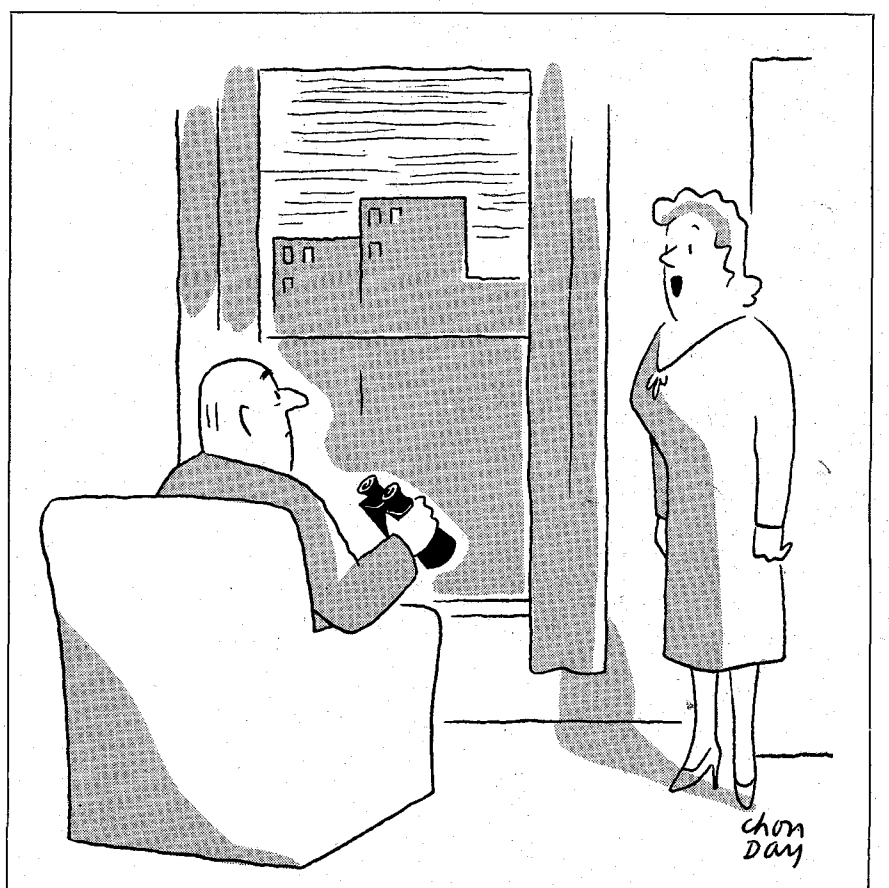
"I think people get the jitters—the yips, some of them call it—when they can't stop waggling before they play a shot. Cary Middlecoff got into that kind of thing not long ago."

We asked Jones to single out some of the greatest present-day players. Bob said there were quite a number of them. "Obviously Hogan, Snead, Demaret, Middlecoff—I don't think that I can give all the names right off."

Would he include any of the younger golfers in that category yet, such as Burke, Littler and numerous others?

Bob Jones declared, "I tell you frankly, a lot of the younger crowd over the past ten or a dozen years have been a little disappointing to me. We've found that there were a lot of them who could play fine golf, but when you get to something like the Open championship, they're just not there. Burke finally came through in 1956 and won the Masters and the P.G.A. Dick Mayer won the Open last year, and that George May tournament"—the lucrative Tam O' Shanter "world" championship. "Doug Ford—he won a good bit last year. He won the Masters. But I have to see these young fellows win some of the big ones, and with some consistency, before I get too impressed."

It was mentioned to Jones that a few years back a good many people thought Littler was (*Continued on Page 72*)



"Well, how's the satellite situation tonight?
Still wearing the green chiffon negligee?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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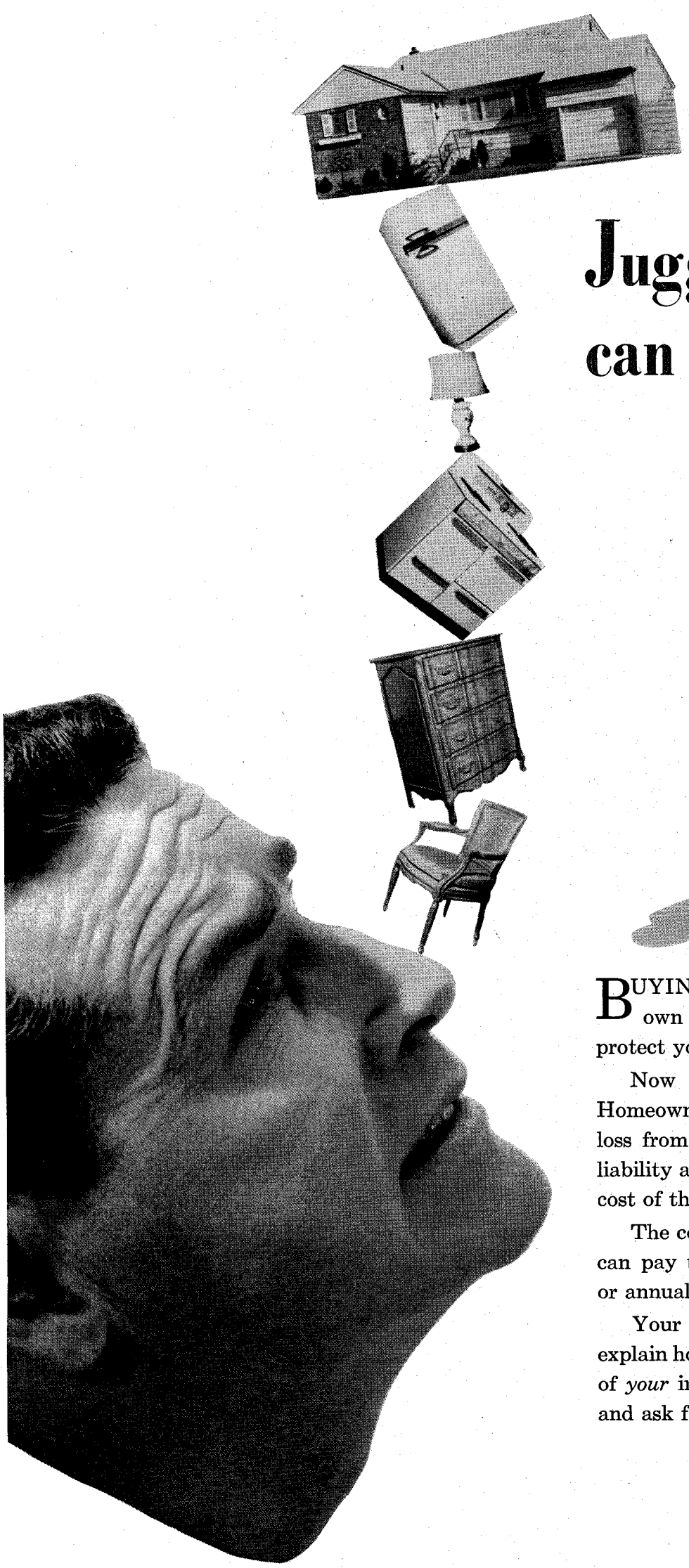

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(*Continued from Page 70*) going to be one of the best golfers ever to come along.

"Well, there have been a number of them like that," Bob observed. "They'd be hot as a firecracker during the winter tournaments, and then get up to the Open and it'd be the same old thing."

Jones expressed approval of the Professional Golfers Association's decision to switch its annual P.G.A. championship tournament from a match-play to a medal-play basis this year. He always did feel that medal play, in which the man with the lowest score wins, was a fairer test than match play, in which the entrants compete against each other in a succession of individual elimination contests. Jones also believes that a medal-play tournament is more attractive for the spectators.

"A person can mill around one place and see nearly everybody in the tournament," he said. "But in match play, when you get down to the final and there's only one match—only two people playing—if you don't run your damn head off, you don't see anything."

A remarkable feature of Bob's own success in the big tournaments was the fact that he was an amateur—the only one in this century who could consistently outdo the top pros. Did they resent it?

"If they did, they didn't show it," Jones replied. "In fact, I think the golf I enjoyed the most of all the golf I ever played was the practice rounds I got in with the pros before the Open championships. And of all the people I could be paired with in an Open, the ones I liked to play with the most were Gene Sarazen, Number One, and Walter Hagen, Number Two." About the colorful and unconventional Hagen, Jones testified, "He was always on time for championship play, and his conduct on the golf course was impeccable."

We wondered whether Jones thought it possible today for an amateur to become the top man in golf.

Bob said he didn't see why not. "I think it's only a question of finding a man who's going to stay an amateur long enough. The professional side of the game is so attractive now that a fellow who is a good golfer can make a good living out of it. It's much more attractive as a life pursuit than it was in my day."

Last summer Harvie Ward, the U.S. Amateur champion in 1955 and 1956, was barred from amateur competition for a year for having accepted some tournament-expense money from his auto-dealer employer. Without referring specifically to the Ward case, Fred Russell asked, "Where do you think the line should be drawn between the amateur who can operate on his own, travel on his own, and the amateur who is sponsored and sort of supported in some way by a patron?"

"I feel this way, Freddy," Jones declared. "Professional golf is a fairly honorable profession, and if a boy wants to play golf and doesn't happen to be lucky enough to have a father with means, I think the best thing for him to do is play as a pro. If he doesn't want to make golf his life work, then I think he ought not to be playing in too many tournaments until he's made enough money where he can afford to do it. I think it's bad for him the other way."

Said Harry Paxton, "Leaving the amateur question out of it, you don't think it's inconceivable, then, that a man today could win as high a percentage of the national tournaments he played in as you did?"

"No, not at all," was the reply. "You know, it's easier to win a high percentage of national tournaments than it is a high percentage of winter tournaments, for the reasons I've already talked about. In the U. S. Open you only have to beat about six or eight people. The rest of them beat themselves. But in the Colonial Open, say, where there's less pressure, you've got to beat them all."

How about his own baby, the Masters, which is being played April third to sixth this year? Is it harder to win than the ordinary winter tournament?

"No doubt about it," Bob Jones said. "There's that little pressure. The pros attach more importance to it. It's a prestige tournament. I've been very pleased with the stature the Masters has gained. But I could never claim that it was as important as the Open championship. The top dog is still the Open. The British Open used to be, but today it's the American Open."

Bob Jones had evaluated players and tournaments for us. Now we asked him to evaluate golf courses. What was the toughest course he ever played—the one he would least like to tackle again?

"The ones that are tough are the ones that you most like to tackle," Jones responded. "The thing I dreaded was to get on an easy golf course, especially a short one with a lot of drive-and-pitch holes on it. I liked a course where length in two shots was important, not length in one shot. I felt my driving was probably a little more consistent than some of the other fellows', and that I could play the brassies, spoons and long irons at least as well.

"Of all the courses I've played tournaments on," Bob Jones continued, "if I had to be sentenced to play only one course the rest of my life, I would pick St. Andrews, in Scotland, because it changes so much, and there's nothing about it that's obvious.

"The way we build a course in this country, the fellow who designs it tells you how you must play it. He gives you a fairway and a green and some bunkers around it, and he tells you you've got to drive here. If you don't you're in the woods or some other place. St. Andrews, you can drive almost anywhere, but if you haven't picked the right spot according to the weather conditions and the conditions of the ground, you're at a disadvantage.

"I didn't like St. Andrews at all when I first played it." This was during the 1921 British Open, when Jones, then a nineteen-year-old, picked up on the eleventh hole of a bad third round—the only time he ever withdrew from a tournament. "But pretty soon I studied the course, and by the time I played there in 'Twenty-seven, and again in 'Thirty, I felt that I knew it."

What are some of the special problems at St. Andrews?

Jones explained, "The difficult conditions are when the wind is blowing and the ground is firm and hard. It's easier if they've had a lot of rain—you see, they have no way of watering the greens over there—and if the course is soft. But you don't often find it that way. When the greens are fast and they don't hold, you've got to maneuver around hazards rather than playing over them. When you make a pitch shot, you've got to maneuver around so you're pitching into the wind. Then you can control the shot."

In preparing for a tournament, did Jones spend long hours at the practice tee, like such moderns as Ben Hogan?

"No," Bob said, "I was not much of a practice-tee fellow. That was no good for me, because on the golf course you've got to make the first shot, not the eighth one. On a practice tee you haven't got that sense of responsibility.

"A lot of the things you do wrong on a golf course, you do wrong because you're thinking too much about your swing. When you get on a golf course, you shouldn't think of anything but what happens from here to there. Just say, 'Here's the ball, and I want to knock it over there,' and then go ahead and knock it over there."

Jones summed up, "If you want a message from me to golfers around the country, that's it. Don't worry about your swing after you get on the first tee. If you haven't learned to play by then, it's too late—if you haven't learned to swing by then, that is."

We ventured the opinion that there probably is no one way for golfers to swing.

Bob Jones declared, "Fundamentally, there's just one order of movement that is the most efficient method of hitting a golf ball. You hear an awful lot of talk about the modern swing differing from the swing of twenty years ago. It doesn't at all, except in the minutest sort of detail.

"There's just one basic way a man can hit a golf ball with full power and full efficiency, and it never will be any different as long as he's just got two arms and two legs. You've got to wind up the trunk and lift the arms and cock the wrists. Then you've got to use those sources of power in a certain order—unwinding the hips, leading, unwinding the trunk, leading the downswing, pulling with the arms. The final uncocking of the wrists is the culmination of the blow. But you can't be thinking about all those things and about where you want the ball to go. And where you want it to go is the most important."

Our next query was this: Would Jones be willing to comment on the golfing technique of his friend, President Eisenhower, for whom the Augusta National Golf Club has been a favorite vacation retreat in recent years?

"I don't mind," Bob said. "He's a lot better than average. He takes a good cut at the ball, he knocks it a good ways, and if he could play enough to acquire a short game that was commensurate with his long game, he could score pretty well. Unfortunately I haven't been able to play golf with him, because it was in 1948 that I got this disability. But I've enjoyed riding the cart around and watching him play. I kept score for him one day down there in Augusta, and I think he had an eighty-two, and he had thrown away at least five shots around the green by not having the touch. I've also played two rubbers of bridge with the President, but I'm not good enough for him there."

From November to May nowadays Bob Jones (*Continued on Page 75*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A bargain is anything on which there is no down payment.

When two women lie to conceal each other's age, they're twins.

The best thing for baldness is a nicely shaped skull.

Too often, the way to a man's heart trouble is through his stomach.

When a woman does as she's told, she's probably a parent.

The safest way to go around a corner on two wheels is on a bicycle.

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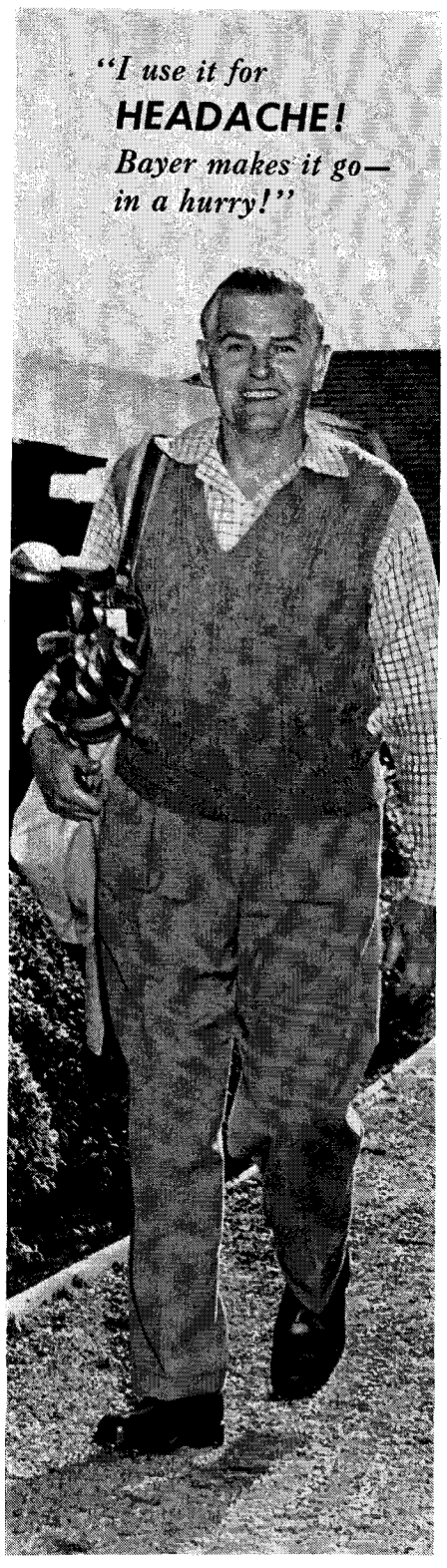

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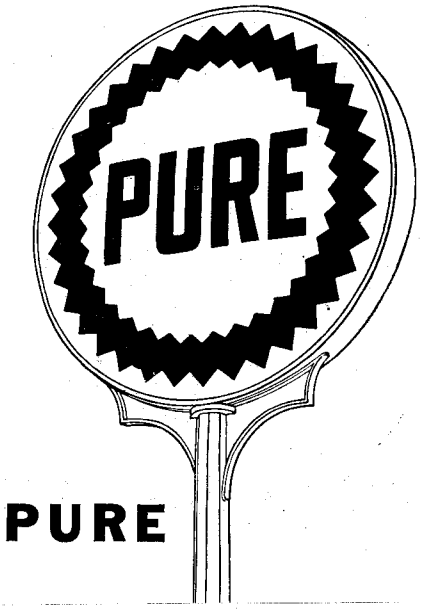

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(*Continued from Page 72*) spends many of his weekends at Augusta. His home is in Atlanta, where he lives on Tuxedo Road with his wife and the youngest of his three children, daughter Mary Ellen. He has an older daughter, Mrs. William H. Black, and a married son, Robert Tyre Jones III. There are five grandchildren, one of whom is Robert Tyre Jones IV. Incidentally, the original Robert T. Jones was Bob's grandfather. Bob's father—who died in 1956—was Robert P. Jones.

Bob has plenty of things to keep him occupied these days, including the presidency of the Augusta National Golf Club. "My principal business interest," he told us, "is the Jones golf clubs made by Spalding. That's a relationship that has endured since 1931. They make a full line of golf clubs with my name on it, and I assist in the designing and promotion"—he is vice president of the Spalding Sales Corporation. "Then I have some interests in Coca-Cola bottling plants in this country and in some foreign countries."

Jones graduated in mechanical engineering at Georgia Tech, took English literature at Harvard and then studied law at Emory University. "I don't actively practice law any more," he said. "I found that you can't work at the law and too many other things at the same time."

It has often been written—and Jones agrees—that during his early years in golf, Bob had trouble controlling his temper. However, he was literally a child in those days. He was a prodigy of fourteen when he entered his first national championship—the 1916 U. S. Amateur, in which he reached the third round—and he played in a total of eleven national tournaments before finally crashing through with his first big victory in the 1923 U. S. Open.

During those years when he was just missing out, did he ever get discouraged to the point where he thought of giving up tournament golf?

"Oh, no," Bob Jones declared emphatically. "I think I enjoyed playing in tournaments more before I began winning them, because then you've got nothing on your mind but your hat, and no special reputation to live up to, and no responsibilities."

Was there a precise moment in 1930 when Jones made up his mind to quit?

"I think maybe I decided a little earlier than that, on a contingent basis," Bob said reflectively. "I felt that I might have won all four championships in 1926"—when he took the U. S. and British Opens and was runner-up in the U. S. Amateur—"and I knew we were to play the Walker Cup matches in Great Britain in 1930, which happens only once every four years.

"So I figured that in 1930 I'd have a crack at winning all four at one time"—his only other opportunities had been in 1921 and 1926. "I took a little more pains in 1930 to get ready. When I did manage to win the four of them, I decided that would be a good time to stop."

Would he have stopped if he hadn't won all four?

"That's very hard to answer. I think I might have. But there wouldn't have been any occasion to make any announcement of retirement. Had I not won all four championships I wouldn't have had the opportunity to make some golf movies"—which disqualified him as an amateur—"and I probably would have gone on playing one tournament a year for a few years. Or maybe I just wouldn't have showed up. That's really what I had in mind. I didn't intend to make any formal retirement. I just decided I was going to quit."

We had one last, inevitable question. Does Bob Jones think he could have done as well in golf today?

"I would rather somebody else would speculate about that," he said. "But I haven't seen anything around that would discourage me from trying."

The Cowardice of Tom Royce (Continued from Page 31)

Shining Mountains. The mountains were hard and when a man lost his nerve he was dangerous—dangerous to himself and dangerous to others. It was a long way to another white man.

Busey stood still and listened. He trusted his ears more than his eyes, and he knew the lay of the land instinctively. He heard the chuckling of the stream, high in the spring, the sigh of the breeze in the willows, the distant screeching of a jay. That was all. He saw a hawk soaring above the valley floor, the cold black shadows as the sun dipped behind a cloud. Something was wrong.

Busey ducked low and splashed back across the stream, sure-footed on the slippery rocks. An open mountain meadow was no place to be if trouble was coming. There was a rocky ridge on the far side of the stream. Busey had one cardinal rule when danger threatened: get to the high ground, and get there fast.

He heaved himself out on the bank and crawled on his belly into a clump of willows. He turned, sliding his rifle out in front of him. His brown eyes narrowed, scanning the opposite bank. He stared at every bush, every flower.

There. That stand of willows, back from the stream. The branches falling and rising as something crept along a trail. It couldn't be a bear or a cat ——

Without warning, sudden as death, he saw a painted face, glimpsed the shadow of shoulders. He never saw the bow, but an arrow whizzed out of the brush and thudded into the earth not a foot from his face.

There was a scream of triumph and a figure raised up out of the willows—and another, and another. There were five of them, dressed in skin shirts and breechclouts, their painted faces framed by long black hair. Utes.

Busey smiled thinly. It was the dream of every raiding party to catch a white man alone in the mountains. He had lifted a scalp or two in his day, but this time it would be the Indians who counted coup. Unless ——

He would have to risk a shot, so Tom could hear. Then, if he could get enough of a lead to reload, he might be able to bluff them out until Tom came up. He eyed the Utes, who were screaming and hollering, working up their courage to cross the stream. That big buck must have figured his arrow had struck home; Busey had not moved.

"You crowed a mite too soon," he whispered.

He aimed and fired. The Indian who had loosed the arrow grabbed at his chest and pitched back into the willows.

Instantly, Busey moved. He was helpless now with an empty rifle. He scrambled through the brush in a weaving run, never presenting a target. He heard them yelling behind him and the splashes as they forded the stream.

He came into an open stretch and high-tailed it for the ridge. An arrow bounced off a boulder ahead of him and he felt a searing pain in his right shoulder. They'd winged him.

He redoubled his efforts. He had to get a lead on them—a lead of at least thirty seconds. He hit a game trail and sprinted up it. He spotted a place where he could fort up behind a row of boulders and dived into it.

Now. Busey's fingers worked with cool, desperate efficiency. Patch the bullet, seat the ball, prime —— He had done it. He had a rifle again. A rifle that fired one shot. And there were four Utes left.

Busey relaxed a little. He had a clear sight down the trail and he was reasonably protected on the three other sides. The Utes wouldn't rush a man with a loaded rifle in a spot like this, not right away. He could hear them calling to one another just out of range, perhaps a hundred and fifty yards down the ridge.

He got his wind back, pulled out a piece of jerky and bit off a chunk to chew. He was high enough up now so that he could see out across the meadow to the far ridge where Tom was trapping. Tom had his horse with him; he must have heard the shot. Where was he?

His brown eyes swept the ridge, picked up a flicker of movement. He squinted and the movement resolved itself into a man on horseback, moving fast. But the man was headed away, back to camp. Tom Royce had sold him out.

Busey spat in disgust. He cursed his partner up one side and down the other. No man ever abandoned another in a tight spot; no man ever did.

"You'll pay for that, hoss," he said aloud. "You'll pay plenty."

The blood from his shoulder wound was soaking his shirt, but the arrow had not driven home. The shaft had pulled loose on the run, taking the point with it. Busey put Tom Royce out of his mind and chewed thoughtfully. He listened to the Indians, and waited. If he had had a death song, now would be the time to sing it.

A Ute warrior stepped out from behind a rock. He stood there, just within range of Busey's Hawken. He shouted something in Ute and shook his bow over his head. He put the bow on the ground, raised both arms contemptuously and spoke sign. He called Busey a dog, a woman, a rabbit. He folded his arms across his chest and stood still, waiting.

Busey held his fire. He dug a fairly clean cloth out of his possible kit and worked it under his shirt to halt the flow of blood from his wound. He watched the Indian, not without respect. The brave had guts, which was more than he could say for Tom Royce.

The Ute waved to his companions, making an exaggerated gesture so that Busey could not fail to see. The three other Indians stepped out in plain view, their bows ready in their hands.

Then the four of them began walking slowly up the trail toward Busey. They came twenty yards, thirty. Forty. Busey drew a bead on the lead brave. It was a certain shot, but he held his fire.

The Indians gobbled at him in Ute. They made signs. They paraded in front of him, offering targets. Busey waited, eyes squinted, nerves steady. The Indians steeled themselves. They fitted arrows into their bows. They whooped with high, shrieking yells. They rushed him, running full speed up the trail.

Two arrows were loosed at him on the run, but they bounced harmlessly off the rocks. If they didn't stop ——

They did. The Indians halted their rush after twenty yards and holed up in the rocks. Every few seconds Busey caught a glimpse of a head and shoulders, and an arrow whizzed into the hillside by his body.

After five minutes the Utes stopped wasting arrows. The same brave stood up, showing himself. He danced in plain sight, trying to draw a shot. Busey's finger itched on the trigger. It was a ridiculously easy shot, but he did not fire. The brave gave up finally and ducked down behind the rocks on the trail. There was a sudden, complete silence.

Busey drew his skinning knife and placed it by his side. He figured he had three hours of daylight left. If he could hold out that long, he had a chance.

There was a solid rock overhang at his back, and the terrain was steep and open to his right. On his left the ridge angled away into a possible approach; they could sneak up on him that way. They might split into two groups and hit him from two directions at once.

Busey bit off another chunk of jerky and chewed the dry stuff deliberately. He wished that he could smoke, but his tobacco had given out months before. He would have given a gallon of coffee for a pistol. Of course, the Utes couldn't know that he had no pistol, which was almost as good as actually having one.

The long silence continued. Busey was not afraid. He was relaxed and would have been almost comfortable if it had not been for the throbbing pain in his shoulder. He knew that the Utes could take him if they wanted him badly enough; there was no possible way he could get four of them before they got to him in a headlong attack.

But Busey knew Indians. If he hadn't known them he wouldn't be alive, not after years of trapping in the Rockies. He knew them all, the Utes and the Arapahoes and the Cheyennes and the Crows and the Blackfeet. The Blackfeet were the toughest, but even the Blackfeet fought like Indians; it was their way.

An Indian figured the percentages, always. They were not soldiers, fighting pitched battles at whatever the cost. Indian warfare was a series of hit-and-run raids, in which a brave tried to count coup to gain (*Continued on Page 77*)

A Discovery

By I. D. Freneau

Those words "footloose and
fancy-free"
Had, all through youth,
evoked for me
A bachelor living
glamorously
(With lightsome ladies on
his knee!).
I've since found out the
phrase applies
To lonely men in clubs and
"Y's"
Who smoke rank pipes and
fraternize,
And long, in secret, for
roots and ties.

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Motorola TV®

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(*Continued from Page 75*) prestige and big medicine. To an Indian, rushing a man with a loaded rifle was stupid. The trick was to get him to fire and then to take him before he could reload.

There were four Utes. Busey might have a pistol, for all they knew, and that meant he could get two of them before they could lift his hair—maybe more if he was good with his knife. It just wasn't worth it, as long as he had his Hawken ready.

Only a greenhorn would have fired at the tempting targets the Indians had offered. Once he fired, he was through. Busey had known a case where two trappers had held off twenty Blackfeet simply by refusing to fire. The range of their rifles gave them an advantage over the Indian bows and muskets.

He waited, hearing nothing.

The sun dropped lower. Long black shadows crept across the valley floor and snaked over the rocks. The evening wind rustled through the grasses and the willows, knife-edged even in spring.

Busey did not move. He saw no sign of the Utes. They might have gone or they might be waiting for him. Probably they were gone, after his horse. A brave could count coup on a horse as well as a man, and Indians seldom fought at night. The spirits walked beneath the moon and a man's medicine was bad.

The sun eased down behind the western ridge, a ball of orange fire balancing in the sky. Twilight faded into darkness and the hard diamond points of the stars dusted the heavens. Still Busey did not move. His leather breeches and buffalo-skin leggings had dried stiff and his deerskin moccasins were cold. He had his wool cap, but his buffalo robe was back at the camp. His joints were sore, but the wound in his shoulder had settled down into a numb throbbing. If it didn't get infected, he would be all right.

When the moon was a high silver dollar in the starry sky he eased himself up and slipped down the approach to his left. He moved silently, a shadow among the rocks, his knife ready in his hand. He made a long detour through the willows of the stream bank, then forded the stream without a sound, working with the current. He made his way to the far ridge where he had seen Tom Royce, then worked his way to a point where he could look down on his camp.

The camp was deserted. There was no fire. The horses were gone. In the moonlight he could see that the beaver pelts had also vanished. There was nothing left.

Busey wasted no time. Shivering with the cold, he climbed the ridge and set his course by the stars. He would have to keep to the ridges; a man alone in this country had to be careful. He was hungry and tired and a little feverish.

He was a hundred miles from the rendezvous. There was no one to help him and he was on foot in difficult country. He smiled a cold, hard smile. He saw Tom Royce's face before him as he walked. Tom might have headed back for Bent's Fort, but he didn't think so. He would go on to the rendezvous on the South Fork, thinking him dead, packing his beaver pelts.

"You made a mistake, hoss," Busey whispered, clenching his knife. "You made a bad mistake."

He moved down the ridge, his long legs working in a steady rhythm. The moon flooded the land with silver and it was a cold, hard land. The stars looked down on him, remote and uncaring. One hundred miles, alone and on foot.

Busey spat. "This child'll make it," he said quietly. "This child is comin' in."

He came down from the blue spruce and the tall pines, down from the mountain winds and the high, cold rains. He walked down out of the mountains, that summer of 1833, and he was a figure out of a dream, a figure out of a smoky past that stretched back far and away, forever.

Tall and gaunt and hollow-eyed, his face matted with a black and crusted beard, his Hawken balanced in the crook of his arm, Busey Shafter walked into the rendezvous on the South Fork. He caught the smell of broiling buffalo steaks and dripping elk meat, the fragrance of boiling buckets of coffee, the tang of woodsmoke from half a hundred campfires. He quickened his pace, his long legs covering the yards tirelessly, his sore, hide-wrapped feet kicking up little puffs of dust as he walked.

It was a wild sight, that rendezvous of 1833, a sight that warmed the blood and brightened the eye. Sun-bleached tepees dotted the plain along the cottonwood grove and piles of supplies and pelts were everywhere. Cooking fires trailed blue smoke into a cloudless sky and horses filled the open plain, racing and walking and grazing on tufts of dusty grass. Trappers were there from all over the southern Rockies, and there were more Indians than white men: Snakes and Flatheads and Utes and friendly Crows, even a small party of Blackfeet down from the north.

Busey did not doubt that the very Utes that had jumped him on Deer Creek were now camped at the rendezvous, drinking the whisky of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company at five dollars a pint and parading their young squaws for the benefit of the woman-starved trappers. There were no such things as friendly and hostile Indians in these days; when an Indian thought he had you for a sitting duck, he attacked, and when the numbers were too great, he was a friend. Busey neither admired nor despised the attitude of the Indians. That was the way they were, the way things had always been, the way of the mountains. If he saw the Utes they might have a drink together and laugh over what had been a game of life or death a short month before. Tom Royce was a different matter, however.

He walked into the rendezvous, past the gambling and the drinking and the loving, past the campfires and the sizzling steaks. He walked like a ghost, and behind him he left a thin trail of silence. Eyes followed him, hardly believing what they saw. He was a figure wild and strange, marked by loneliness and the cold of long nights without a revealing fire, a figure dimly aware that he had come back from the dead and was walking into legend, walking with the ghosts of Hugh Glass and all the Ashley men.

He found one of the old ones squatting before a fire. Little bandy-legged Hank Miller leaped to his feet, stared and threw his hard arms around him. "Buse! Old Buse! Damn me, I heared you was dead!"

Busey's cracked lips managed a smile. "I take a lot of killin', Hank. Some coffee and whisky and a slab of meat will fix me up right near good as new."

Hank Miller, danced around, slapping his thighs. "Damn me!" he hollered. "Damn me, Old Buse has come back!" He forked over a dripping buffalo rib and a huge cup of coffee laced with whisky. "Yo're lookin' plumb poorly, hoss. Look like you wrasseled with the mother of all grizzlies."

"Maybe I just picked the wrong squaw, Hank."

Hank laughed. He waited, watching while Busey wolfed down enough meat for five men. He refilled the coffee cup and offered Busey a pipe and some tobacco. He waited until Busey had fired up and was settled with his back against a log.

Busey broke the silence. "Sawbones in camp? I took a arrow in my shoulder a spell back."

Hank nodded. "Take more'n an Injun arrow to put Busey Shafter away."

Busey smoked in silence.

"Tom Royce come in," Hank said finally. "Come in loaded down with beaver plews, leadin' yore pack mule. Said he'd buried you up on Deer Creek."

"He just about did."

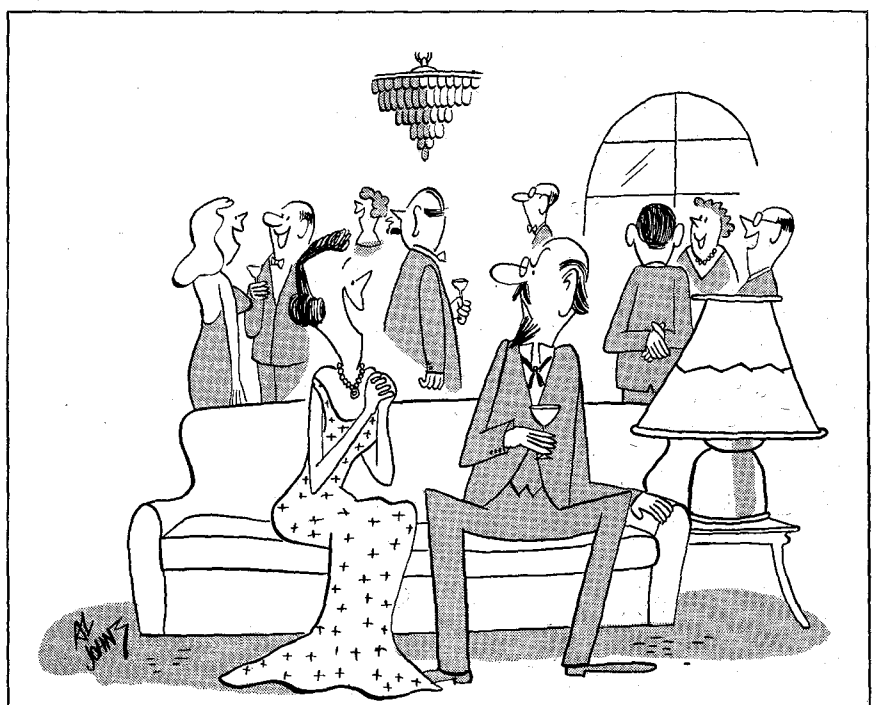
"Reckon you take a sight of buryin'."

"He didn't plant me deep enough, Hank."

"Tom's still here, camped over yonder." Hank waved a stubby arm. "Reckon you'll be wantin' to meet up with him."

"A man might figure that." Busey stretched, his tired muscles one dull ache. "Right now I want to sleep for about a year."

"Go on into the tepee. Squaw in there'll tend (*Continued on Page 80*)



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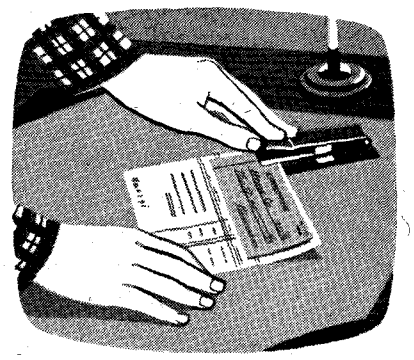

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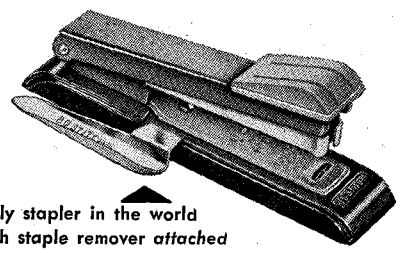

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(*Continued from Page 77*) to your rig. I'll rustle up some dough and berries and beaver tail for grub when you get through hibernatin'."

Busey did not bother to thank him; he would have done the same for Hank, and they both knew it. He stood up and moved toward the tepee, his body fuzzed with weariness.

Hank Miller slapped his thigh again. "Damn me," he said, looking toward Tom Royce's camp. "Damn me, this is gonna be a ring-tailed roarer."

The summer night was a bowl of yellow stars over the South Fork rendezvous and the air was almost balmy to a man used to the eagle scream of the high mountain winds. It was a peaceful night, a quiet night, a night to remind a man of home if he had a home. But the stars looked down on a scene that was anything but peaceful and homelike; the stars looked down on bedlam.

The rendezvous was more than a means of supplying the men who trapped the high places for a living, more than a place to stock up for the long winter months ahead. It was a market, yes, but it was also a wild carnival, a fair, a chance to blow off steam.

In the orange circles of light from the roaring fires men stamped and danced and hooted. They drank the watered-down whisky and they wrestled and playfully gouged at each other's eyes. The Indian men gambled interminably, gambled on sticks and stones and cracks in buffalo bones. The old squaws worked, and the young girls worked, too, in their fashion.

Smells were everywhere: horses standing before pale tepees, meat smoking over a fire, sweat and dirt and coffee boiling in a pot, bundles of pressed beaver pelts waiting for shipment.

It was a good time, a time to be remembered and savored through all the lonely months to come. But through all the dancing and horseplay and general hell-raising, a shadow lay like a cloud over the rendezvous at the South Fork, a shadow of anticipation. By now, the whole camp, white and red, knew that Busey Shafter had come in. They knew there was going to be a killing.

Tom Royce knew it too. He sat by his small fire, apart from the others, more alone than Busey had ever been on the long walk from Deer Creek. No man had said a word to him since Busey had come in, the man Tom said he had buried high in the mountains. There was lots of room around him, a world full of room, but there was no place to go, no place to hide. Tom Royce sat alone and waited.

The tall, spectral figure of Busey Shafter stepped into the firelight, silent as a shadow. His dark eyes were squinted as though he faced a mountain wind. There was a knife in his belt and one of Hank Miller's pistols stuck in his waistband.

Tom Royce stood up, his hands in plain view. He was unarmed. Busey looked at him. Tom Royce was a medium man; neither tall nor short, chunky nor lean. His blue eyes were weak in his sun-bronzed face, as though a slippery inner man peered out through a mask of granite. He was, Busey thought, an almost man—almost strong enough, almost at home in the mountains, almost brave enough.

"Hello, Tom," Busey said.

Tom Royce stood very still. "I ain't armed, Busey."

"I see that."

"Don't guess there's anything much I can say."

"Nothin' I want to listen to."

"I sold the beaver. You can have the money. All of it."

"I aim to have it."

Tom moved back a step, shrinking from the cold, sunken eyes. "Busey, I thought you was dead. I swear I thought you was dead."

"A man should make sure."

"Busey, I'll do anything! I'll make it up to you!"

Busey laughed.

"Ain't you never been scared, Busey? Ain't you never had the feelin's of a ordinary man? Don't you know what it's like?"

"I been scared plenty, Tom. I been scared every night for a month."

Busey stepped forward, his hand on his knife.

"What you gonna do, Busey? Busey, I ain't armed!"

Busey Shafter kept coming. He kept coming until he stood toe to toe with Tom Royce. He could smell the sweat of him, see the distended pupils of the faded blue eyes. He had seen that look before—the look of a beaver struggling on the end of a trap chain, sinking, sinking.

"You sweat, Tom," he said. "You sweat, partner. You lie awake nights and sweat, wonderin' when it's comin'. You ain't no man for this country, Tom. I don't know what you are, but you ain't no man."

Tom Royce said nothing.

Busey didn't even hit him. He turned his back to the man who had been his partner and walked away into the darkness, into the laughter and the singing and the hollering, toward Hank Miller's cheerful fire.

Tom Royce sank to the ground, staring into the shadows.

The days and nights marched in their eternal procession across the plain of the South Fork, sunlit days filled with trading and swapping and endless horse races, starlit nights ablaze with campfires and filled with the yarning of grizzled men and the liquid giggles of the Indian girls.

Busey Shafter and Tom Royce moved in never-touching orbits, but they were bound together as though by an invisible rope. They were tied together by bonds stronger than love, more fearful than hate. Busey had never been a talkative man, but he walked with a smile on his lean face and a twinkle in his eyes. His thin, rawhide-tough body filled out with easy living and his shoulder healed under the care of a doctor on his way to Santa Fe. Tom Royce camped alone, a marked man, a man stamped forever with the brand of cowardice. He drank too much and his blue eyes grew haunted and red-streaked. He never laughed and he slept with his pistol in his hand. The trappers watched without seeming to watch, enjoying the joke, waiting for the blowup.

Busey was relaxed and light-hearted. He found a squaw to mend his gear and he sat around the roaring fire at night swapping lies with Hank Miller and the rest of the old ones, the men who had walked the mountain trails through the long years, the men who knew and loved the wild country, the unspoiled land that was vanishing before their eyes.

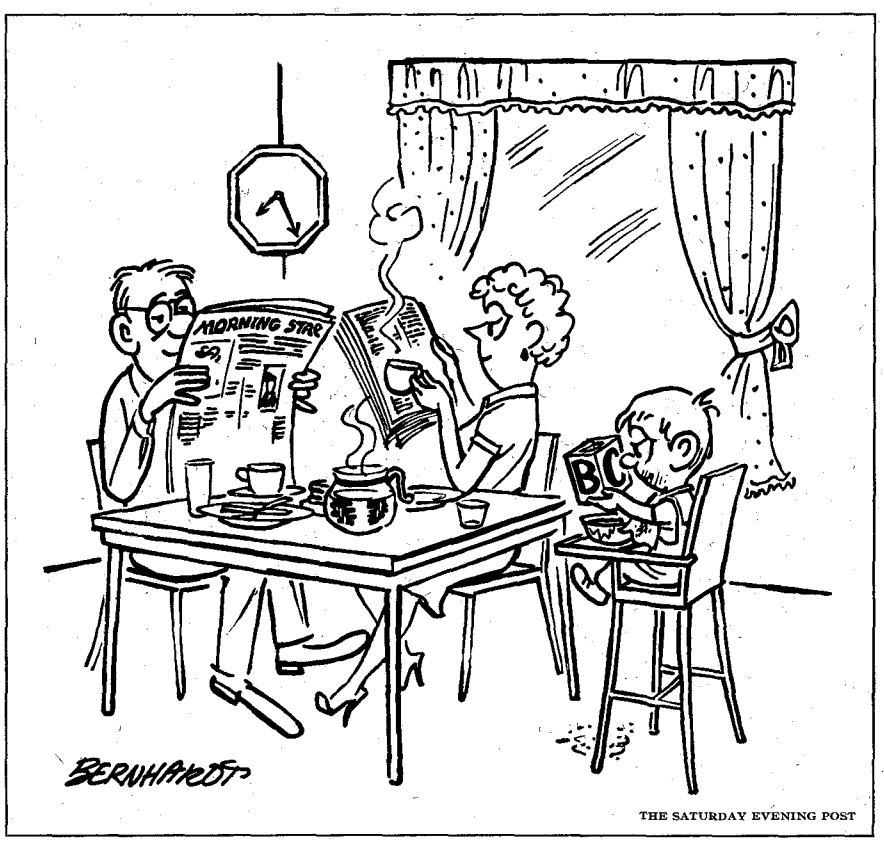
He took the money he had got from Tom and outfitted himself handsomely. He bought himself a greatcoat to warm him against the winter snows, he bought powder and lead and traps. He got a horse and a pack mule, and treated himself to tobacco at three dollars a pound. He bought a fancy new pair of smoked-buffalo-skin leggings and two pistols made in St. Louis. He lived high off the hog. He did not seek Tom Royce out. If they happened to pass, he smiled and said nothing.

"You better get that hoss," Hank Miller said one night, resting his back against a log. "He's gettin' a mite spooky."

Busey shook his head, fingered his smooth beard. "He ain't got the guts to shoot a man in the back and I ain't worried about the front. Let him stew."

The deadly game went on. Tom Royce crouched over his little fire of buffalo chips, surrounded by his rifle and his pistol and his knife. He stared at the purple hills surrounding the plain. He watched the parties wind into the rendezvous and leave it. He knew what it meant to be alone, with no place to go. He was afraid to run away and afraid to stay, and this was the only life he knew. He waited. Busey made no move.

The summer lengthened toward fall. Trappers began pulling out for their winter diggings, company men in groups of ten or twelve, free trappers in little knots of two and three men. The Indians faded away, going back for the autumn hunting before the long, bare winter set in.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Busey was getting restless. A man could stand people smells only so long and the mountains called to him with their ancient, siren song. He began to fuss with his pack mule, getting him ready.

"Let's pull out," he said, smoking his pipe one night. "This child's sat long enough."

Hank Miller looked at him, swallowed scalding coffee at a gulp. "I'm ready, Buse. We'll move on at sunup. How about Tom? You goin' to let him off?"

Busey smiled. "You can't kill a dead man," he said.

The sun came over the mountains like a wind of gold and Busey and Hank struck their tepee, saddled their horses, and rode off.

They rode the dusty plains trail to the foothills and then climbed into the pale green of the aspen stands. Their long rifles were balanced across their saddles, their pack mules followed patiently on their lead ropes.

They climbed into the rocks and the pines and the thin, cold air. They were two men against a wilderness, but they didn't see it that way. They knew every bush and creek and bird and animal, every cloud and patch of mottled sunlight. The wind was in their faces and they were going home.

Busey chewed contentedly, the blood eager in his veins. "Trout for supper, Hank," he said.

Hank Miller smacked his lips. "Stop on Clear Creek?"

Busey nodded. He rode in silence for a while, feeling the country. "I didn't want to kill him, Hank," he said finally. "I wanted him to know how it was."

Hank shook his head. "Man like that has no business in the high places, Buse. Once a man loses his nerve he's a gone rabbit."

Busey looked at the hills unfolding before him. "No man'll have him for a partner now. Tom'll have to go it alone, wherever he goes. He'll be alone like I was alone. It'll either make a man of him or kill him. I don't much care which."

The incident was closed; neither of them ever referred to it again.

They rode on, side by side up the mountain pass, bound for Taos and the winter camp. There was a song in the hearts, the song of free men, and they were never alone, not in the most remote mountain valley.

A red-tailed hawk soared high over their heads and its shadow crossed the trail. There were other shadows, too, shadows everywhere if a man had eyes to see them. Shadows of Kit and Old Gabe and Hugh Glass and Black Harris, shadows of all the other men who had walked the high mountain country, shadows of all the other men who had walked with freedom in their hearts. The wind was a song. It was good to be home.

Tom Royce rode alone up a dark mountain trail, his rifle ready in his hands. His hunted eyes moved restlessly in his head, peering at every tree, at every rustling in the brush. His lips were set in a thin, hard line.

The mountains pressed in around him, smothering him. The wind was cold and his belly was giving him trouble. Every dark spot was an Indian, every startled deer a menace that set his heart to jumping in his chest.

He rode alone and he had his own shadows at his side. Black and fearful shadows, shadows that crept around him like dark, dark night. Shadows. He gripped his rifle with sweaty hands. He rode back to the mountains, back to the high places, and he never once looked behind him. THE END

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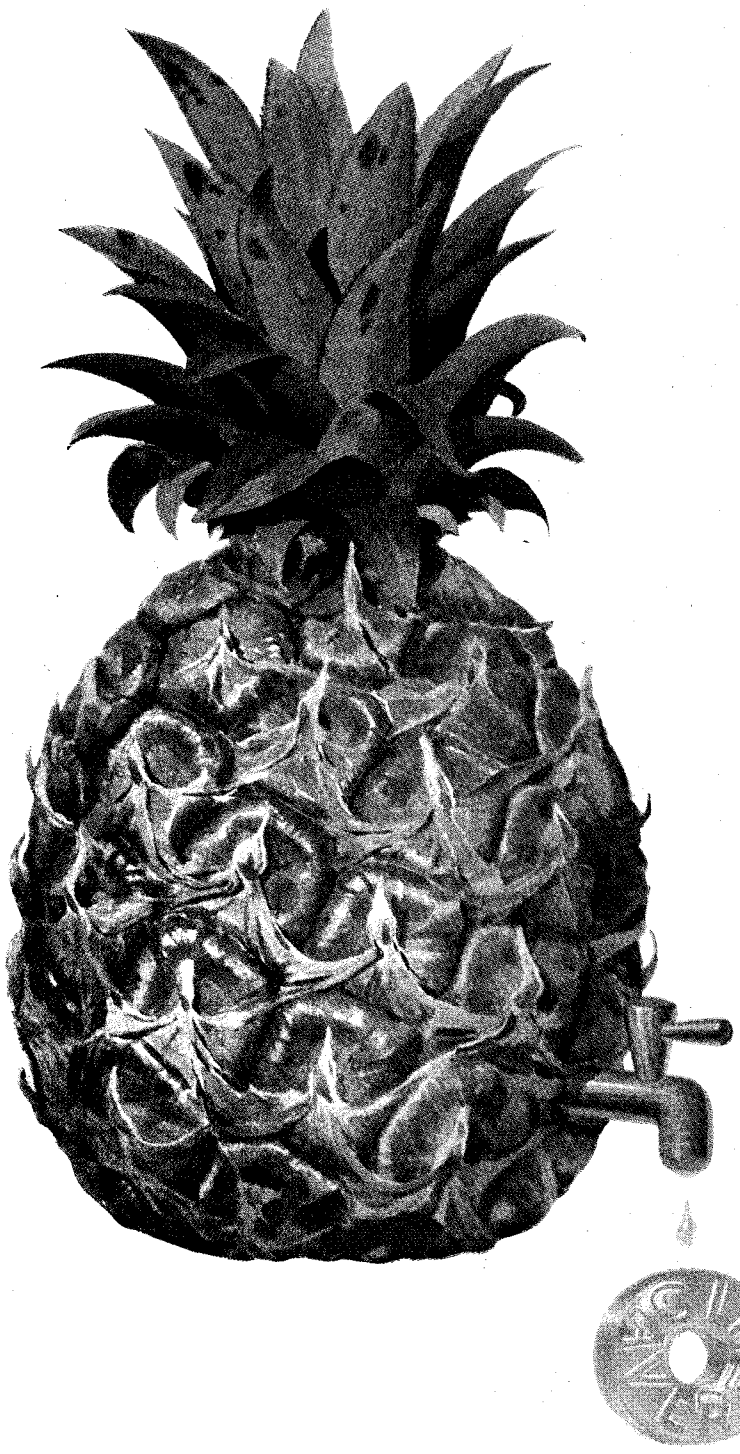

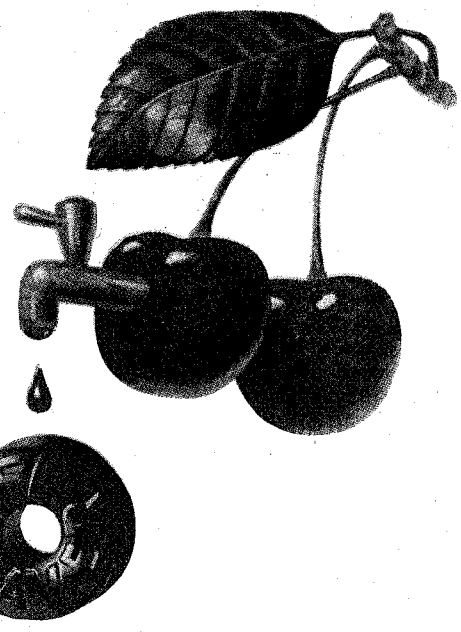

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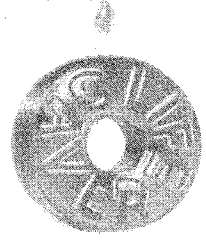

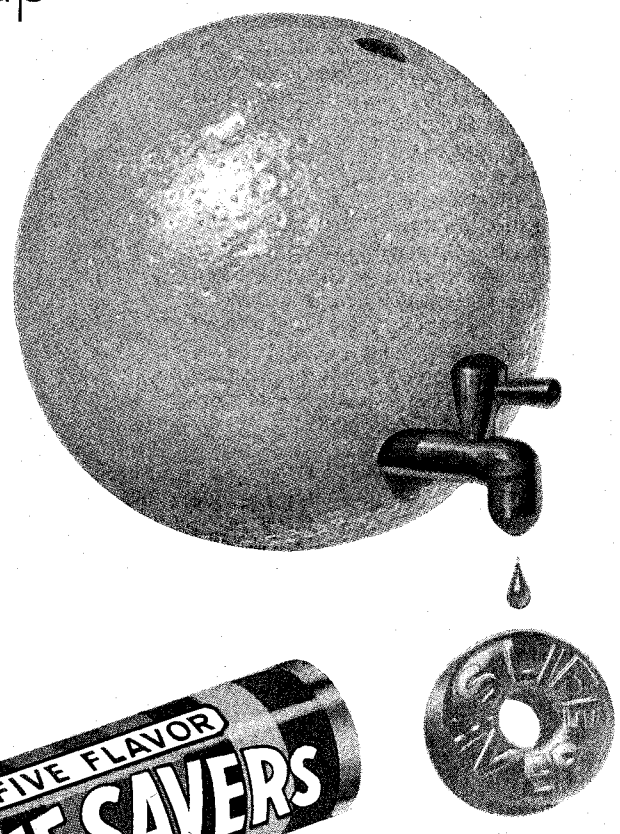

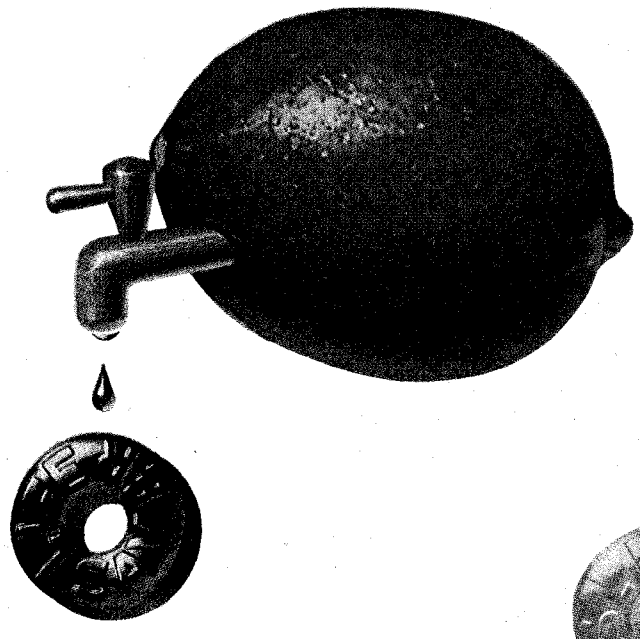

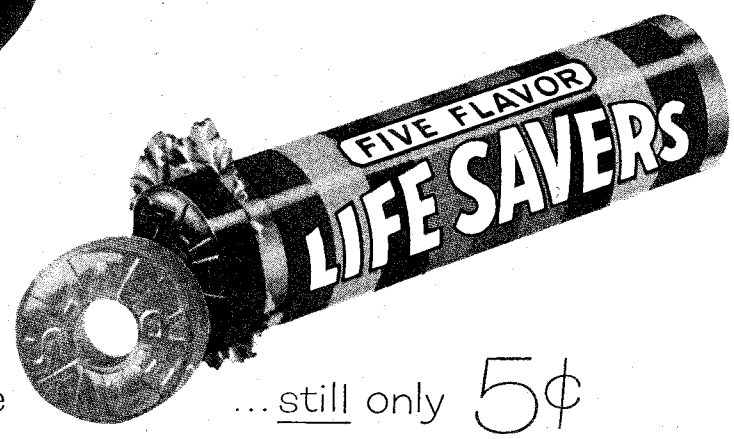

The candy with the hole ... still only 5¢

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Death Stalks the Bride

(Continued from Page 38)

main room of the lodge astoundingly simple, but nonetheless very attractive: a huge central log fireplace blazing brightly and casting moving shadows on the walls; a high-beamed ceiling, rough pine-paneled walls, rustic furniture covered with brightly new cretonne of large yellow chrysanthemums. A row of waxed skis was along the back wall; several pairs of skates hung on a rack by the desk. Most of the people had the reddened, pleasantly tired look that comes from a day spent outdoors. A young man nodded over a magazine; a small boy lay on his stomach on the bearskin rug before the fire, contemplating a comic book. A blond girl sat at a small desk writing a huge stack of post cards. In the far corner two couples were playing cards.

Eric suggested that Jessamine sit down while he registered. She did, moving her ankles gratefully to the warmth of the fire, looking ruefully at the high heels of her pumps. Idly she watched as the card game concluded. The players pushed back their chairs and got up to go in different directions. One thin, bright-eyed woman walked deliberately toward Jessamine, her curiosity plain in her gaze.

"Hello there. You folks just get here?"

"Yes."

"I'm Mrs. Quade. You with your husband?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad of that. Though you don't look like one of those husband-hunting girls. Too conservative, clothes and all. Not enough make-up. You never can tell, though; a lot of them are schoolteachers. They get to a certain age and they decide they've got to get a man now or never, and they come to one of these places looking, and I'm telling you, nobody's husband is safe. Not even Joe. Where are you from?"

"Chicago."

"Been married long?"

"Not too long," said Jessamine, continuing the conversation reluctantly. She tried to tell herself that the bright-eyed woman was just harmlessly curious, that all brides were edgy and self-conscious.

"You on the weekend special?" Mrs. Quade asked.

"I—don't know."

"You should know," Mrs. Quade told her. "Best travel bargain out of Chicago. Bus fare, two nights and three days, meals, everything included. Joe made a killing on a Florida race last week and we signed up right away. He's a great skater, Joe is, and this is practically the best ice of this year. Me, I'm more the social type. I come to talk to the people."

"Oh," said Jessamine.

"Only thing I don't like about it, Joe gets the habit of wearing long underwear here, and then he'll wear it all winter in Chicago too. And he scratches so much it makes me plumb nervous. Your husband wear long underwear?"

"I—don't know."

"You feel all right, honey? Your face is kind of red."

"I feel fine!"

"Well, I never," said the woman. "There's Mr. LeMay."

Jessamine wanted no more incidents like that of the photographer; she could picture Eric's wrath at being wrongfully accosted by this woman.

"I'm afraid you are mistaking my husband for someone else," she said firmly.

"Mistaking him! I lived next door to him for three months. He was separated from his wife or something, but she and the kid came there once in a while. You telling me that isn't Mr. LeMay?"

"It is not." Jessamine's voice was cold.

Mrs. Quade winked. "I get it. Your husband, you said."

"Yes. My husband."

"Whatever became of his first wife?"

"I am his first wife."

"Says who?"

"Our marriage application," Jessamine snapped.

Mrs. Quade snorted. "His wife! You never can tell about the tall, cool ones like you. Look the perfect lady, you do. Talk down your nose to the likes of me."

"I really didn't mean ——"

The woman winked again. "Maybe you're on the level. Maybe you think you are his wife. But ask him what became of Daphne. Ask him why his name and hers were the same, if they weren't married. She certainly wasn't his sister. Nobody ever kissed her brother good-by the way she kissed him. The police would like to know what became of her too. For that matter, they would like to know what became of him. Disappeared in the night, he did, bag and baggage, in that old black car he scraped the fire engine with and caused such a ruckus. Next morning no trace of him. No trace at all. Even though the rent was paid to the first of the next month. Now I ask you? Not that we entirely blamed him. Spent every cent on her back, Daphne must have. She was a stunner, all right. You know, flashy. Clothes for a millionairess, hairdos and all, but probably never had grocery money. Beautiful, though. You never saw anything so beautiful."

"I'm not responsible for your neighbors or their wives. If you don't go this instant ——"

The woman rose. "All right, Miss High-and-Mighty." She turned away, looking at Eric. She said doubtfully, "He doesn't look as tall, at that. And he doesn't have a mustache."

Eric, moving away from the desk, passed unhesitatingly within a foot of the woman, without the slightest flicker of expression. Mrs. Quade, after an instant's deliberation, did not speak to him. Jessamine drew a deep breath of relief.

"I'm so sorry," said Eric to Jessamine. "There has been a mix-up about the reservation. This lodge is full. But they have suggested several other places farther along."

"But, Eric!"

"I'm afraid there is no choice."

Jessamine walked out with him. They stood beside the car as their luggage was put back into it. She leaned wearily against the car, touching the crumpled front fender. She noted that there had been a bus or street car that Eric had not missed. A red one, for there was a long scraping streak of red paint the length of the old black car.

That old black car of his he scraped the fire engine with and caused such a ruckus. But the thought, of course, was absurd. Jessamine put her hand in Eric's big one and completely forgot the unpleasant matter.

Eric pulled his old car up in front of the house just off Scott Street. He sat for a moment, quite still. Finally he turned the noisy engine off. He put the key in his pocket. But he made no move to get out. Instead, he held Jessamine's hand tightly. So tightly that her fingers ached. He looked at her as if seeing her for the first time. She touched his lean cheek softly with her fingers.

He said seriously, "Jessamine, I must ask you a question. It is very important to me. I must know how you feel about it."

"Yes, dear."

He hesitated. "Do you not believe every person is entitled to grasp happiness, real happiness, at whatever happens to be the one time it comes into his life? Entitled to grasp it with both hands the fleeting moment it is there, and hang on to it while he can, however short a time that may be?"

"Of course," said Jessamine wonderingly. "Provided they don't hurt anyone else."

"No!" He shook his black hair almost violently. "Do you not think a person is entitled to his own happiness, real happiness, at least once in his life, regardless of anything else?"

"You mean, whoever is hurt?"

"Whoever is anything. When this wonderful thing happens to someone, once in a lifetime, are we not entitled to grasp it then, as we must if we are to have it, to hang on to it, even for a little bit, just thinking of ourselves?"

Jessamine put her cheek against his. She said softly, "We haven't hurt anybody else, Eric. And it isn't for a little bit. It's forever. I have every intention of living until we celebrate our grandchildren's golden anniversaries, so you must too. Because I couldn't possibly live without you."

Eric kissed the tip of her ear, almost absently. Jessamine felt the warmth that came to her cheeks, the tenderness and joy that were now so much a part of her life, this wonderful new life with Eric.

He said sadly, "I never knew two weeks could be so short."

"Yes. And yet they were a lifetime too. A lovely lifetime."

He said, "When you are rich, as you have always been, you can live for tomorrow, plan for it. But when you are poor, as I have always been, you are concerned only with the moment. Not a yacht or an annuity tomorrow, but a half-smoked cigarette thrown away when you cannot afford to buy one." He sighed. He leaned across her to peer at the old house. Three stories high, weathered red brick, it stood on its narrow city lot tightly packed in between two other narrow three-story houses. The bay window at the front, in the living room, was duplicated by another bay window in the second-floor sitting room and another in the third-floor front bedroom.

"Home again," he said. "Your home."

"Our home now, Eric. We agreed that it didn't matter who happened to have the house. But if you mind ——"

"I don't mind. Not the house."

Watching him, Jessamine felt again what she had felt the first night she had met him. That Eric had the saddest eyes she had ever known. She said gently, "I know what you mean, Eric. It's coming home at all."

"Yes. To people, troubles. We'll never be alone again."

"Silly," she laughed. "We weren't alone. There was a whole lodgeful of people."

"Not really."

"No. Not really."

He held her very tight. She shut her eyes contentedly.

"Jessamine," he said, "if I could just tell you, somehow explain, make you see." His voice died away.

She opened her eyes. "What, dear?"

"If you just didn't look at me like that, as if you thought I were perfect, as if you expected me to be!"

"Is there anything wrong with a bride's thinking her husband is perfect? What do you want to tell me?"

He shook his head. "Nothing Jessamine Abbot would understand."

"Eric!"

"It isn't your fault. You were born to all this, raised to these standards. You've never seen the other side of life, that would let you understand ——" His voice broke. "Let's not go in. Not now or ever. All my life I've wanted a ranch. Fields of green grass, horses, cows. Let's go find a ranch now. Far from here. We will be so happy."

She laughed. "The city boy's dream. Probably you don't even know how to milk a cow."

"I could learn," he said eagerly. "Dancing was just something I—happened into, when I needed a job and —— I would work so hard on the ranch, Jessamine. I have always worked. I like to work. Let's go. Start a new life now. Let's start driving and keep driving, on and on."

"Forever?" she whispered. "No one can do that, Eric. Sometime we all have to come home."

He released her with an abruptness which startled her. "Yes," he said, and now his voice was polite, distant. "Sometime we all have to come home. Particularly the Abbots. There is the board meeting for your Crippled Children's Home."

"But it is so important for the children that I be there today when the matter of the swimming pool comes up."

"If anyone had ever told me I would marry a practical woman ——"

He got out and began to pile their suitcases on the sidewalk carefully and methodically. Men, Jessamine thought, were sometimes not too different from small boys. She went to stand beside him.

"Eric," she said softly, "you don't think that I don't feel just as you do? It was so wonderful being alone."

He looked directly at her. At her brown suit, her yellow blouse, her fur jacket, her neat brown pumps. Most of all, at her face, carefully, almost as if memorizing it.

"Anyway," he said, "whatever happens, they can never take our two weeks away from

(*Continued on Page 84*)

The Sleepers and the Sun

By Herbert Merrill

When Easter morning on
its silver feet
Walks quietly along our
sleeping street,
The tulips open up their
golden eyes
To see the glory growing in
the skies,
And robins hopping on the
frosty lawn
Sing anthems of delight in
praise of dawn.
But all our shades are
drawn against the light,
And in our rooms, with
eyelids shuttered tight,
We dream our private
dreams and never stir
To watch the miracle
outside occur.
Oh, let us waken now,
while shadows run
Before the resurrection of
the sun,
And give our thanks that it
shall rise again
To bring immortal spring
to earth and men.

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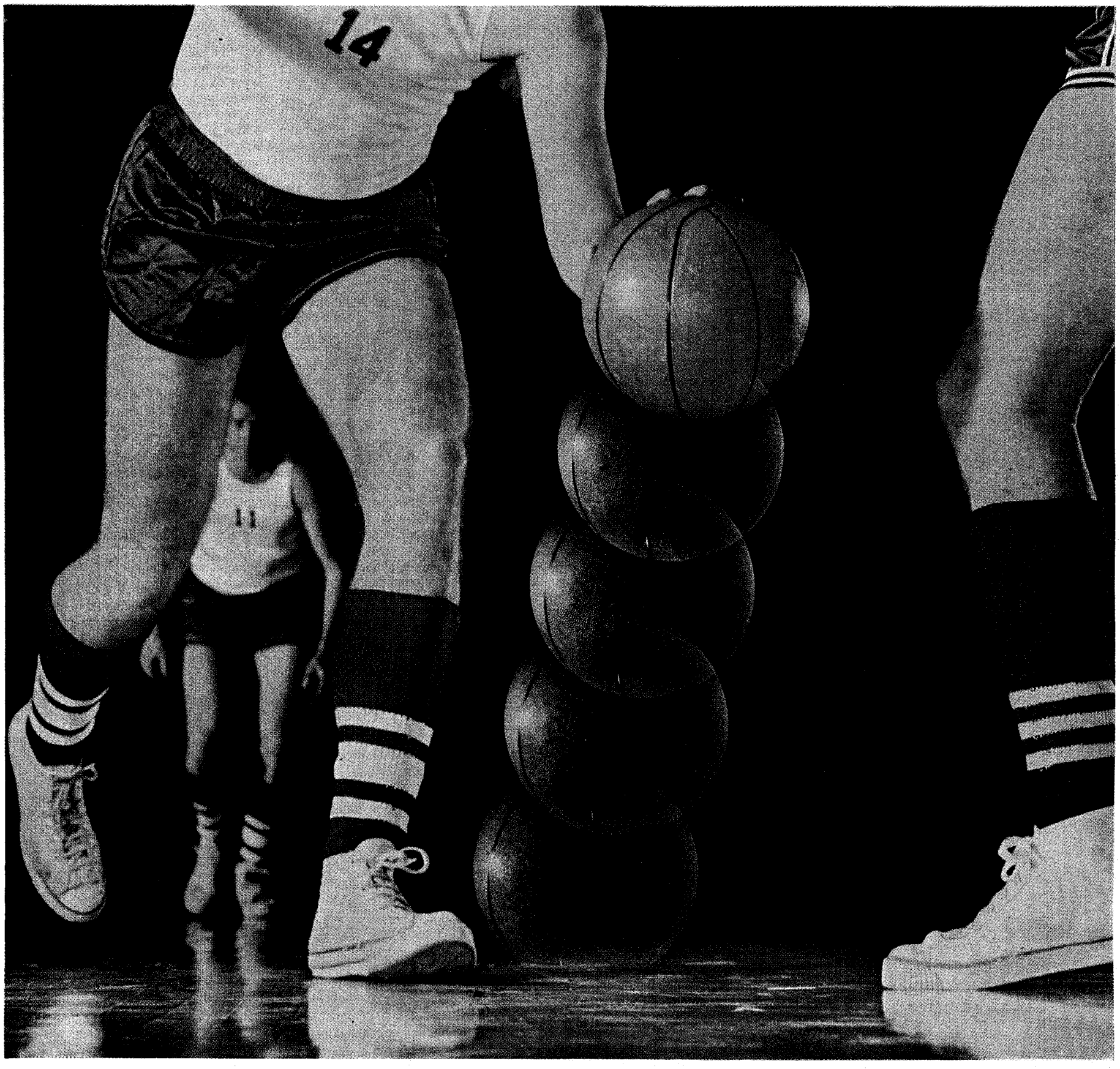

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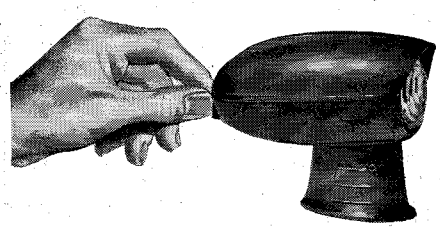

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Guide Lamp

BRIGHTEST NAME IN LIGHTS

GUIDE LAMP DIV., GENERAL MOTORS CORP., ANDERSON, IND.

(*Continued from Page 82*) us. A man is entitled to some happiness in his life."

"They?"

He moved his hand impatiently. "People. Responsibilities. Being. They cannot touch our two weeks ever."

"No. I'm so glad the first lodge was full, Eric. Even if it was so much farther, I liked the little, second one much better. None of those awful people."

Eric's back was to her, bending over the car. He remained motionless for a moment. Finally he turned. He said carefully, "What awful people? Did you talk to any of them?"

"Only one woman. She thought you were someone else."

Eric was lifting the last of the suitcases. After a moment, he said, "Really? Who did she think I was?"

"Some neighbor of hers. I've forgotten the name."

"What did she say about him?"

"I don't remember. He lived next door to her. She said he had a mustache. He was apparently separated from his beautiful wife, who spent all his money on clothes. The woman said he was taller than you are."

"What else?"

"Eric, I've told you I don't remember!"

"Strange," he said coldly. "I would have thought you would at least have mentioned it."

"Why should I have mentioned it? Did you want me to ask you if you were someone else? On our wedding night?"

Eric began to carry the bags up the steps. "I should think you would have mentioned it."

"Eric, I love you. I know who you are. Of course I know you aren't anybody else. I trust you."

"But not enough to ask me about this."

"She was an awful woman. I knew what she said couldn't have been true." *And yet*, she thought, *in a way, Eric is right. You would think I would have told him afterwards, that we would have laughed together about it. But I didn't.*

"All right," she said softly. "I should have asked you about it, and I didn't. I'm sorry. So I'll ask you now. What do I ask you? Are you someone else? Are you married to someone else?"

Eric stood above her on the steps. He looked down at her. He said solemnly, "Jessamine, I swear to you that Eric Barthelmieu is my true and legal name. And that you are my true and legal wife."

She ran up the stairs to him, laughing. "Darling! You don't need to sound so grim about it. I know all that. If I didn't know it, I'd die. I love you, Eric."

His arms were around her very tightly when Aine opened the door behind them.

"Miss Jessamine!"

"Aine!"

"And Mr. Eric."

There was a thumping sound above; then the sound of bare feet padding down stair carpet at a fearful and dangerous rate. Willi came down two flights of narrow winding staircase at her customary wild pace. Willi, in this case, was plainly newly awakened from sleep. She had not bothered with slippers or robe. Her daintily pleated pink nylon nightgown alternately clung and flew; the effect in either case was enchanting, as was her sleep-rumpled, corn-silk-blond hair. She flung herself out onto the porch. Aine dragged her back, throwing her apron over her.

Willi cried, "Welcome home! Only you two would arrive at eleven o'clock in the morning! . . . Oh, not the suitcases, Eric! Carry Jessamine!"

"Jessamine?"

"The bride. Over the threshold."

"A superstition," said Eric. But seeing Jessamine's face, he put the suitcase down and stooped to pick her up. He had carried her many times during the last two weeks and she had always felt perfectly relaxed and at home in his arms. But now, for some reason, she stiffened. She felt as she had always felt when confronted with Willi's attractive perfection, awkward, a burden. Something of her feeling must have communicated itself to Eric, for, unaccountably, he stumbled.

Aine's wail, from the hall, was clearly audible. Jessamine knew why: Aine was remembering the old superstition of what a stumble crossing the threshold portended for the bride. Jessamine herself could not remember exactly what the superstition was, except that it boded the bride no good.

She tried to carry it off lightly. "We'll probably have red-haired twins."

Too late she saw Willi's face, the pain in Willi's eyes. Too late she remembered the child of Willi's second marriage, the little stillborn boy and the other children Willi could never have. There were no words; she could only put her hand out swiftly to touch Willi's arm. Then Willi drooped; as Jessamine's arms went around her swiftly, she felt a great sob rack Willi's softly rounded body.

But a moment later Willi was completely gay again, and it was unbelievable that she had ever been anything else.

The doorbell rang, one clear decisive note. Aine went to open it. Papa Raoul stood in the doorway, his silky white hair ruffled by the weather. He was wearing the same buttoned-tight black velvet jacket and shabby trousers he had worn to the wedding. As he stood there, Jessamine again had the feeling she had had on first meeting him—that Papa Raoul was completely apart from them all. He was neither shy nor bold. He was simply an independent being.

He stepped forward to bow formally and present Jessamine with a small bunch of narcissus.

"I have come to welcome the bride home," he said.

"Papa Raoul is coming to dinner tonight," Willi announced.

Eric turned to her swiftly. "You have been seeing him?"

Willi's eyes were big and round. "Naturally. Nearly every day. And your red-haired friend came, too, Eric. Why don't you send postals? Did you expect an affair like mine and Papa Raoul's to end just because you and Jessamine were away?"

"I came once to inquire about my son's return," said Papa Raoul to Eric. He added politely, to Jessamine, "And his wife's."

But he didn't really think about me, Jessamine thought. *Just Eric. Papa Raoul isn't an independent being after all. Maybe no one is, really. But Papa Raoul adores Eric. He would do anything for him.*

But she loved the old man for loving Eric; she kissed him warmly and asked him to stay to lunch. He declined with thanks. He bowed again, shook hands with Eric and was gone.

"Well!" said Willi. "That was fast."

"Willi, do go and put on some clothes," said Jessamine.

"But ——"

"Now!"

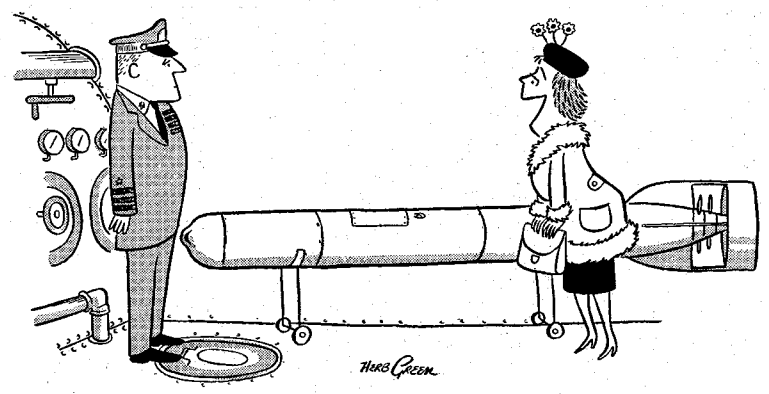
Aine followed Willi upstairs. Jessamine turned to Eric, who stood looking dark and troubled. "There isn't anything wrong?" she asked. "You mustn't mind Willi. She's like a child."

"Why was she talking to Maxann and Papa Raoul?"

"Because they came and asked about you, I would imagine."

"No. She was asking them questions. About me."

Jessamine laughed and put her arms around him. (*Continued on Page 86*)



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When they reached the torpedo compartment, the captain told how the projectiles were fired. Then he mentioned their very considerable cost.

Instantly the talkative woman asked: "But, captain, what happens when you miss with one of these expensive torpedoes?"

"Madame," he replied, "it's frowned upon."

J. Marshall Mayes

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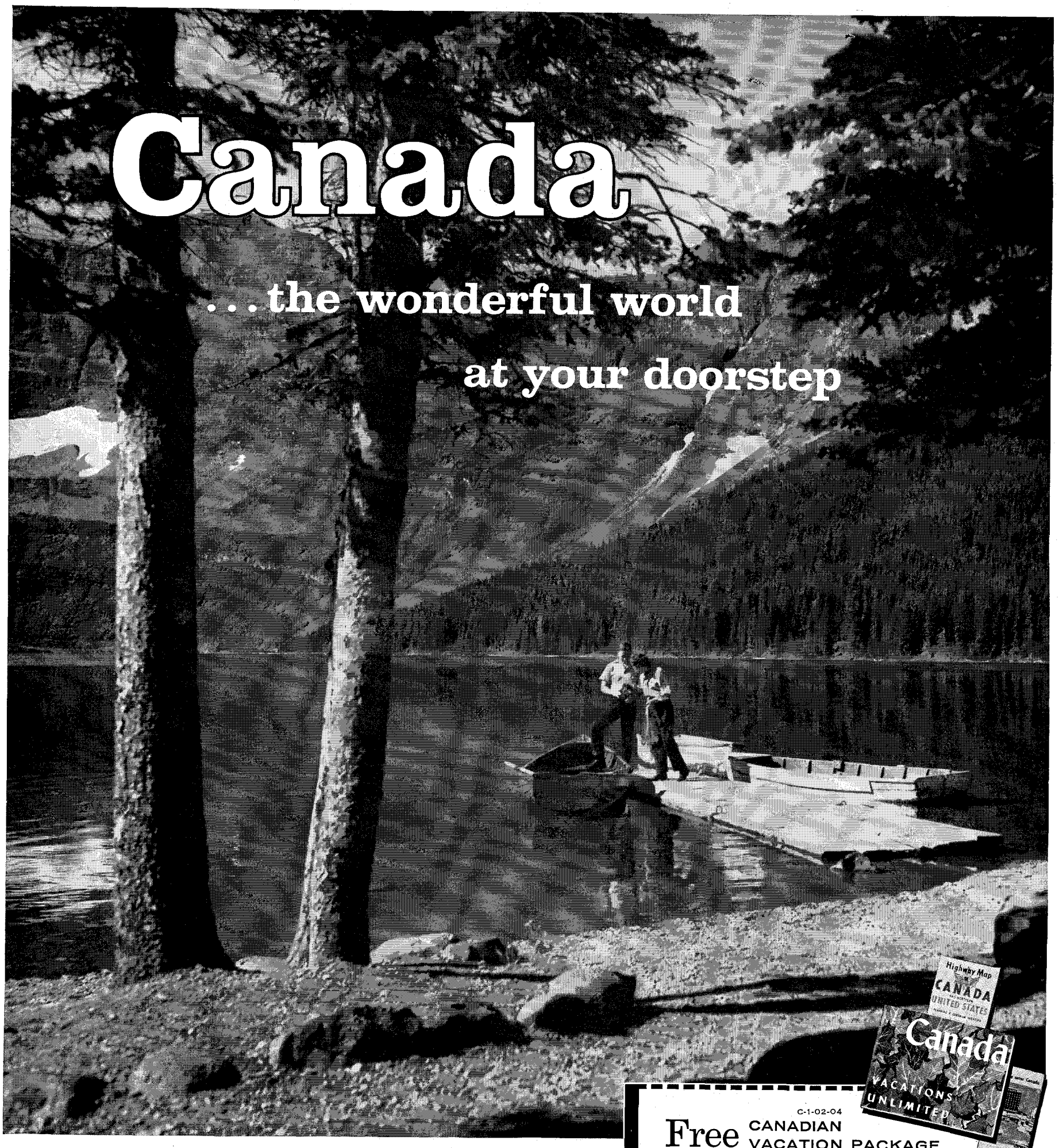

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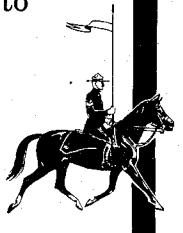

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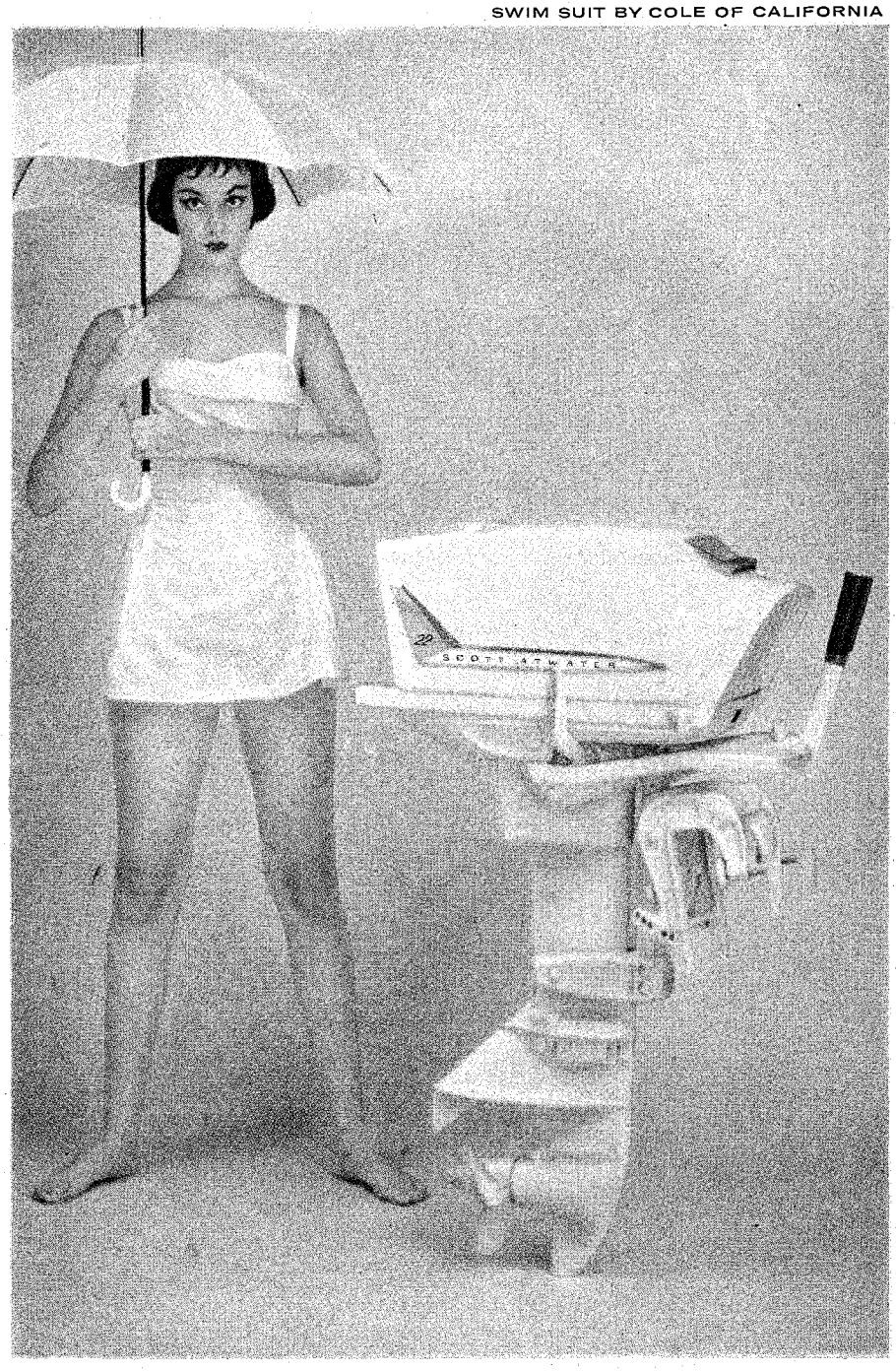

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(*Continued from Page 84*) "Why would Willi be asking questions about you? And what if she did?"

"Your sister does not like me. Because of the money, I think."

"Naturally she knows that when we were married I made a new will leaving you my half of the money. But not Willi's half. Anyway, Willi doesn't know anything about money. She's the world's most impractical girl."

"Willi," said Eric, "is no girl. And I would think Willi knows a good deal about money."

"She's rather an expert at spending it," Jessamine admitted. "But she hasn't any, you know. Her first husband, Miller, the artist, had no money at all. Neither did the second one; the count had about enough for his cab tips. The third, George, had quite a lot—stocks and bonds—but Willi took a lump-sum settlement. And what Willi can do to lump sums! It probably won't keep her in hats for a year."

"You do, I suppose."

"Yes. I've always felt Willi should have had half the money, you know."

"Perhaps Willi felt so too."

"I suppose. The only reason I've never given it to her outright is that in six months she wouldn't have any left."

Eric seemed to have completely lost interest in the subject of Willi. "Shall I bring the bags up?" he asked politely.

"Please."

Jessamine ran up the stairs after Willi's floating nylon.

"We've given you two the second floor," Willi called down to her. "The whole of it. The front sitting room, Aunt Caroline's bedroom for you, my old one for Eric. Though I suppose one of them is sheer waste."

"Willi," Jessamine said the word automatically, "I wish you hadn't given up your room. We could have used the third floor. It's quite as nice."

"Do you think I would have taken it otherwise?" Willi called back, laughing.

Jessamine found herself oddly touched. The instances of Willi's real thoughtfulness were so few and far between. But she would so much rather have kept her own rooms on the floor above. She hesitated, then turned in at the bedroom which had been her aunt's. She had always preferred the brightness of her own third-floor bay window to the darkness of these second-floor bedrooms. At her father's death, it had been Willi who had taken his second-floor bedroom next to Aunt Caroline's. Even when Willi had married and gone away, Jessamine had never moved down a floor.

She stood in the doorway of the room now. She saw with relief that Aunt Caroline's things had been moved away. Aine would have seen to that, Aine of the understanding heart. Jessamine's own four-poster bed had been set up, with its pink candlewick bedspread; the dresser from her room, a Victorian piece belonging to her grandmother. Jessamine's pink curtains were at the windows; her French watercolors were grouped on the side wall. Yet the darkness of the room made even her familiar things seem strange, different.

The house, on its slim, expensive city lot, was perforce long and narrow; one room wide, with the slim stairs curling directly up from the living room, the rooms on the second and third floors all opening off the small hall centering on the stairs.

Eric stood behind Jessamine now. "Isn't it dark? No sunshine at all."

"No," she said. "The only sunlight is from the front bay window in the morning, and the little glassed sun parlor overlooking the garden at the back off your room, in the afternoon."

Eric brightened. "The garden?"

"Well, we call it that. It's really only a little plot of fearfully expensive grass, with a few plants that can survive the soot and poor soil and lack of sunshine."

"But the windows here are so dark," Eric said. "The houses are as close as in the slum sections a few blocks west. There at least people can sit out on the fire escapes."

"Shall we build a fire escape to sit on?"

"No," said Eric seriously. "They are very uncomfortable sitting, fire escapes. What big rooms these are."

"Yes. All the rooms are big, with these great high ceilings. Very impractical for heating. Shall I put Papa Raoul's flowers here?"

Eric, bending over the suitcases, made no answer.

"I'm so glad he is coming to dinner tonight."

Eric said coldly, "I shall ask him not to come."

"But, Eric!"

"There is no reason for it."

"Certainly there is reason for it. He is your father. He loves you."

"And I love him," said Eric, with sudden violence. "He has had a hard life, Papa Raoul. Can you understand what that means, a hard life? I doubt that you can. Consider, then. Papa Raoul was badly wounded in the World War. Some years after it, he married and brought his wife and boy to America. He was a skilled worker, a maker of cigars. He was a talented violinist, without the money for technical training, but with enough talent for the symphony, perhaps even the concert stage. Then suddenly in the depression, there was no work for a skilled maker of cigars or a violinist. He had a young wife and a small son. So he took any work he could get. Day labor, anything. Finally he took care of apartment buildings. A janitor. We lived in the basement, a little damp one-room flat. My mother tried, perhaps, but she could not stand it. She was young and fun-loving. She ran off with another man, a salesman, one of the tenants, when I was very young. My father was gone that day too; I cried all day because I thought he, too, would not come back. But finally he came. There was blood on his shirt from his wrist, which he said he had cut. He stood on a bridge over the river, and then he thought of me and he came back to me. He never mentioned my mother again or allowed me to. His hands became too callused handling garbage cans to play the violin at all. But he worked, up before light in the bitter mornings to make the coal fires, at the beck and call of all the tenants. Now he has his social security. He has a phonograph. He plays the violin a little again. He is happy. And I want him left happy!"

"Poor Papa Raoul. But surely, Eric, coming to dinner with us ——"

"I will not have my father laughed at and questioned by your sister!"

"Willi wasn't laughing at him. And she wasn't questioning him either."

"You don't know that."

"I know Willi. She's careless and thoughtless and wild, but she's not unkind. And she doesn't pry."

"Nevertheless," said Eric, "I do not want my father with her. Please do not ask him to dinner again."

"But this is absurd. Naturally we want to know your father."

"Why?"

"Because he is your father. Why don't you want us to know him?"

Eric was very silent for a long moment. For two. Finally he said, stiffly, "My father is sometimes a little—strange. He—you might misunderstand some things he says."

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"What sort of things?"

Eric was very polite and very distant. "I do not care to discuss my father further."

"But surely ——"

"I have brought all the bags up," said Eric. "You will unpack mine? I will be back in plenty of time for dinner."

"Dinner! But we haven't had lunch."

"I shall never be home for lunch. You understand that I work."

"Of course I understand. But I thought our first day ——"

"You and Willi will have many things to talk about. And I must get back to earning a living. I cannot support this house, certainly, but at least I can support myself."

"Darling, what difference does it make whose money it happens to be?"

"None," said Eric. "I do not mind at all."

Jessamine told herself that his attitude was modern and sensible, that it was the attitude she herself wanted from him, that it simplified matters greatly. But, unreasonably, something deep within her rankled, some vestige of her New England grandfather and father, perhaps. It was sensible of Eric not to mind about the money being hers, and yet, somehow, she wished he did mind, a little.

"About Papa Raoul," she said.

"I have said I do not care to discuss the matter further. It is closed."

"Eric."

But Eric was gone. For the first time since their marriage he had left her without his dark blue eyes looking back. Without kissing her good-by.

As Jessamine watched him from the window, she rubbed her wet eyes with her handkerchief.

Nothing's wrong, not really. All marriages have to work out problems about in-laws. As soon as Eric understands Willi better, it will be all right.

But Jessamine knew it was not Willi. Something was wrong—something she could not understand. Eric was troubled—deeply troubled—and she could only reach out her hands in the darkness to try to help him somehow with her love.

Jessamine resolutely set about unpacking. Eric's things did not take long. Only his one small cheap suitcase.

How much you could tell of a person's character by unpacking his suitcase, Jessamine thought. Eric's immaculate cleanliness, his lack of money, his care about details, even his politeness. It was somehow a polite suitcase.

And yet, she thought, how little it told about Eric, really. It was such an anonymous suitcase. No pictures, no letters, no papers, no keepsakes.

It was not a completely anonymous suitcase after all, she found. Inside the lining, where it was torn, there was a picture. A picture of Eric in a Spanish costume, with a tall blond girl, austere and lovely of feature, slender and graceful of body. It was a glossy publicity photo. On the back was stamped "Abe Casper, Agent," with a Chicago phone number. Jessamine hesitated, looking at the lovely girl. Then she put the picture back where it had been, behind the lining.

Marriage doesn't mean you own your husband, she told herself resolutely. *Of course, Eric had a private life before he married me. Someday maybe he will tell me about that beautiful girl. But if he doesn't, I mustn't ask. I never minded my plain looks much before, but now I would so like to be beautiful for Eric. If only Eric were not looking at her the way he is. That lovely blond girl was never shy or awkward. Would never insist on coming back from her honeymoon for a meeting of the board of the Crippled Children's Home.*

Aine, appearing in the doorway, crossed the room to put her strong, capable hands on Jessamine's shoulders and stand looking at her. She said contentedly, "There's a bloom on you, Miss Jessamine, as there should be on a bride. But why did that old man have to bring you narcissus?"

"What's the matter with narcissus?"

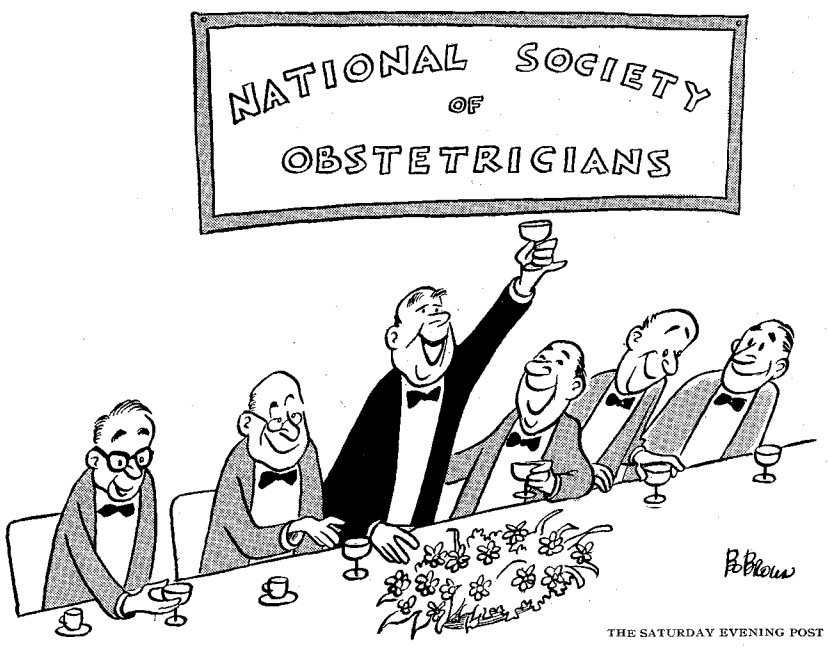
"Sorrow. They stand for sorrow. To bring a bride sorrow!"

Jessamine laughed. "Well, I feel fine. I hope there's no curse on Indian jewelry? It isn't much, but it was all I could find to bring you from the hinterlands of wintry Wisconsin."

Aine opened the small box with genuine pleasure, promptly put on the silver-and-turquoise earrings and ring. Jessamine remembered Aunt Caroline's strict edict about no jewelry for maids or housekeepers in uniform, but she thought Aunt Caroline, too, would have been glad to see Aine so happy.

"Lunch in half an hour," said Aine. "Miss Willi said you wouldn't get here in time, but I knew you would, with the board meeting. I made Mr. Eric's favorite cheese blintzes. You remember, we had them the first night he came?"

"I'm sorry, Aine. Mr. Eric won't be here for lunch."



"To the ladies!"

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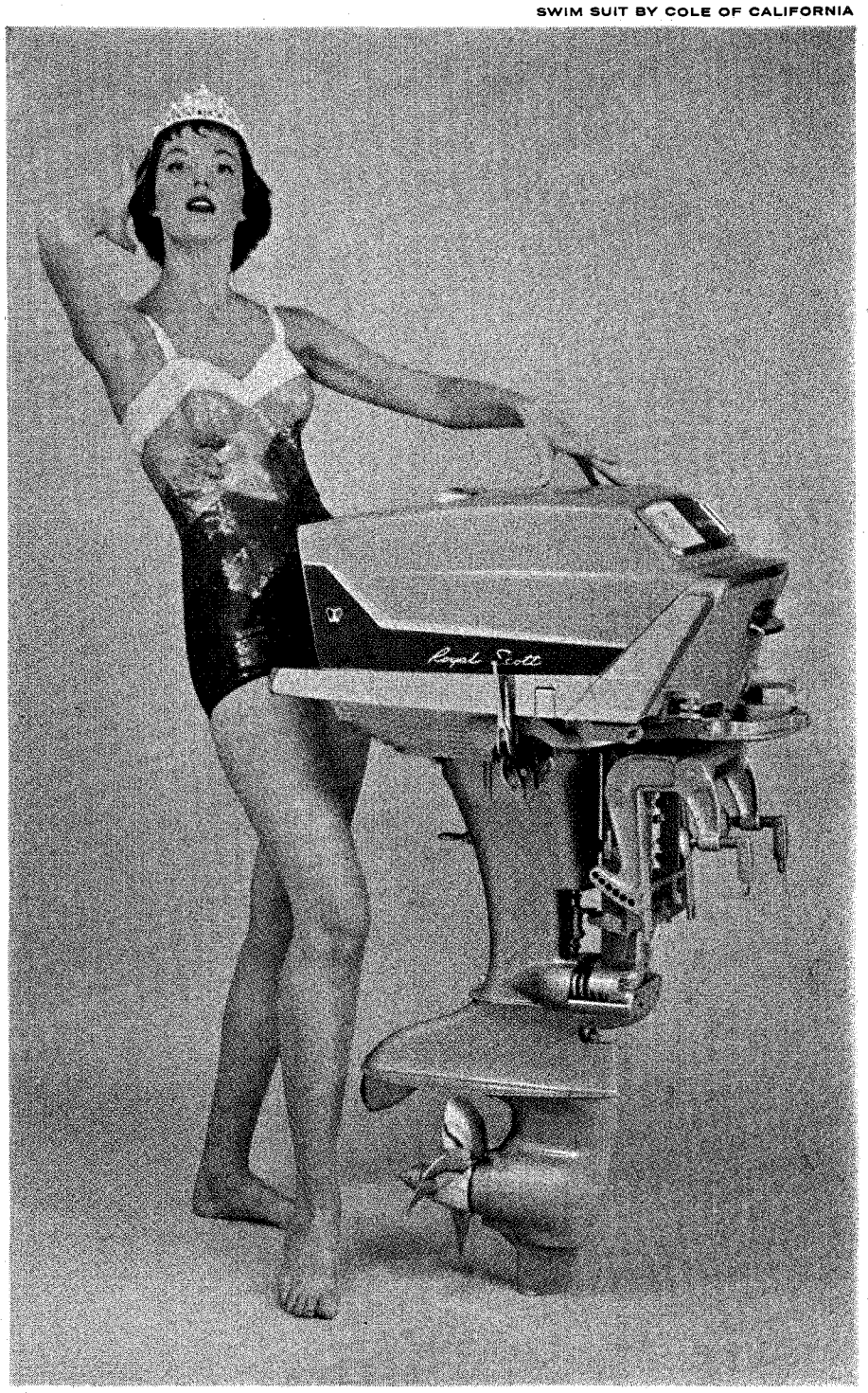

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"Won't be here?"

"He felt he must get back to work."

Aine rolled her eyes toward the ceiling. "Miss Willi," she said. "I bet anything, it was Miss Willi!"

Even from Aine, Jessamine took no criticism of Willi. She said firmly, "Mr. Eric had to get back to work."

"And the edges of your eyes had to be a little red, I suppose?"

"Aine!"

Aine was unrepentant, "A fine gentleman like Mr. Eric leaving his bride practically on the doorstep. Not Mr. Eric. I bet it was something Miss Willi did."

"We'll be down to lunch on time," Jessamine said. "I won't need you to help me unpack, thank you."

"Yes, Miss Jessamine," said Aine serenely. She walked toward the door, looked up the stairs balefully, said, "That Miss Willi!" and ran as fast as she could before Jessamine could speak again.

Willi came down to lunch in a billowing blue taffeta skirt, with a demure lacy blouse. She pirouetted in the middle of the living room, causing the full skirt to fly, showing layers of dainty petticoats. "Isn't this the most precious skirt you ever saw, Jessamine?"

"I wouldn't doubt it," Jessamine said. "Just how precious was it?"

Willi whirled again. "Don't be a spoilsport!"

"It's very pretty."

"Do you think Eric will like it?"

"Eric won't be here for lunch."

Willi stopped whirling and stood perfectly still in the center of the floor. "Where will he be? With that Maxann York? That red-haired girl at the wedding? I wondered why she was around, asking for him."

"He went back to work."

"Eric? You mean he works?"

"Certainly he works!"

"What does he do?"

"He's a dancer."

Willi collapsed in a shower of skirts over the back of the sofa, lying where she landed, exactly as she had when a child. Her laughter was loud and merry, as always. "A—dancer!" she gasped.

"I fail to see anything amusing," Jessamine told her coldly.

"You wouldn't see it," said Willi, still laughing. "But you, Jessamine, of all people, married to a dancer! I always thought you would marry a minister, at least. If not a bishop. If you married at all. But you, with your boards and your hospitals and your worthy causes, have never struck me as the Bohemian type."

"I'm not, of course," said Jessamine honestly. "I don't think Eric is, either, for that matter."

"All dancers are. Even bad ones, and Eric must be a very bad one. They're like artists or musicians or writers. Crazy, all of them. Like me. I was meant to be an artist or something like that. Only I just haven't any talent. Sad, isn't it? But what I don't know about artists. Don't be surprised, some night, to have Eric leap out of bed and start arabesquing in the middle of the floor in his nightshirt. My first husband, Miller, used to get up regularly when some idea for one of his damned paintings hit him. Then they have strange fancies. Food, dress. I remember one that threw even me. What will you do if Eric suddenly wants a caviar sandwich at four A.M.? Or an omelet of ostrich eggs?"

"I'll make him one," said Jessamine. "An omelet, that is. I can cook, remember. It might have helped you to learn."

"It should come in very handy," Willi grinned, "when Eric elopes with a ballerina and your money. You can always support us by hiring out as a cook. . . . Where does Eric dance?"

"I—it's a dance studio called —— I've forgotten."

"What's it like?"

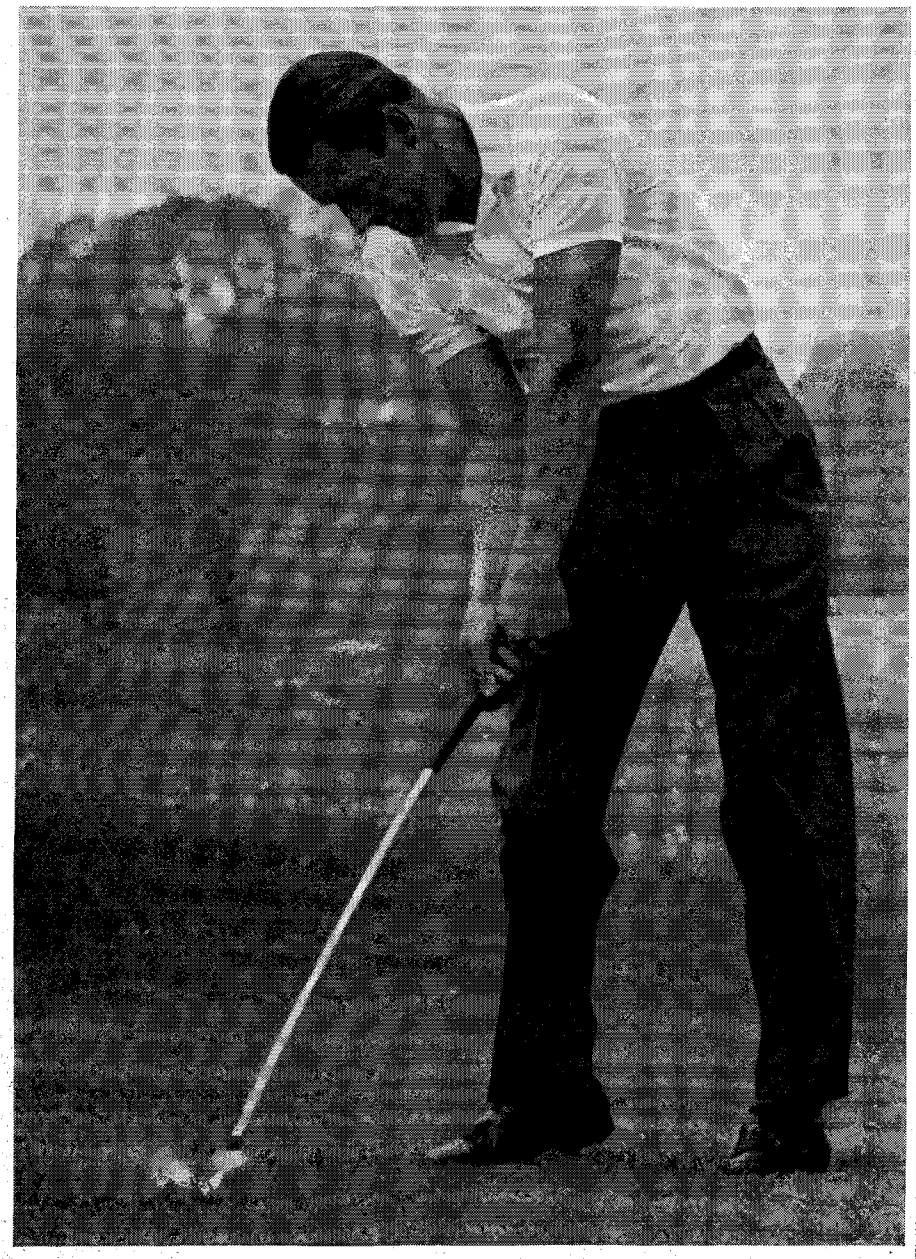
Jessamine knew from Willi's face that she was not being very convincing. She said, "I haven't seen it, Willi. I know he teaches and does choreography there; it's somewhere not too far away. I've forgotten the address."

But I haven't forgotten. I don't know.

"Oh," said Willi thoughtfully. "All kidding aside, Jessamine, where did you meet Eric? What do you know about him?"

"I know all I need to know. That I love him and he loves me."

(*Continued on Page 90*)



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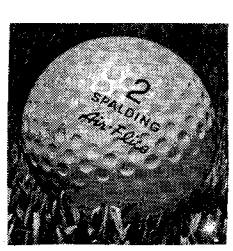

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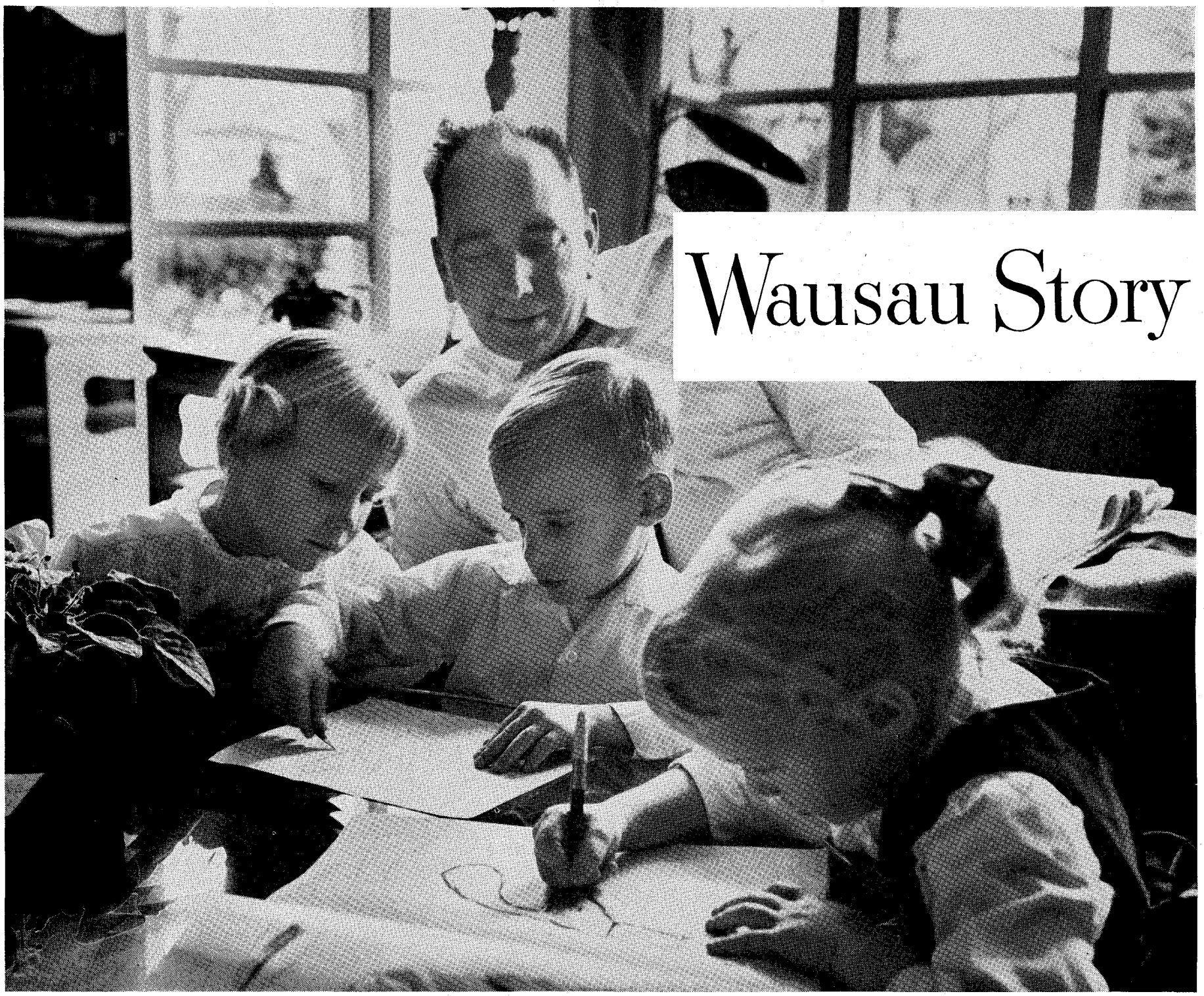


Wausau Story

Lloyd Engelsma—President of Kraus-Anderson, Incorporated, Minneapolis—works with artists when he's home

Lloyd Engelsma brought a bit of Wausau home with him...

"Like most Dads, I have more than one job," says Lloyd Engelsma. "At home, I'm aid and advisor to the three artists in the photograph above. Bruce and Barbara, our four-year-old twins, work together. Susan is six and she can use up more paper if she works alone.

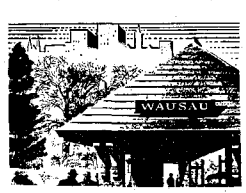
"My job in this art colony calls for decisions on the number of eyes a rabbit has . . . and I fix the pencils 'so some more of the blue comes out.'

"Of course I enjoy my away-from-home job too. (That's at Kraus-Anderson, Incorporated, here in Minneapolis.) We're a construction firm . . . heavy construction, homes too. For twenty years now we've been policyholders of Employers Mutuals of Wausau. In that time I've learned Employers Mutuals are good people to do business with. That's been proved by the service they give on claims and by the help they give us in our accident prevention programs. Employers Mutuals people are competent and thorough. And in all our contacts through the years, I've been impressed by their friendly help and interest.

"That's why I brought a bit of Wausau home with me. I have an Employers Mutuals Homeowner's Policy. In his typically helpful and neighborly way, the Employers Mutuals Man worked out a policy that meets all my needs. It's convenient. It saves me money. It provides personal liability coverage, protection for our home, protection for our personal property. No wonder I recommend it!"

Employers Mutuals of Wausau is one of the country's largest in the field of workmen's compensation . . . and we write all lines of fire, group and casualty insurance too. As a business man, you'll be interested in learning how these policies can provide maximum protection at lower cost. As a homeowner, you'll be interested in the special policies your local Wausau Man offers for your personal needs. See him (consult your telephone directory) or write to us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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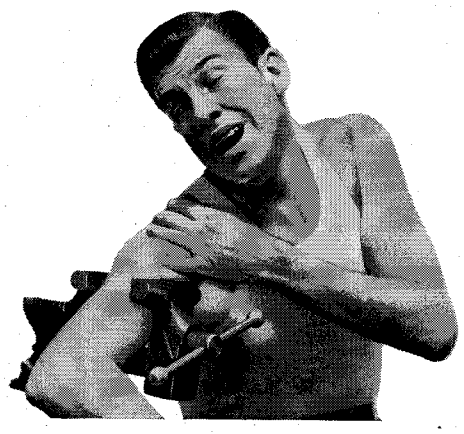

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Faultless Caster Corporation
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(*Continued from Page 88*)

"Come and get it," said Aine from the doorway.

Willi slapped playfully at Aine in passing. "Aunt Caroline wouldn't approve of your method of announcing lunch."

Luncheon, Jessamine thought, dragged. She tried to smile at Willi's nonsense, at her account of a man she met on the plane to Reno who had been going to Los Angeles, but had stopped off in Reno instead, sending Willi great quantities of red roses.

"Red, mind you," Willi said. "All red. The first day, five dozen red roses. The second, another five. The third—by that time the room smelled like a bier. B-i-e-r. I told him our friendship had no future."

"Couldn't you just have asked him not to send any more roses?"

"That's the tag line, pet. He owned a string of florists' shops. But then I met my Englishman—Nicholas Ostrander. Not a bean, but charm. Wait until you hear his voice on the phone. Goose pimples, it gives me. Me!"

Jessamine complimented Aine on the delicious cheese blintzes. She thought about the board meeting of the Crippled Children's Home during Willi's description of her lawyer in Reno. "I never knew before what they meant by five-by-five, but, Jessamine, he was. Absolutely square. He waddled like a duck. Quacked like one too. Kept telling me about the sacredness of the marriage bond and the inadvisability of hasty decisions."

The telephone rang. Jessamine listened breathlessly while Aine answered. Eric would call —— But it was for Willi.

"A man?" Willi asked.

"The day a woman calls you," said Aine, "that day I expect the heavens to rain down mandrakes. English, this one is. Cut his accent with a knife. He said his name was Nicholas Ostrander."

Willi squealed and ran.

Jessamine thought that it was indeed true that marriage changes a woman. A few weeks ago this had been her whole life. Willi, Aine, the house, the board meetings. Now they were empty and meaningless without Eric, as time was empty. Eric was her life now.

That afternoon's board meeting was a heated one. It concerned the new swimming pool, which some of the trustees regarded as a luxury not to be afforded at the present time.

"But we must afford it!" said Jessamine.

The board was not accustomed to hearing the shy Miss Abbot speak much—certainly not with such vehemence. Down the long table in the formal, conventional board room, she saw the well-tailored eyebrows of Mrs. Underwood go up. Plump old Uncle Ansford looked surprised. Thin, anemic Mr. Von Bebber coughed nervously.

"Must, Miss Abbot?" Mrs. Underwood raised her eyeglasses and peered at Jessamine very disapprovingly.

"Mrs. Barthelmieu," said Jessamine. "Yes, must. These children don't have a pool at school."

"They can learn to swim in the lake in the summer," said Mr. Von Bebber.

"And they might be drowned learning."

"But, Miss Abbot—I beg your pardon, Mrs. — a pool costs ——"

"Damn the costs!" said Jessamine. "What is a child's life worth?"

She saw them staring at her, and felt her color come up in a rush. Probably never in the sedate history of Crippled Children's Home board meetings had the word "damn" been used before. Certainly not by the shy Miss Abbot.

Jessamine saw Mrs. Underwood's knowing look, Mr. Von Bebber's nervous well-bred smile, Uncle Ansford's completely embarrassed dismay. She knew her own face was crimson. In utter confusion, she fumbled at the papers in front of her and rose, muttering an excuse, and fled.

She pulled her coat about her as she whirled through the gray-walled hall. She ran blindly, thinking only of getting away, pausing only for breath. She leaned against a building, heedless of her coat. She put her cheek against the cold brick.

Of all the stupid things to do, she thought to herself angrily. *To lose my temper, even to swear at them—I don't think I ever swore in my entire life before, and then to run away like a fifteen-year-old. I was right about the pool. I was perfectly right. And it's high time somebody did say damn to them, but this awful shyness ——*

She fought it, as she had fought it all her life, whenever she had to make a speech, whenever she entered a room of strangers, her smile fixed, her head high, as an Abbot head must be. And when the eyes swept past her to Willi's rounded blond beauty and stayed there, Jessamine had fought it further, to keep from running. Most times she had simply drawn a little more within herself; sometimes, as today, she had run.

But not for years, she told herself. *I'm nearly over it by now, I hope. It was just because they were thinking of Eric, and thinking they never thought I'd marry. Never mind them. I'm thinking of Eric too. I have been all afternoon, really. Probably that was why I was so vehement about the swimming pool. I wanted the children to have it, but I wanted the meeting over, so that I could find Eric, tell him I was sorry we quarreled this noon. Our married life can't start out like this. I won't let it. But tonight when Eric comes home there will be Willi and Aine, and we won't be alone together for hours. Now. I must find Eric now, and tell him. Talk to him.*

She found a telephone booth and fumbled for dimes in her change purse. Aine's comfortable Irish voice came over the phone.

"Mr. Eric?" she said. "No. He hasn't called. Is your meeting over so soon, then?"

Jessamine said "Yes," numbly. Eric had not called. No, of course, he would not. That was his stubborn pride. Pride was not something lovers could afford.

Never mind. I'll call him. I'll go to him. But where?

She stared at the receiver. Aine's voice was still coming from it, "That Miss Maxann York might know where he is. Miss Willi went out a little while ago to take a dancing lesson from her, and she said her studio was on North State."

"But Willi dances beautifully!"

Aine's shrug was almost audible. "She said she was taking a lesson."

Jessamine hung up, slowly putting the coins back into her purse. She thought, *I'm married to a man and I don't even know where he works or how to find him.*

Somehow she did not want to ask Maxann York, who plainly knew Eric well, who had appeared unasked at his wedding, come to inquire about him during his honeymoon.

Jessamine remembered the picture of Eric which had been in his suitcase, and the name on the back of it. Abe Casper, Agent. Surely Eric's agent would know where he worked.

She found Abe Casper's number without difficulty. The man's voice was wheezy, asthmatic, weary. She asked for Eric.

"Barthelmieu? Never heard of him."

"But your name was on his picture."

"My name? Impossible."

"Stamped in red. It said, 'Abe Casper, Agent.'"

The man sighed gustily. He said in a tone of utter disbelief, "What was it a picture of?"

"He was dancing with a blond woman. They had on Spanish costumes and he was bending toward her."

"Listen," the man's voice snapped now. "How many times do I have to tell you cops? I don't know what happened to her. They were a dance team, and I handled them. He was pretty good and she was a looker, but unreliable. They disappeared. I don't know where. If he killed her, he didn't tell me. I haven't seen him since the last time I saw them together. September, maybe. They were going on a picnic with the old man and the gypsy and the child. I never saw them again. I've told you all that a hundred times. It's all I know. I got nothing to hide. It won't do any good to try to trick me."

"I'm not trying to trick you. I'm not from the police. I ——"

"Then find LeMay yourself."

"But I don't want Mr. LeMay. I want ——"

"No? Well, that's whose picture it is." The man slammed up the receiver. Jessamine stood numbly, not moving.

TO BE CONTINUED

"I've been expecting you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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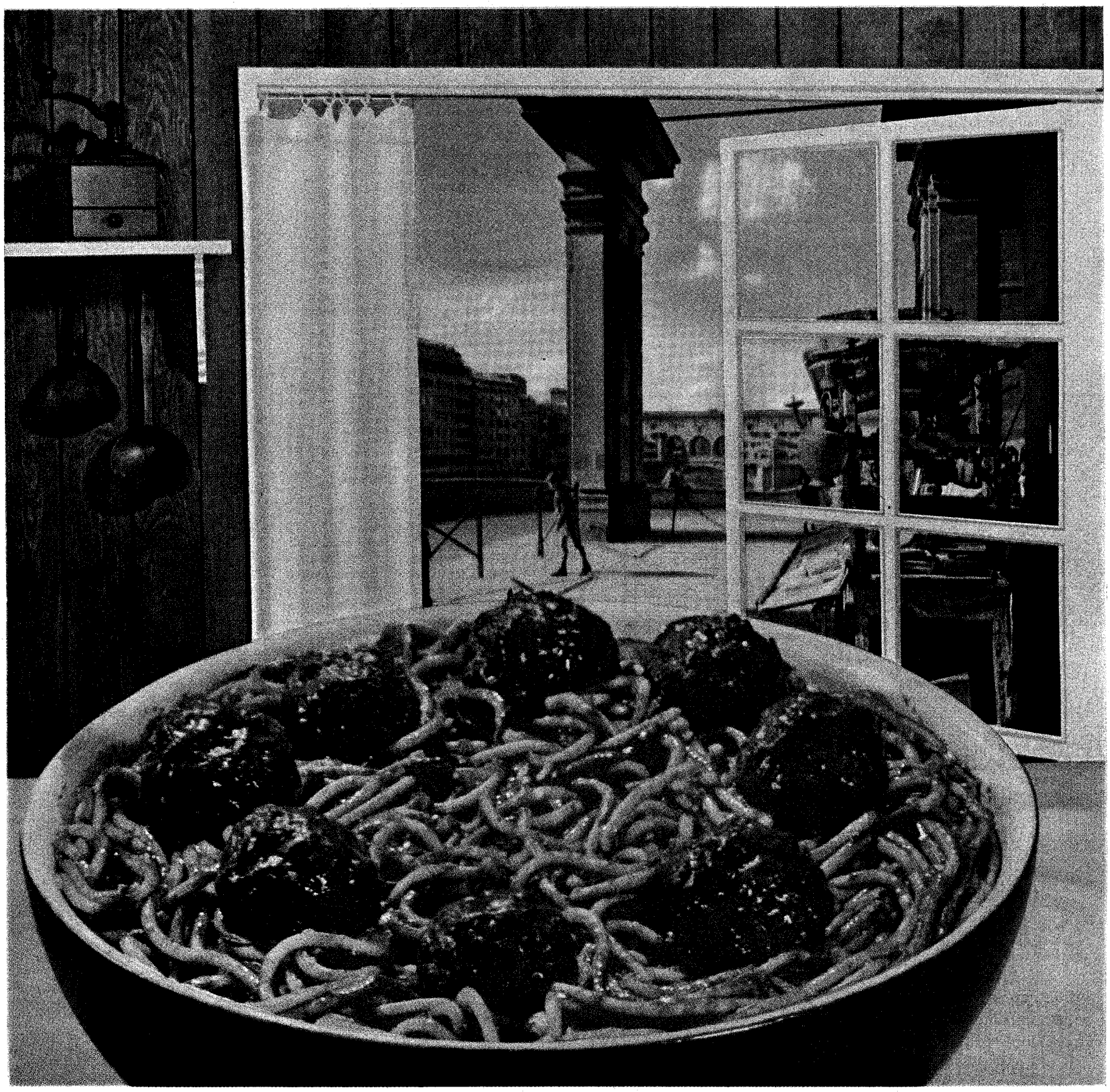

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Cruel Decision (Continued from Page 35)

in his father's office at the hospital where Tom had finished his internship and had announced that he was taking off for Los Angeles at once, and intended to comply with whatever formalities were needed to pass the California medical exam in order to accept this cushy opportunity.

"I've had my share of this hamburger-and-doughnut routine," he had said. "I long for filet mignon and champagne."

The elder Stafford had been horrified. "I'd rather see you selling apples than holding hands with dames who think every hang-over is a nervous breakdown and every bellyache a pregnancy!" he had thundered. "You could be a fine doctor! But you need polishing! You need a few years in general practice in a small town."

They had been over that ground before, many times. Tom was certain that after their talk of the previous day, his father had contacted Dr. Rufus Peach by phone, and had thought up this fake errand in order to expose him to the blandishments of a small-town Hippocrates.

This Peach character wants to unload his practice on someone so that he can go kiting off somewhere—maybe to California, he had told himself. *He'll try to sweet-talk me into seeing the nobility of learning my trade through sweat and tears in a little hamlet—namely, Clear Springs, population twenty-two hundred and two.*

A girl now appeared from the adjoining rear lawn and gazed inquiringly. Tom gazed also. She wore lemon-colored pedal pushers and a blazer blouse. Her unstockinged feet were in white sandals. Her shoulder-length hair was the rich, dark hue of a well-polished chestnut and she had the eager, clear, dark eyes that carry their own stars. She was tanned and healthy and she was small, but what she lacked in height was more than made up for in contours.

"Geraldine!" Selina Peach exclaimed. "Come and meet Tom Stafford. . . . This is Geraldine Miller, my sister's daughter. They live next door. Her folks are away on a vacation."

"Hello," said Geraldine Miller. She was carrying a golf ball and a five iron. She ran up and shook hands. She was as delectable as a loaf of bread fresh out of the oven.

A warm glow started to enfold Tom. Suddenly he snapped back to reality. He caught on. This alluring creature, appearing at this psychological moment, could be nothing else than cheesecake bait to soften him up.

He placed the black bag on the veranda steps and moved toward his car. "Nice meeting you, Miss Miller," he said icily. "Perhaps we'll cross paths again someday. I must leave now. I want to make it as far as Chicago tonight."

The large, dark-haired individual appeared. He also carried a golf iron. The football lay on the lawn.

"George," Geraldine said, "this is Mr. Stafford. And George Tebbs."

Tom stared. "Tebbs!" he exclaimed. "Not the George Te——"

"Uh-huh," George said boredly.

"George is to report to the Los Angeles Rams this year," Geraldine said. "They'll try him at quarter."

"Los Angeles?" Tom said. "Well, well! We may run into each other out there."

George gazed at his lank form and laughed. "Not unless you're unlucky, cousin," he remarked.

Tom warmed a trifle along the jaws. He followed football. George Tebbs had made the top All-American squads the previous fall. He could run and kick, but, above all, he could throw a football straight and far. He had been one of the top picks in the pro draft.

"I'll get us a cold beer," Geraldine said.

She led Tom toward a hammock beneath a grape arbor. He resisted only faintly. A little time out would do no harm. Not as long as he knew what was in the minds of these designing females. He stretched out and Geraldine went into the kitchen of her home.

"Geraldine's my very best niece," Selina Peach said. "She's attractive, isn't she?"

Tom almost pitied her. The machinations were all so obvious. "I don't like yellow pants on women," he said.

George Tebbs loomed ominously above him. "They look all right to me," he said. "At least on Jerry."

"George, go throw some footballs," Selina Peach said hastily. She turned to Tom. "Geraldine's a schoolteacher."

"A schoolteacher!" Tom said incredulously.

"Third grade," Selina nodded. "She loves children."

"The little hellions!" Geraldine spoke from the kitchen. "Thirty-five of 'em. Little grubby-fingered darlings. Fiends! I'm in favor of birth control."

"Geraldine Miller!" Selina exclaimed, shocked.

Geraldine appeared, bearing glasses and liquids.

"You'll stay for supper, of course, Thomas?" Selina asked.

"It's kind of you," Tom said. "But I've got to make ——"

"Sure," George spoke. "You got to get to Chicago."

"Down, George," Geraldine said. She grinned at Tom. "He's sullen. I just won four bits from him, target pitching with a five iron."

George dropped a ball on the grass, swung the golf club and pitched the pellet crisply to within five feet of a flagged pole on the lawn between apple trees a hundred feet away. Then he picked up the football and sent a hard flat spiral sailing through a large wire loop which hung from a limb the same distance away.

Selina Peach grasped the discarded five iron and moved toward a loose ball. "I've always wanted to try my hand at golf," she giggled.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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The little white lie is the
balm that soothes
The hornet stabs of little
black truths.

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

• • • • • • • • • • • • • •

It was evident she was a novice. She grasped the club as she would an ax and slashed vigorously. She missed the ball completely on the forward swing, but the clubhead connected on the recovery, and the pellet went bounding in the wrong direction down the driveway toward the street.

"Oh, dear!" Selina gasped, and went racing in pursuit.

Tom finished his drink. "Well, I must be going," he said. "Thanks for ——"

The sickening sound of shattering glass arose. Selina uttered a horrified screech. Tom raced for the driveway.

He pulled up. A sizable hole gaped dismally in the windshield of his car.

"I—I threw the club, trying to stop the ball from rolling farther!" Selina babbled. "I—I threw wild!"

Tom controlled himself by great effort of will. He was certain Selina Peach, despite her air of matronly integrity, had deliberately hammered out the glass with that five iron.

"You're in trouble, chum," George said, bending over the car. "Where did you get that windshield?"

"It's from an Italian car," Tom said. "There likely isn't one like it to be had in Clear Springs."

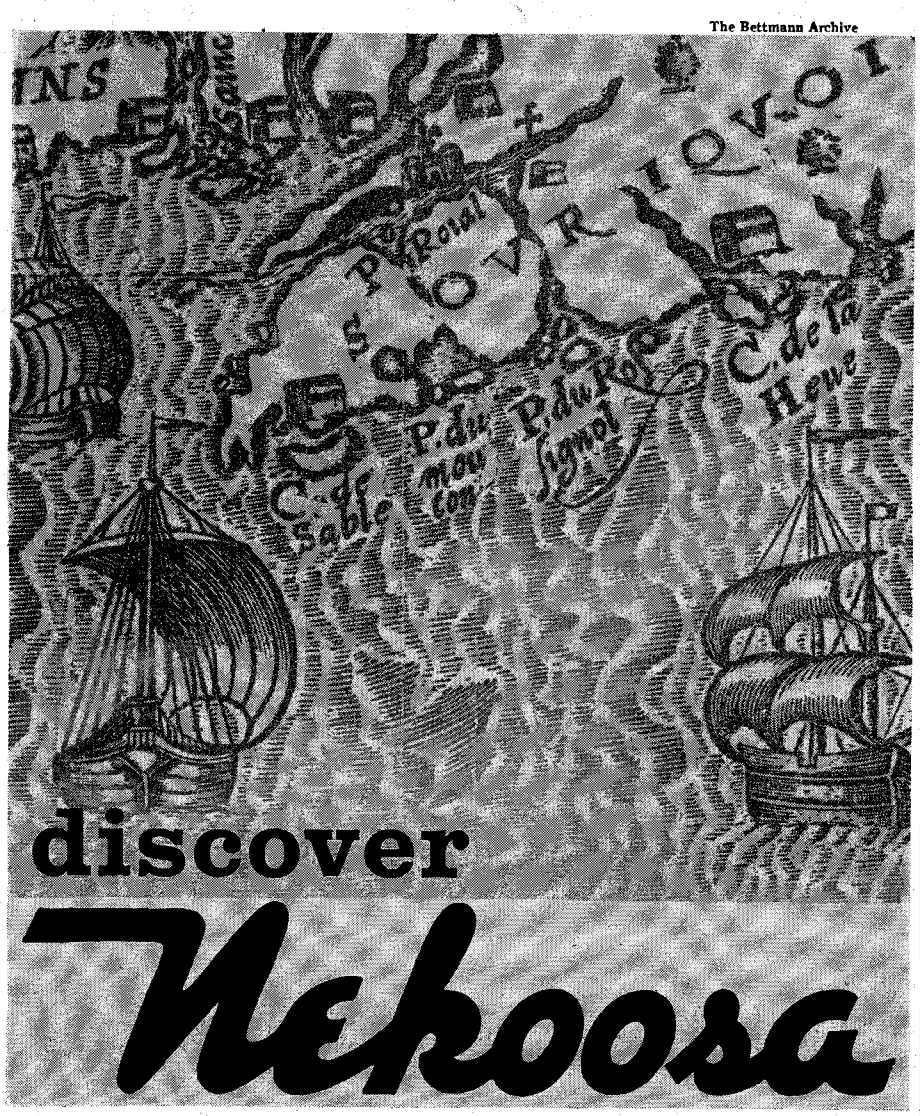
"That's for sure," George said. "You'll have to get one shipped in. You can't drive without a windshield."

"I'm so sorry," Selina said. . . . "Geraldine, give Thomas more beer. He won't be driving any more today."

Tom glared. So they meant to play rough? Dr. Rufus Peach, in person, arrived in his dusty sedan at that moment. At sixty-four, he was pear-bodied, rumpled and weather-beaten, with a fringe of gray hair standing guard over a russet-hued bald pate.

He shook hands with Tom, gazed at the broken (*Continued on Page 94*)

The Bettmann Archive



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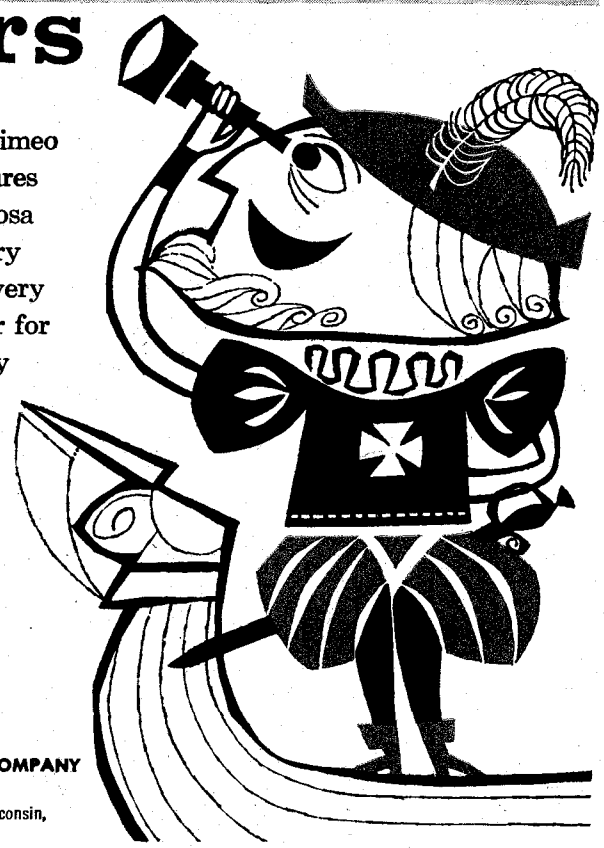

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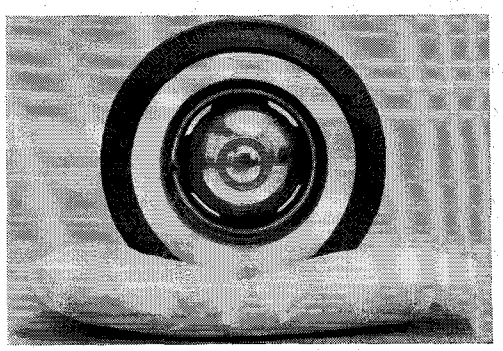

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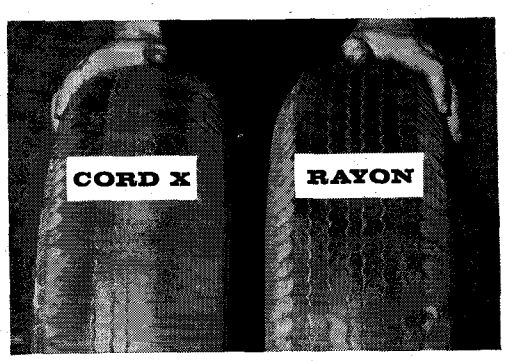

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(*Continued from Page 92*) windshield and patted his wife on the shoulder—approvingly, Tom believed. "Too bad," he said. "You'll have to stay with us, of course, Tom, my boy, until you get that thing fixed."

Tom, grimly, had no alternative. If he only had racing goggles. But he did not, and he knew the answer to that also. There was no such item to be had in Clear Springs either. In fact, he knew he'd have trouble locating a pair this side of Chicago.

He was in for it. He was installed in a cool and comfortable upstairs room in the Peach residence. Cherries were ripening on a spreading tree outside his window. Birds twittered and he heard the laboring flight of a laden bee. The fragrance of fresh-cut clover came into his room. Across the way, Geraldine was singing. She hummed those passages where the words escaped her.

He showered and came downstairs. George Tebbs and Geraldine were also supper guests. She had changed to a cool, white summer dress and high heels. She had done up her hair and wore a coral necklace. The general effect was terrific.

"I phoned Sam Minters at the garage and he took a look at your car," she said. "He hopes he can get a new windshield shipped in by Thursday, with luck."

"Thursday?" Tom groaned. "I was supposed to be in Cali——"

"Come to the table, children," Selina interrupted. "It's just grand that you're staying over, Thomas."

Rufus Peach served. It was an Ohio supper of the old school. Mounds of fried chicken and all the trimmings. Jellies and pickles. Garden vegetables. Strawberries with homemade vanilla ice cream. Even George was forced to quit at last.

"Now," said Rufus, offering cigars, "I have a call to make. Ten miles out of town. Maybe you'd like to tag along, Tom? It's a tough case which I haven't been able to solve. Anemia in a six-year-old girl."

"George and I are going to the country club for a swim this evening, Mr. Stafford," Geraldine broke in. "Perhaps you'd like that better than what Unc offers?"

"Can you swim, bud?" George inquired.

That settled it, of course. "Include me in the swimming party," Tom said.

Rufus Peach was obviously disappointed. So was his wife.

Tom changed to swim garb and Geraldine got out her light convertible. They picked up George at his home nearby.

The pool was blue and exhilarating. Geraldine was also a very refreshing sight in bathing costume. She swam adequately. So did George. But Tom found himself on an equal footing, at least, in the water. He beat George in an impromptu race across the pool. Neither pretended he knew it had been a contest or that the other had been in the vicinity. But it had been a race all right.

Geraldine noted their expressions and swam in between them. "Let's climb out and have a drink," she said anxiously.

They emerged on the tiled deck. George stepped on Tom's toes and bore down with his heel, employing all the G-load of his two hundred and twenty pounds. It hurt.

Tom gave George a very vigorous shove. George's bare feet skidded on the wet tile. Both arms flapped wide in an attempt to regain balance.

A waiter, bearing a tray loaded with martinis and other refreshments for a poolside dinner party, was passing on George's right at the moment. And on his left was a chic, young strawberry blonde in a fancy cocktail dress and a big picture hat, who was en route to join the same party.

Martinis, waiter and strawberry blonde, caught in the sweep of George's arms, went cascading into the pool with a great splash and wild screaming.

"Why, you ——" George roared, and swung a mighty right at Tom.

Tom ducked that and drove a left to George's jaw. The jaw was not glass. George only paused slightly, then landed a glancing jab to Tom's face. It drove him skidding against an unoccupied table. Table and a few chairs went over.

Geraldine and other persons got between them then. The gasping blonde was plucked from the pool, along with the waiter. Geraldine herded Tom and George to the parking lot.

"You goons!" she panted. "I ought to beat up both of you!" She leaped into her convertible.

"Hey!" George protested. "How are we going to get home?"

"Crawl!" she yelled. "Slither!" She gunned away, abandoning them in wet bathing trunks.

"She has a temper," Tom said. "In a big way."

"Jerry and I went through school together," George said. "Some folks figure we'll be married someday."

The strawberry blonde came by in a dripping, clinging dress and carrying a bedraggled hat. She did not seem upset. "You're a bad, bad boy, Georgie!" she cooed. "Now, you simply must call me up soon." She drove away in an expensive car.

"That's Dollie Benton," George said. "She also went to school with Jerry and me."

"And do folks think you're going to marry her too?"

"That," George said, "is none of your blasted business."

They finally rounded up a cab. It delivered George at his home and carried Tom to the Peach residence. Geraldine's convertible stood in the open garage and a light burned in an upper bedroom.

Selina Peach admitted Tom to her house. "Your eye?" she gasped.

Tom gazed into a mirror. The jab George had landed had done damage. The eye was definitely taking on a dark hue.

"Oh, dear!" Selina moaned. "That George! He's always scaring boys away from Geraldine."

"He is, eh?" Tom said. He went to his room and dressed. Next door, Geraldine was now playing the piano. She hit many off-key notes. But at least she played angrily.

He descended to the living room. It was only nine o'clock. Rufus Peach was awaiting him. "I'm going up to the hospital for my nightly round, Tom," he said. "We've got a thirty-bed layout of which we're rather proud. Maybe you'd like to look it over."

Tom started to refuse. But he recalled having read in a medical journal an article describing a hospital in Clear Springs. It was said to be something special. In spite of himself, he was interested.

The hospital stood amid gardens and natural timber overlooking the town. It resembled a big, rambling residence. It had verandas and porch swings. Inside, it was efficiently planned, but informal.

"It's built so people will feel at home," Rufus explained. "Beating fear is half the battle. It's named the Selina Peach Hospital. It was her idea. Selina said most hospitals are like jails."

The nurses and patients called him Rufus, and the younger ones addressed him respectfully as "Doctor Rufe!" He seemed to know their families and cousins. Tom met the only other doctor, a cheery oldster named Amos Russell.

Afterward, he and Rufus stopped at Al Rimmer's drugstore on Main Street where Rufus conferred about prescriptions, bought two chances on a punch board and won a pound of chocolates. A checker game was going in the back room, and the participants hailed Rufus loudly.

"The raise in salary will become effective just as soon as you do."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A man makes lots of friends in a place like this," Rufus said as they walked to his car.

Tom knew he was being exposed to propaganda. A big gasoline truck, painted vivid yellow, rolled past down Main Street at that moment and he turned, staring.

"That looked like George Tebbs driving," he began.

"Yep." Rufus nodded. "George works for an oil company when he isn't playing football. He delivers to service stations at night. That sort of work is done late. Easier."

Arriving home, Selina served cake and ice cream. Rufus got on the phone. Tom gathered that the father of the child who was suffering from anemia was on the other end of the line.

"It's Ed Leffler's girl," Selina anxiously told Tom. "They live out at Bethel Church. Ed married Grace Nelson, who —— But why would that interest you, being a stranger?"

Later, in his room, Tom sat in his pajamas, the light out, smoking. The warm night was filled with the perfume of jasmine and honeysuckle. Fireflies kept blinking right and left turns among the apple and cherry trees. A mockingbird, which wasn't going to miss all this beauty, kept singing ecstatically about it.

He finally realized that one of those signal flares he was seeing across the way was not made by a firefly. It was a cigarette being smoked in the darkness of a bedroom, just as his was. Geraldine was still awake. Both of them shared the elegance of the night with the mockingbird.

After breakfast the next morning, he went outside. Geraldine, wearing a straw sun hat and snug-fitting denim jeans, was working with clippers and a hoe in the flower garden.

"Good morning," she said. "How is your eye?"

"O.K.," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"That's a fine way to answer me," she said. "Just why is it that you feel so superior toward me, pray tell?"

"Just how should I act toward a girl who lets herself be used as bait?" he inquired.

"Bait? Bait? Whatever are you talking about?"

"Ha!" he snorted. "Lemon-colored pants yesterday, and today it's jeans. Both tight-fitting. And a swim suit last night. Your uncle showing me what a fine, little old friendly place is Clear Springs. Your auntie smashing the windshield on my car to make sure I have to hang around and be more completely exposed to your sex appeal. I know what you're all up to."

Geraldine had gradually changed to a tomato hue as he talked. "Tight-fitting pants, is it?" she said, her voice so tight it squeaked. "Sex appeal? Why, you freckle-faced, lantern-jawed lout!"

She seized up the hoe with the intention of whacking him over the head with the handle. Tom wrested the weapon from her hands. That brought them into bodily contact. Suddenly he kissed her right on her flushed and angry lips.

Then she hit him in his undamaged eye. A left swing. He beat a retreat. She seized a stone and hurled it energetically. It missed him by a wide margin and shattered a window in the Peach kitchen.

Tom stalked into the house and encountered Selina and Jenny, the cook, who were hurrying to the scene. "Send me the bill for the window," he said, "along with that windshield that you deliberately smashed, Mrs. Peach."

He went to his room and used a cold compress on (*Continued on Page 96*)

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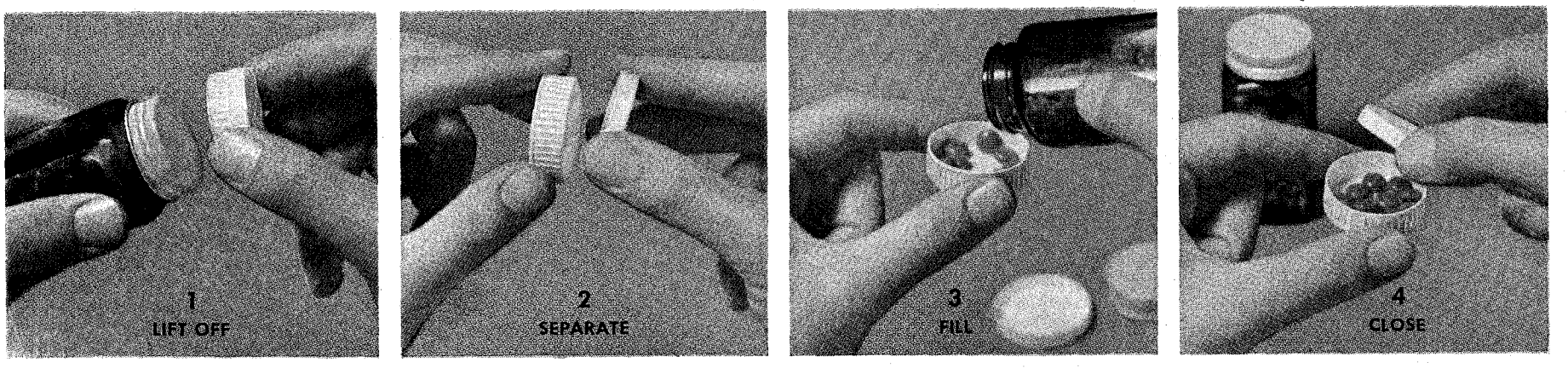

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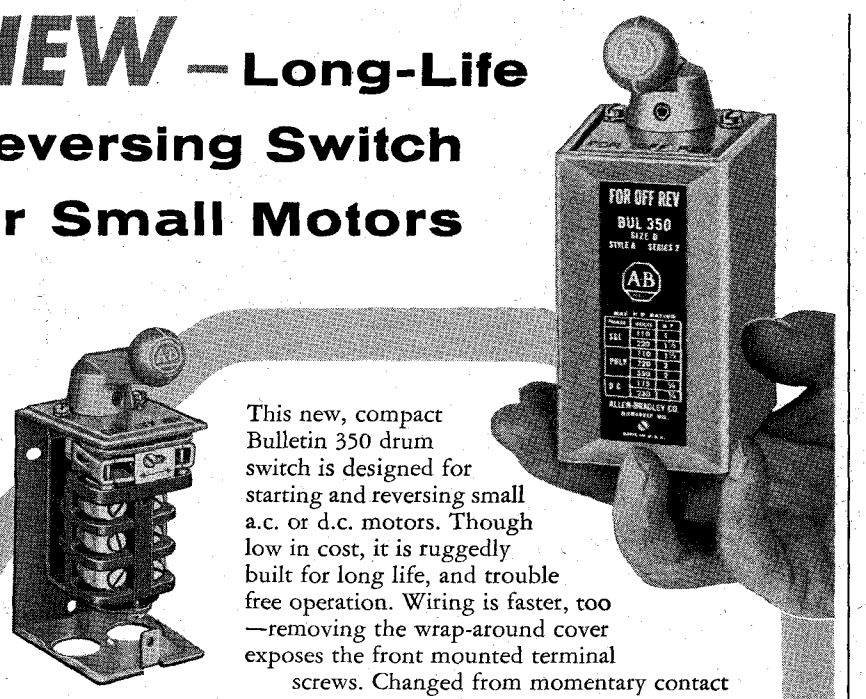

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(*Continued from Page 94*)

his newly punched eye, hoping to avert total mourning. He smoked. He read a book. Time stood still.

The day grew warmer. Geraldine swung in the hammock beneath the arbor, reading a magazine. She wore skirts. Tom got into his swim trunks, went to the rear lawn and let the garden hose spray cooling water on his frame. Geraldine ignored him. He restrained the urge to turn the hose on her.

Late in the afternoon, Rufus Peach came to his room and sat in the rocking chair. "Selina says you are on to us," he said. "I came to plead guilty. It was mine and your father's doings. I asked him some time ago to look around for a likely young man who could step into my shoes—at least for a year or so. Selina has been trying to get me to slow down. And I promised her a trip around the world at first chance. That was ten years ago. She's still waiting. Your dad phoned me and asked me to waylay you." He added, "But I want to set you straight on one thing. Geraldine knew nothing about any of this."

He arose. "I guess there's no more to say. Well, I've got to go out to Bethel Church now. Ed Leffler's child is mighty low. I'm afraid I'm going to lose her. It makes a man feel helpless and weak."

Tom sat in his room for a long time after Rufus Peach had driven away. A heavy thunderstorm broke over Clear Springs at six o'clock. It raged for more than an hour. Rain fell in a flood. Water ran from curb to curb in the street. Geraldine came racing to the Peach home for companionship.

The storm cooled the air, but left Clear Springs without lights or phone service. The radio, operating on battery, told them nothing, for Clear Springs had no local station. They ate a sketchy meal by candlelight. It was a dismal affair. Geraldine's attitude toward him was of the icicle variety. Rufus had not returned and Selina was worrying. The phone remained dead.

A car came splashing down the street in the damp twilight and swung into the driveway. A girl in student nurse's garb, leaped out.

"Oh, Mrs. Peach, is the doctor here?" she cried. "The phones are out and they sent me to find him. We've got an emergency. Two of them. An appendix, and a bad one by the symptoms. And a baby delivery—a premature that will need a lot of help. Doctor Russell is out of reach also. He was called out to a farm near Perryville just before the storm broke."

Selina tried the phone, but it was still dead. "Rufus went out to the Lefflers' at Bethel Church," she said. "The pike is probably under water again, and he'll have to come home by way of Burbridge, if he can get through. But it was a bad storm, evidently."

Silence came. Tom became aware that Geraldine was being careful not to look at him. Nor Selina. The silence held, and held.

"All right," he finally said. "If I can help ——"

"Are you a doctor?" the student nurse exclaimed. "You could take a load off the minds of a lot of us."

"I'll drive you to the hospital," Geraldine said to him.

Tom got his medical bag and surgical kit from among his luggage. "Just like Horatius at the bridge," he shrugged. "Just like in the movies."

He felt rather foolish. But he did not feel foolish after Geraldine had rushed him to the hospital. He was soon in surgery, conducting an operation entirely on his own, and with a patient's life at stake.

A nurse acted as his anesthetist and the student, who had never assisted in surgery, got her first experience at that duty. At least the emergency lighting system worked efficiently.

"I believe you got to it in time, doctor," the nurse sighed an hour later.

Next was the baby delivery, and that was no sinecure either. In the midst of it, a man who had suffered a coronary attack was brought in.

Tom was still working when both Rufus and Amos Russell arrived, muddy and worried. Their worry faded after they took a look at the situation.

"Thanks," Rufus said. "Your dad trained you well."

"How did you make out with the Leffler child?" Tom asked.

Rufus looked at him. "I lost her."

Tom scrubbed and dressed and went out, carrying his medical bags. To his amazement, his watch told him it was past one in the morning. Geraldine's convertible still stood waiting before the hospital.

"Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea you were waiting!"

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"I didn't mind," she said. "You couldn't have got a taxi this late. Not in Clear Springs."

He got in beside her and they headed away. As they neared the head of Main Street a gasoline truck rumbled by, rolling down the descending street toward the dimly lighted heart of town. It was George Tebbs, driving his yellow behemoth.

By the time they reached the corner, the tanker was nearly a block away. George was traveling at a fair pace, but had his vehicle under control. However, he was unable to avoid a light sports car which darted into the tanker's path at the next intersection. The small car crashed into the heavy front wheel of the truck. George had already veered the tanker. Now it jackknifed, with a screech of rubber, and capsized. At this point the street had wide, grassy parkways, lined with sizable sycamores and poplars. The tanker slid onto the grass, where a sycamore halted it.

Geraldine braked to a stop nearby, and Tom hit the street, running. "Get out of here!" he shouted back at her. "That thing may blow up!"

The driver of the small car, who had been thrown clear, arose and ran dazedly to safer distance. But George Tebbs lay partly beneath the crushed cab of his truck. The sports car was flattened beneath the heavy tank. Tom detected the rank odor of gasoline. It was trickling from a rupture in the tank and running down the gutter. Now oil from the engine of the shattered smaller car began to sizzle and smoke on a hot manifold. Then a small flame broke into life.

Tom bent over George. The big man muttered thickly, "Get off my arm, you lug. Play fair!"

Then he revived and became aware of things. He tried to move. He could move everything except his right arm. It was wedged beneath the rim of the crushed cab and the supporting roots of the sycamore.

He identified Tom. "Scram out of here, Stafford!" he mumbled. "There're a couple thousand gallons of gas still in that tank!"

Tom tugged at George's arm. No use. The arm was clamped immovably.

"Don't be a sucker!" George gasped. "Run! You'll fry!"

Tom got to his feet and ran. "You're playing it smart," George croaked after him.

Tom ran as far as the convertible. Geraldine had disobeyed his order to leave. He seized up his surgical kit.

Geraldine realized what this meant. "No!" she screamed. "You—you can't!"

Spectators were now arriving. Tom shouted at them to remove her to safer distance. He raced back to George.

"You came back, chump," George said thickly. Then he saw the glint of a scalpel in Tom's hand. And the surgical saw.

"No!" he said, and his voice was no longer thick. "I want all of me out of here, or none at all. That's my right arm, the one I throw with. Life wouldn't be worth while. I like football."

Tom gazed down at him for a moment. "Maybe you're right," he said. "We'll try something else first."

With the delicate tools that were not meant for heavy labor, he began digging frantically in the rain-wet earth and sawing at the roots that clamped George's arm.

"Nice try!" George gasped. "But there's no time! Run!"

Tom kept slashing frenziedly. Then George's arm yielded slightly. Tom worked faster. George twisted around like a cat, braced his legs and heaved. His arm came free—bloody but unbroken.

Together they ran. They reached shelter back of a house. They could have had two or three more minutes of grace, for it was that length of time before the burning oil reached the trickle of gasoline.

By that time fire sirens were sounding and the volunteer department was on its way. A great mushroom of flame arose among the branches of the trees. The firemen began pouring geysers of foam on the flames, and the damage was held to scorched paint and heat-broken window glass in nearby structures, and to a few dead trees.

Geraldine found the two of them. She kissed George and wept. But it was a sisterly kiss. A kiss to an old friend, back from the dead. She looked at Tom. He looked at her. Then she kissed him—a great big smacker that was not sisterly.

"I never tried to be bait!" she sobbed.

"I know," Tom said. "It just comes natural to you."

"I guess you're going to stay here in Clear Springs, huh, Doc?" George said. He added with a sigh. "Well, don't try to beat Jerry at golf. She can trim your ears."

"That," Tom said, "remains to be seen."

Dr. Rufus Peach was still busy at the hospital. Selina, at home, was sipping a glass of the fine sherry that Dr. Thomas Stafford, 2nd, had sent as a bribe. She was trying to reconcile herself to more waiting. Neither she nor Rufus knew that they would soon be on their way on a world trip—by way of California. Clear Springs had a young substitute doctor.

THE END

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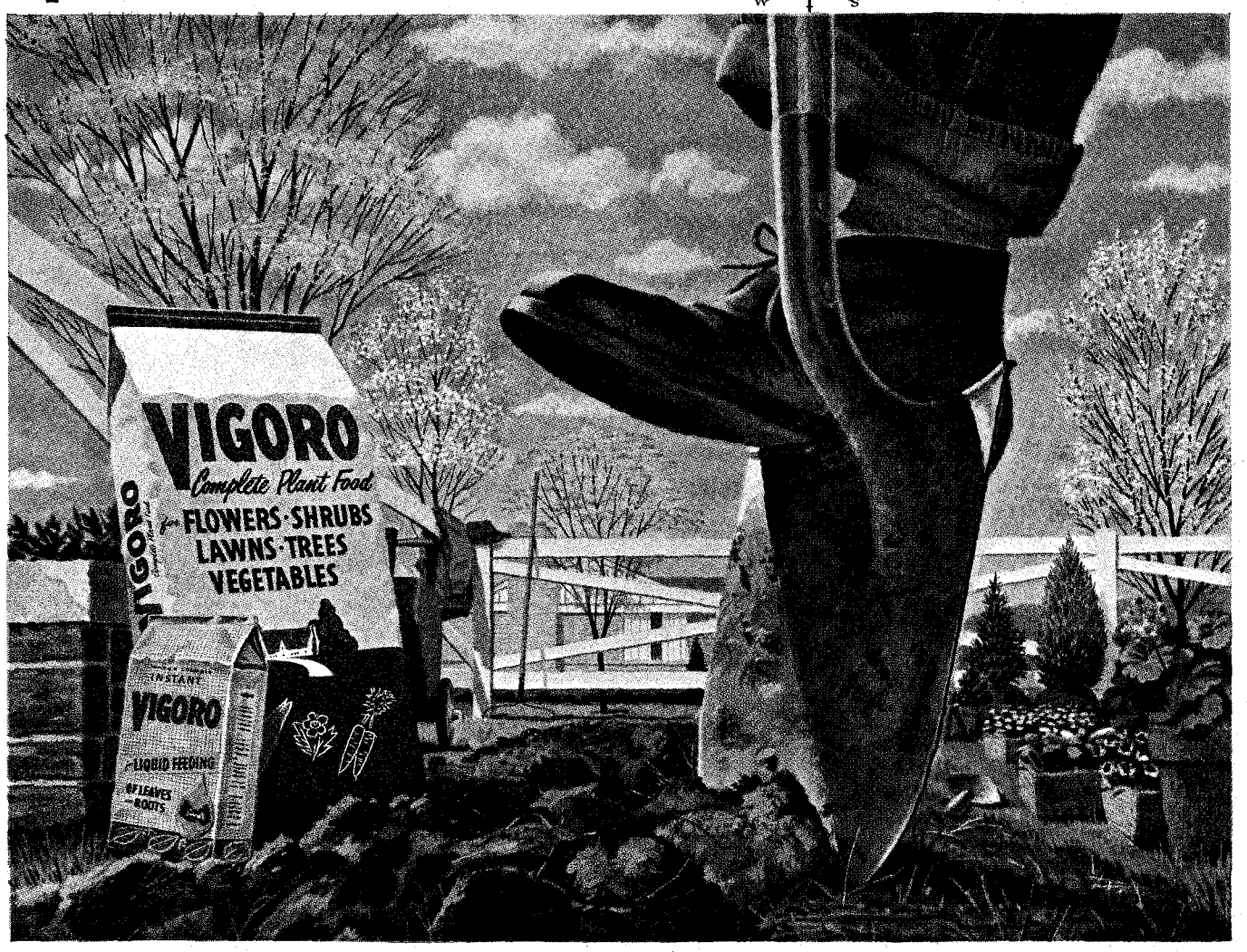

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How to Get Smart Before Breakfast

(Continued from Page 25)

York metropolitan area. When it was announced in the summer of 1957 that WCBS-TV, in co-operation with N.Y.U., intended to put on the air a straight college course for credit, five days a week, at the dubious hour of 6:30 A.M., the plan was almost unanimously ridiculed by the New York press. It was suggested that N.Y.U.'s proposed delivery of seventy-five dollars' worth of education over the air, with no opportunity for contact between teacher and students, was a fraud.

A sarcastic editorial read: "No deep bows for its deathless interest in culture will be taken, we trust, by WCBS-TV in donating the time from 6:30 to 7:00 A.M." A prominent TV critic dropped a column of acid on the absurd idea.

The issue of its merit was resolved within three hours of the time Sunrise Semester first went on the air, at 6:30 A.M. on September twenty-third. By midmorning WCBS-TV's telephone switchboard was clogged with congratulations. That day the caustic critic wrote that the program was "a refreshing and civilized hit." The sarcastic editorial writer later asked permission to summarize Doctor Zulli's lectures in print. Variety, the shrewd theatrical publication, described this serious educational program as "the first unquestioned hit show of the 1957 television season."

Bookstores called all morning to say they were sold out of the first book on the Comparative Literature 10 reading list, Stendhal's The Red and the Black, and to complain that for the first time in their experience the publisher could not fill orders for this normally slow-moving classic. Brentano's reported that even the French edition was selling fast. Before sundown that opening day The Red and the Black had literally disappeared from the New York market.

Libraries within range of the program experienced the same barrage. At the main branch of the New York Public Library, 105 copies of the Stendhal book on hand at nine A.M. were checked out before noon. Branch libraries reported the same quick exhaustion of supplies. Sixteen weeks later, at the main branch, all copies of this book were still in circulation. Demand for subsequent books on the reading list was equally heavy, and every library in the area gained many new members as a direct result of the course.

Later on, libraries in outlying sections were to write of scouring communities for privately owned copies, and of rationing all Sunrise Semester books. In November the Queens Borough Public Library wrote for the spring-semester reading list, saying, "We wish to use this list as a buying guide for all our fifty-two branches. Libraries as well as bookstores are inundated with requests."

The telecourse reading list had been sent to book dealers and New York City libraries well ahead of time. Most of them, skeptical of hour and subject, ordered no extra supplies. Barnes & Noble, largest seller of textbooks in Manhattan, did increase its stock, but even they sold out that first Monday. This store rushed in extra supplies of the rest of the books on the list, built prominent displays around Sunrise Semester books in the front of the store and in its Fifth Avenue window, and became the first firm in the history of WCBS-TV to buy advertising space adjacent to a 6:30 A.M. television program.

At the N.Y.U. Campus Stores, Jim Rosenberg, trade buyer, said they had been "caught flatfooted." They had based their plans on enrollment figures and had not counted on very many noncredit viewers wanting to read the books.

It was noncredit viewers, however, who were stampeding the booksellers. As the course progressed, every book on the telecourse gave current best-sellers a run for their money. Even Leary's famous old secondhand bookstore in Philadelphia, 100 miles away, felt the impact and was mystified.

Random House, publisher of the Modern Library edition of The Red and the Black rushed through a special printing. In the first nine days of Sunrise Semester, this company sold over 5000 copies of the book—more than it had sold in the past four years, and probably more than had been sold in Stendhal's lifetime.

At this point, almost two years after the idea had first been set in motion, Sam Cook Digges, general manager of WCBS-TV, permitted himself one exultant gesture. He bought 1000 copies of the newly printed edition of The Red and the Black, overcoated them with broad red bands reading "Collector's Item," and sent them to formerly skeptical friends in educational and television circles—"in case you tried to buy a copy of this book in any New York bookstore on September 23 and came away empty-handed."

There were good personal reasons for this gesture. Sam Digges is the man behind the idea. In almost four years as head of WCBS-TV he has acquired a deep respect for the role of public-service programs. His station devotes about seven hours a week to civic, educational, documentary and religious programs. The office walls of Clarence Worden, manager of the public-affairs department, are crowded with framed awards. It was Worden who named Sunrise Semester.

Outwardly a tall, handsome man in a gray-flannel suit, Digges was as concerned as any schoolman because the New York area lagged behind some parts of the nation in televised education. No formal education programs had ever been able to penetrate expensive commercial time. Moreover, New York educational circles themselves were not sufficiently in accord to push for time on TV. In Digges' words, advocates of educational TV were apt to "run scared," taking a generally critical attitude, but unwilling to act when there was an opportunity to help.

Digges conceived the combination of early-morning "fringe time," generally wasted, and experimental action by some university willing to risk its academic prestige, to test mass reception of straight education, unembellished by cartoons, dummies or commercials. He sought a university with some courage, and eventually he was to find the perfect collaborator in N.Y.U.

Since 1952, N.Y.U. has had an Office of Radio-Television, staffed with professionals whose job is to bring university talents and resources to the public, using mass media. Headed by Warren Kraetzer, husky young ex-Army captain and N.Y.U. graduate, the department had long co-operated with WCBS-TV on general educational programs. Digges submitted his idea to Kraetzer and Dean Baer, of N.Y.U.'s College of Arts and Science. Baer and Kraetzer drew deep breaths and accepted the challenge. There remained a long process of winning over those among both school and station executives and staff who had sincere reservations. But it was finally done.

The half hour from 6:30 to 7:00 A.M. was clear for WCBS-TV. What the station did not know was whether or not an audience could be obtained at that early hour. If the program flopped, WCBS-TV would have made an empty contribution to public service, and would take no joy in knowing that it had tossed away even a fringe piece of time. The university not only risked its prestige with the early hour but, once it was committed to credit-seeking students, the course would have to continue for sixteen weeks even if only a single student enrolled.

WCBS-TV made no demands of the university beyond the stipulation that the program be an academically legitimate course for credit. Kraetzer and his staff, working with Dean Baer, considered philosophy, anthropology, archaeology, history and the various social sciences. But from the beginning Comparative Literature was favored and, because of its general appeal, was the final choice. It was well over a year before the innumerable details were worked out and the necessary approvals, all the way up to that of the New York State Board of Regents, were secured.

Specifications for the professor had been arrived at with clinical objectivity before individual persons were considered. Dr. Floyd Zulli, Jr., was near the top of the list of faculty members who met all specifications. He had a rich knowledge of language and literature, a special interest in the novel, and some television experience. He also had youth, stamina and a mid-Manhattan address—all important considerations, since he must arrive at the studio at 5:45 A.M. and adapt himself to a sixty-hour work week.

He was called to the dean's office first because others under consideration had heavier administrative duties. When Dean Baer outlined the idea, Zulli's first comment was, "What if it flops?" His enthusiasm, however, overshadowed this fleeting reservation, and when Dean Baer asked, "May I tell Mr. Digges you'll do it?" his answer was a prompt "Go ahead." It was undoubtedly the only lightning decision made at N.Y.U. in connection with the project. For the fate of the telecourse it also seems to have been one of the happiest.

Doctor Zulli has been one of the most popular teachers at the university's relatively small, limited-enrollment, uptown branch in the Bronx. In spite of his reputation as a tough marker, there were always waiting lists for his classes in the Romance languages and their literature. Now, almost overnight, he became a local celebrity. After the stampede to buy Sunrise Semester books, the press hailed him as a "trail blazer" and "the man who has only to mention a book and within twenty-four hours the bookstores are sold out." He was interviewed, photographed and cartooned, and Sunrise Semester was considered newsworthy by papers as far away as Paris and Australia.

Zulli is a good teacher. A slightly built, scholarly-looking young man, his manner is direct and dignified, his accent cultivated, his delivery measured and smooth, his voice dramatically persuasive. He misses the presence of students and the chance to follow byways that open up, but the viewer would not know it. He dominates the camera, dropping intellectual titbits, spiking his lectures with hints of further literary adventures, occasionally asking provocative questions and slipping in bits of wry humor.

Viewers speak of "attending" his classes, not watching. His almost hypnotic ability to project himself and his subject led one woman to write: "I feel I should be pouring your coffee too." Students have made the surprising observation that rapport between teacher and pupil can be closer on TV than in a classroom. Inability to ask questions, they say, is more than compensated for by not being distracted by the questions of others.

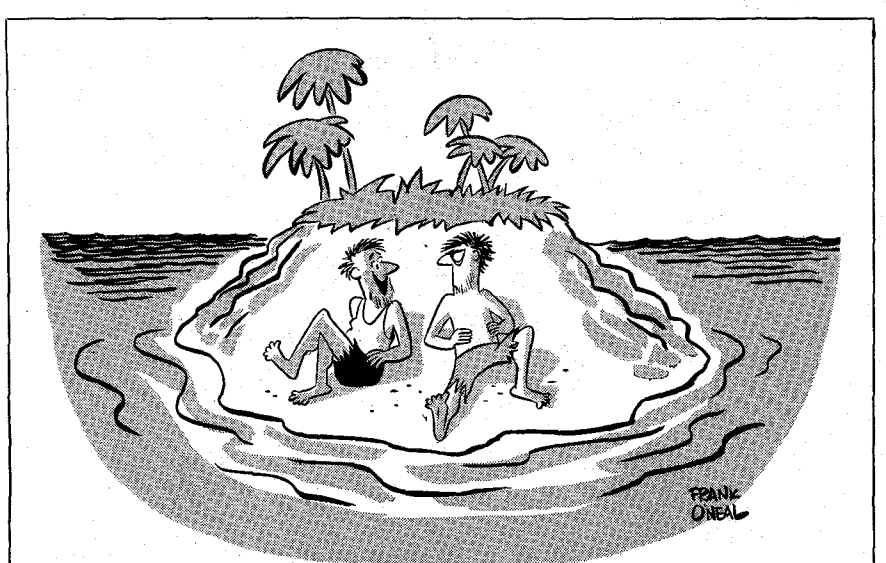
Sunrise Semester requires only a small studio space. Props are simple—a couple of rear-projection screens for background illustrations pertinent to the book under discussion, bookshelves, a desk, drum table and lectern. It is a low-budget show—about $3000 a week. Doctor Zulli arrives about 5:45 A.M. and starts joking in Italian with the stagehands, who call him "Profess" and are obviously fond of him. Unconcerned with the preparatory hubbub, Doctor Zulli sits at the desk, concentrating on his notes. When the light engineer calls, he moves quickly forward, paper coffee cup in one hand, notes in the other.

"What's the routine today?" asks the director.

"Desk to drum to lectern," Zulli replies; then stands patiently in each spot for camera and light adjustments, reading all the while, but responding affably to necessary interruptions.

When the program goes on the air, Doctor Zulli discards his notes and uses no cue cards. In the control room every now and then a chuckle at one of the professor's sallies ripples through the booth. The WCBS-TV director assigned to the program regards this unusual attention of busy technicians a real tribute.

According to the station people, Zulli and Sunrise Semester have brought them more mail than any other WCBS-TV show has ever drawn. "We've seen a lot of letters in our time," they say, "but



"Care for a swim?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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never any from people who were so grateful."

The letter writers express themselves extravagantly about what the course means to them. They write of their hunger for learning and of a revived interest in literature. They worry that this intellectual bonanza may not last: "Please follow this with another series." They say over and over again that they don't mind the early hour: "Never thought I would enjoy rising at 6:30, but Sunrise Semester is too marvelous to miss." Distress at the prospect of missing a single lecture leads them to ask for transcripts and to suggest recordings. They tell of hurrying home from trips, delaying departures, and of having tape recordings made while they are away.

One teacher wrote: "The much-talked-of integration between secondary schools and colleges is being accomplished through your stimulating lectures." Another teacher, in a Greenwich, Connecticut, high school, to the delight of WCBS-TV, put this comment into action by "bootlegging" Sunrise Semester. For eighteen seniors, selected for high scholastic standing, who watched the program, read the books and passed an exam, she obtained local authority for two hours' credit toward high-school diplomas.

It was logical, after such response, that WCBS-TV and N.Y.U. should confidently plan a second semester. This they did within one week after the launching of the first course, although normally such a decision takes about six weeks. Labeled Comparative Literature 20, the second semester commenced January 27, 1958, and carries forward the development of the novel from the realism of Dreiser's Sister Carrie to the existentialism of Sartre's Nausea. Doctor Zulli continues as instructor.

Although by now thoroughly convinced that 6:30 A.M. is a perfect educational hour on television, since it is a time most free of outside distractions and there is no competition for the TV set, WCBS-TV decided to check its convictions. A change in programming opened the half hour from 7:00 to 7:30 A.M. and Sunrise Semester was shifted to this spot for the second term purely as an exploratory move. A survey at the end of February indicated the program had lost some viewers among early commuters in the suburbs, but picked up others nearer the city. Its rating at that time was only two tenths of a rating point behind that of Dave Garroway's "Today"— 1.7 as against 1.9—which is on during the same time.

The second course again offers three full scholastic credits to those who enroll for this purpose, but it has been disclosed that many viewers do not need or want college credits. They do, however, want to know how well they have absorbed the proffered learning. For these students N.Y.U. offered a certificate of completion for thirty-five dollars and a home examination.

The final examination on Comparative Literature 10 was given at downtown N.Y.U. headquarters on the morning of January 18, 1958. A hundred and forty-two students showed up for it. Most of the thirty-five absentees had legitimate excuses and were allowed to take the exam later.

This gathering had unusual facets. School was ending, but students had never met one another, they knew the teacher only as a television image, and the teacher had never met the students. According to Doctor Zulli, he had never had a more enthusiastic or conscientious class than this one.

At an afternoon reception in the spacious Green Room of N.Y.U.'s East Building, Doctor Zulli, Sam Cook Digges, Dean Baer and other university officials lined up and shook hands with long files of students who varied in almost every way but enthusiasm for Sunrise Semester. Then, for a couple of hours, students mingled like old friends at a faculty tea, trading confidences about why they took the course, difficulties in getting up so early, how much younger they thought the professor looked in person, the stimulating quality of his lectures, and how tough or easy they found the exam.

Touched by the success of this educational experiment and by the enthusiasm of the students, Dean Baer's eyes were moist. It was for him a happy occasion, but all too fleeting a memory. He died quietly in his sleep two days after the reception.

The ages of the examinees ranged from seventeen to seventy-five, the youngest a ballet student who hopes to go to college later, and the oldest a retired comptroller of the U. S. Steel Corporation, who took the exam to keep up his interest.

Women outnumber men about 6 to 1, and the largest single age group was from forty-one to fifty-nine. Many older students were those whose education was interrupted or prevented by the 1929 depression; others were young women who had left college to get married. There were teachers, to whom extra credits meant increased salaries, and a cross section of professions and occupations—salesgirl, bookkeeper, professional model, nurse, Air Force lieutenant, cook, doctor, advertising executive, an invalid in a wheel chair attended by her husband, and seventeen college students who had to get special permission to take this extra work. Three weeks later Doctor Zulli announced that 90 per cent had passed, and of these 85 per cent got average or better grades. Ten per cent failure is about normal for his undergraduate classes, he said.

After the second semester and another final examination are over, Doctor Zulli and his wife will flee from the alarm clock by driving through Europe at a leisurely pace. Next autumn he will go back to his regular classroom, and another professor will present another subject on N.Y.U.'s telecourse. Zulli has, nevertheless, been marked by Sunrise Semester. Publishers have approached him about writing a book, and WCBS-TV has planned a Sunday-afternoon program for him, called Have You Read?

In the nation as a whole, college telecourses for credit are not new. Some of the twenty-eight educational stations coordinated into a steadily growing network by the Educational Television Center at Ann Arbor, Michigan, are using television with great success in teacher training and adult education. Commercial stations, too, in more than a dozen cities throughout the United States for some years have been collaborating with universities in presenting college courses for credit.

The unique achievement of Sunrise Semester was getting on the air at all in the New York metropolitan area, where competition of talent and money for air time is so intense that the Federal Communications Commission could reserve channels for education only in the ultra-high-frequency band (UHF), which requires special receiving apparatus.

New York City's Metropolitan Educational Television Association, supported by school, library and civic groups, although prepared to produce educational programs, has no broadcasting facilities of its own and must depend entirely on existing commercial channels if and when they can be cleared. META director, Dr. Alan Brown, who once taught Comparative Literature at Columbia University, was among the first of many educators to congratulate Doctor Zulli.

The dim outlook for televised education in metropolitan New York was further aggravated by the mass of conflicting attitudes in educational circles toward television itself. It was not a climate conducive to experimental efforts. That is what Sam Cook Digges had in mind when he said to the Metropolitan College Public Relations Council last December, "The single most courageous act I have seen in this area was N.Y.U.'s agreeing to telecast Sunrise Semester at 6:30 to 7:00 in the morning. N.Y.U. officials did this knowing they would be subject to criticism. When criticism came, they took it like champions. You see, they never claimed the project was the end-all answer to educational television. They didn't even claim it might not be a mistake. But, God bless 'em, they did say that Sunrise Semester should be telecast as an experiment. If it worked, fine! If it didn't, at least we would learn something."

Besides proving that in the New York area there is a large audience eager for serious education, Sunrise Semester demonstrated quite conclusively that early-morning hours are really prime time for this kind of program. It is not unlikely that big television stations and universities that have not yet entered the field will take a long and thoughtful look at the findings of WCBS-TV. New educational ventures, apparently traceable to the example of Sunrise Semester, began to be announced in February in the New York metropolitan area.

Interest shown by farther-away commercial television stations would seem to indicate that Sunrise Semester is much more than a local success story. The program has been kinescoped from the beginning, and WCBS-TV has had more requests for this film than it can fill. As many orders as possible, however, will be taken care of on a syndicated basis. Without the college-credit feature, this film may be used by any station as a straight public-service series, or may be sold to a sponsor.

Sunrise Semester is on WCBS-TV to stay, and Sam Cook Digges contemplates eventual expansion to two courses instead of one. A deluge of letters from its audience has asked for specific subjects, from history and politics to art appreciation and history of music. Mr. Digges says, "Certainly the great pool of talent and wealth of material in our universities can never be used up. We can continue as long as people have the desire to learn."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

CASE HISTORIES FROM A
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A New Adventure of C. S. Forester's Famous Sea Lord

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I Call on Kathryn Grant Crosby

(Continued from Page 29)

for me to talk with anyone for any length of time without saying something. I hate to expose myself, but a clever reporter can worm a story out of me. I've been lucky in the publicity women who have been assigned to me, Dorothy Blair and Muriel Roberts. Muriel has also done a lot for Kim Novak. But whereas it's hard to get Kim to open up, it's awfully hard to get me to shut up."

It wasn't going to be easy to walk a chalk line between what Bing and his bride felt was their business and the natural desire of millions of people who are sincerely fond of Bing to find out what his new wife is like. I wasn't even sure what she wanted to be called. When I mentioned this to her, she said, "As Bing's wife, I'm Mrs. Bing Crosby or Kathryn Crosby, but as an actress I'm Kathryn Grant. Bing belongs to the public. He always has, and that's good. As Kathryn Grant, I've belonged to the public for five years now and I'm very happy about it, but together, we belong to each other and to no one else."

I asked her whether she preferred to be called Kathy or Kathryn.

"I like to be called Kathryn," she told me. "My name is Kathryn and I'm not one of those girls who dislike their name. My mother's name is Olive Kathryn. I'm Olive Kathryn too, although I dropped the Olive because mother calls me Kathryn and I've always been Kathryn to the folks at home. My husband calls me Kathryn, and people who know me well call me Kathryn. So I prefer it that way. I'm not much for diminutives, even if I am small. What's more, there's already a Cathy Crosby in the clan I've joined. That's another reason for me preserving my own Kathryn."

We swung to the right from a dirt road between huge gates apparently constructed of sawed-off telephone poles and new lumber, and stopped on the concrete apron which separated garage and house. Then we went inside through the kitchen and sat down to talk in a living room that looked out upon a swimming pool. Beyond that was a vast expanse of desert valley. Someone seemed to have poured a bottle of vivid green ink into the swimming pool.

I said I thought her kitchen must be fun to work in. "As far as my cooking ability is concerned," she said, "I'm afraid you'll have to guess until dinnertime." Then she thought of something and laughed. "You'll have to wait longer than that. We're going to take you out to dinner tonight."

I told her, "When I got in your car I saw a cookbook lying on the seat. I figured you'd been studying it."

"I have been," she told me. "I'm trying, but I still have some things to learn. However, we did have a pretty good meal last night—although I'd never tried poached fillet of sole before."

"Did Bing think you did it O.K.?" I asked.

"I drew a few cheers," she told me.

"You're from Texas," I said. "I've always understood that Texans can eat steak three times a day."

"That's mostly legend," she said. "But I must admit I do like a breakfast steak, particularly when I'm on tour. I hope your readers don't mind, but at home we used to have fried squirrel for breakfast when I was little. Dad has a hunter's instinct. His family came from Louisiana, where they hunted and killed their meat or they didn't have any. He still has some of that feeling left from his boyhood. He doesn't think he's really brought home enough food for his family until he's filled his freezer with buck or elk."

"Who does the grocery shopping when you're home in Holmby Hills?" I asked.

"There's a wonderful woman there named Georgia," she said. "She takes care of the big house. I'm really the star boarder who wanders in and out. Georgia was Bing's sons' governess when they were small, and she has been taking care of the home ever since."

"I'd like to start by describing that costume you're wearing," I said. "Or should I call it an outfit?"

"If you're going to be very special, you call it the ensemble," she told me. "Well, I'm wearing black denim riding pants and a shirt that's half suede vest and the rest black sweater sleeves. I bought it in Tucson when I was on location there making my last picture, Gunman's Walk."

"Some of the TV critics complained that you blew a couple of lines when you telecast the fashion show at your husband's Pebble Beach golf tournament last January," I said. "I only caught five minutes of it and you didn't blow anything while I was watching. What happened?"

"I can't remember numbers," she said, "so I was hazy on the difference between the sixteenth tee and the seventeenth green. Bing was appalled because he knows exactly how many yards there are and how many traps."

"He probably knows every blade of grass, too," I said.

"Not only every blade of grass and every score he's shot there for the last ten years, but every score you've shot there too," she said. "After you've played with him, he can tell you exactly how you hit each ball. But to get back to my error at Pebble Beach: I said the eighteenth green when I meant the seventeenth tee."

"Who corrected you?" I asked.

"My husband," she said. "He jumped into the breach and I was replaced as a commentator immediately."

I indicated the tricky arrangement of her hair. "I like it," I said. "What do you call it?"

"Louella Parsons was gracious enough to call it a spray bang," she said. "Actually it's a cowlick. It's always grown across my forehead that way, so I've finally given in to it. I guess you might call it making an advantage of a handicap. I can almost guarantee that nobody else has a spit curl right there where I have mine."

"I notice you don't smoke," I said. "Don't you drink either?"

"I never have," she said. "Ordinarily we didn't serve drinks at my parents' home, although we weren't stiff-necked about the wishes of others. We had eggnog every Christmas and there was always enough liquor on hand to make a hot toddy if someone had a bad cold."

"Was it a matter of religion?" I asked. "My mother was a Methodist and an all-out prohibitionist."

"It wasn't that," she said. "I was reared a Baptist, and since my Aunt Frances was a Methodist, I went to the Methodist Church while I lived with her, but that didn't give me any deep inner conviction about the sinfulness of drinking. I just didn't like the taste of liquor, although I've learned to like very light wines with dinner. The trouble is they make me sleepy, so it's better if I don't drink them when I'm on a party where I'm supposed to be gay."

"Why no smoking?" I persisted.

"Smoking is an extra expense," she told me, "and I've always had things to

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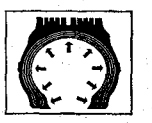

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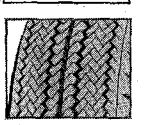

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do with my money other than spend it on cigarettes. I've had to smoke in a couple of pictures and the way I did it was hysterical. I ruined a lot of film before it was over. In Operation Mad Ball I actually never touched a cigarette to my mouth because anybody could have seen I didn't know what to do with it once I got it there."

Thinking of picturemaking, I said I'd like to talk about the word ambition as applied to a girl. "It seems to be all right for a man to have ambition, but for some reason it's a word of reproach when used in connection with a woman."

"I don't know why that should be, but it is," she agreed. "Even to me, it summons up an unpleasant picture of long female claws grasping at something. The word seems to contradict the femininity and softness a woman should have. A couple of years ago I was upset when the fact that I was ambitious was about the only thing anybody knew about me."

"They must have known that you were also twenty-one," I remarked.

"Twenty-one and ambitious; I take it that those two coupled together are pretty bad," she said.

I said, "I suppose I'd better get to when and where you were born."

"I was born in Houston, Texas," she said, "on November 25, 1933."

"I'm glad you're not old enough to conceal your age," I said.

"If I were going to change my age," she said, "I'd mooch it forward a few years. I've got a round face and big eyes and I'm afraid I'll always look about five years younger than I really am."

"Is that bad?" I asked.

"Could be. You sometimes get confused when you look like an ingénue and think like a leading lady," she told me. "I won my first bathing-beauty contest when I was three and was visiting my Aunt Frances in Robstown, Texas. I'd say that was pretty good for such a ripe old age. I remember vaguely walking across a platform high up in the air and Auntie running along beside it, saying, 'Be cayah-ful!' in her Texas accent, because she thought I might fall off."

"What standards did the judges use?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm sure I won because I was fattest. I had bouncy, corkscrew curls. I was wearing a little yellow wool bathing suit. I was not only fat, I was sassy. When I was still only three, I had a play written for me back in my home town, West Columbia. The play was a pageant called The Toymaker's Dream, and I was supposed to be a counterpart of Shirley Temple. My life seems to have followed that pattern ever since—beauty contests and being in plays.

"I must have been born with built-in wanderlust," she went on, "for I ran away from home to my grandmother's when I was five. I had to walk two and a half miles along a highway to get there. I remember it well because it was the only time my daddy ever spanked me. Mother spanked me almost every day and I deserved it. Then I'd take a nap and wake up feeling happy and do it all over again. But this day I was bored, and my grandmother always had wonderful cookies and corn bread and buttermilk.

"I walked all the way, dodging automobiles, and when I arrived, grandmother arranged with some friends to bring me home, where mother was waiting for me. I'd never seen her so white before. Daddy sat me down very carefully and said, 'Kathryn, you did a dangerous thing. We want you to see your grandmother, but you could have been hurt. We know you won't do it again, but I must make you remember it. We couldn't bear it if you were hurt or lost.' Then he let me have it. When I think about it I feel sorry for him, having to impress the folly of what I'd done upon me so firmly. He's so sweet and softhearted I don't see how he stood it."

I had a fistful of notes in my hand, labeled, "Things to ask Kathryn Grant." I referred to them now. "'Attended West Columbia grammar and junior high; then Robstown High,'" I read. "'Beauty-contest winner who made good in Hollywood. Three-week visit to Mexico City . . . fifteen orchids.' Can you tell me what I mean by all that?" I asked her.

"In Texas they seem to hold at least one beauty contest a week," she said. "If you reach nineteen and you haven't won three or four, you're slipping or you're not interested. At fifteen I won the Miss Buccaneer Navy contest. It was held at Corpus Christi naval base, seventeen miles from my home town. The contestants were dressed as pirates and I won. Fifty girls were entered. One girl was simply gorgeous. She had a parrot on her shoulder and she wore long hoop earrings. I don't know how I ever came out on top, because I'd skinned my knee playing tennis and my wound was in full view. Auntie Frances made my costume for me. I wore jaggedy blue satin shorts, a white silk blouse, a band around my hair, and some boots which came halfway up my calf."

"Pirates' boots?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Except, since they were homemade I'd put them on over my real shoes. They kept falling down. I was pulling at those boots all the way to the winner's circle."

"You must have had more than a skinned knee and boots that kept falling down to win over fifty other girls," I said. "Why do you really think you won?"

"I honestly think I won because I was having such a good time. I couldn't have cared less," she said. "As a result, I wasn't worried or tense. I liked all the people. I thought the midshipmen or lieutenants who were doing the judging were terribly handsome. I've never forgotten dancing that night, with those attractive men in their stiff white uniforms.

"We'd had wonderful dances in Robstown, too," she said, "but my senior year I missed the Junior-Senior Prom altogether because there was an election and I had to go home and campaign for my daddy. I'd done that every two years for as long as I could remember."

"How did you help him?" I asked. "Did you make speeches or sing or dance?"

"Daddy had little cards about two inches by three inches printed," she told me. "On them was 'D. E. Grandstaff, Candidate for County Commissioner or County Treasurer or Public School Superintendent'—whatever he was running for. I handed those cards out to people. As I gave them out I said, 'Vote for my daddy.'"

"How big was West Columbia?" I asked.

"About twenty-one hundred souls," she said.

"I've heard you also became Miss Fat Stock Show," I said.

"I did that when I was a high-school senior," she said.

I studied her thoughtfully. "What about the fifteen orchids?" I asked. "You couldn't have been big enough to pin them all on. You couldn't do it now."

"I was given those when I became Miss Buccaneer," she said. "And I didn't pin them on. They formed a crown. That crown is still back home now, petrified among my memorabilia. My official title that other time was Rodeo Queen of the Houston Fat Stock Show and Exposition of 1950. It was a high-sounding title until my friends shortened it to Miss Fat Stock. That was not so lovely. Winning that title wasn't easy. It was a real riding contest, complete with judges qualified to pass on riding skill."

"You mean you had to do more than just look pretty?" I said.

"Definitely," she said. "I borrowed a riding outfit and a working cow pony named Topsy. Topsy was a quarter horse that had been in many rodeos. Before the exposition my Uncle Leon rode with me every day for a month, teaching me to ride. It was a pretty short instruction period to be in a contest so exacting.

"When we got to Houston, most of the girls were riding palomino stallions. They were handsome, but hard to handle. Dale Evans—Roy Rogers' wife—was one of the judges, and Roy's agent, Art Rush, was also a judge. Roy was the star of the show. He sang a song for the crowd and during his song he fired off his gun once in a while. Every time he fired, Topsy thought it was a signal to go after a calf, and I was sure I'd be killed before I even got into the ring. But once Topsy had the spotlight on him, he fortunately understood voice commands because, when the judges called, 'Canter,' 'Turn,' and 'Walk,' he did what the judges told him to do. I couldn't have told him because I was waving at the audience and having a wonderful time when I wasn't being busy staying on. I had nothing to do with Topsy's good performance.

"I was wearing a big white hat and I had long black hair hanging halfway down my back. It took two nights to run off the semifinals and the finals, and at the end of the second night I was one of the two remaining contestants called forward. The other girl took off her hat and everyone applauded. Then she put her hat back on and everyone stopped applauding. Subconsciously they took it as a signal to relax and I don't think she realized that the judges were using the duration of the applause as a yardstick in helping them decide the winner. When I took my hat off I left it off. So I guess my white hat and my long hair helped me win too. Everybody was shocked when I got down from Topsy. I was so short I dropped the last three or four feet to the ground."

"How tall are you?" I asked.

"Five, four," she said.

"You look even smaller," I said. "But your right arm looks capable."

"That's my tennis arm," she said. "That arm will play a wicked game of golf someday. A year from now I'd like to be a good putter and use the seven iron competently. The second year I'll take up drivers. You can't hurry the game. I doubt if I'll even be on the course in a year. I'll still be practicing."

"You must have been a good golfer in high school," I said. "You played one round in eighty-five."

"We have a wonderful country club in Robstown," she told me. "It's a little sandy, but afternoons after school I played golf there. They held a tournament for the high-school kids. I won."

"Eighty-five is pretty hot," I said.

"My eighty-five was for nine holes," she said, "and there was exactly one other person in the tournament. I won a beautiful trophy that looked like gold, it had a statue of a woman golfer on it."

"Did you have your score engraved on it?" I asked.

"I just had the word 'Champion' engraved on it," she said. "Not long after that I was in another beauty contest in which I was spectacularly unsuccessful." I was a finalist for Freshman Beauty at the University of Texas. I didn't win. A lovely girl named Ellie Lucket did. I also lost out in the Sweetheart of the University of Texas contest, which is the biggest honor I could have won. Ellie won Sweetheart too. But during the summer, after my freshman year, I was in Houston and was persuaded to enter a contest to select the Queen of the Houston Buffs. That was our baseball team."

"Does Buffs stand for Buffaloes?" I asked.

"Naturally," she told me; "when I was chosen Queen of the Houston Buffs, I traveled around the league with Mrs. Bragan. Bobby Bragan managed the Fort Worth Cats. There were eight teams in the league and there were eight girls. We went to Beaumont, Shreveport, Houston, San Antonio, Fort Worth, Dallas, Oklahoma City and Tulsa. There was a girl from each city. We had contests in each city, and the judges tallied the votes. At Tulsa, which was the last stop, the girl with the largest number of votes was crowned Queen of the Texas League. That was *moi*."

I asked, "Did you win any more contests before (*Continued on Page 104*)

Kathryn Grant, now Mrs. Bing Crosby, in a 1955 film, "Cell 2455, Death Row." She claims there is no conflict between an acting career and being a good wife.

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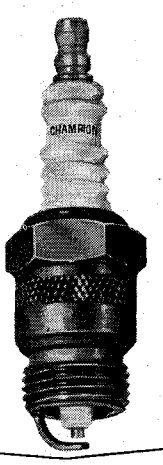

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(*Continued from Page 102*) you decided to go to Hollywood?"

"The next one was after my sophomore year at college," she said. "I was chosen Queen of the Texas Lions. I represented the Lions Club at the international convention in Mexico City. Mother and daddy went with me on that trip, and I got back in time to learn that the Chamber of Commerce of West Columbia had entered me in the Miss Texas contest. I finished second in that one."

"What happened to the girl who finished first?" I asked. "Where is she now?"

"She had fulfilled her ambition," Kathryn Crosby told me. "When we were asked what we wanted to be, I said I'd like to be a really fine actress. Connie said, 'I want to be married and have babies.' That's what she did."

"You're doing fine, too," I said.

"Thank you," she said politely.

(I didn't realize that I was being practically psychic in saying, "You're doing fine too." She hadn't announced that she and Bing were expecting a baby in mid-August, and because of my agreement not to pry, I didn't ask her. But when I had finished this story, she suggested, "Maybe we'd better do another one of these interviews in September when she is here; with SHE in capital letters. For it's got to be a girl, maybe twin girls.")

"I've heard Roy Rogers' agent, Art Rush, took an interest in your career," I said.

"To me, that's a touching part of my story," she told me, "because it involves the only member of my family who was closely concerned with my becoming a movie actress—my Uncle Leon. He's not with us any more, but he was with me then when Mr. Rush asked, 'Would you be interested in going in the movies?' I was tongue-tied, but Uncle Leon said, 'Of course she would.' So in a way he sealed my fate and it has pleased me very much that I've been able to carry out his wishes. Before I tried Hollywood I went back to the University of Texas, but a couple of years later I called Mr. Rush and asked him to make reservations for me in a Hollywood hotel. He did. He was also instrumental in Paramount's signing me to my first contract."

I said, "I've been told you had a childhood dream of lying injured beside a road and Hopalong Cassidy picking you up and taking you to California. Was that just a figment of somebody's imagination?"

"It was actually true," she said. "Only it was a waking dream. I had it just before I went to sleep at night. I didn't think I had been in an auto accident because that would have been too horrible to visualize, but I believed I had a broken arm and I was lying beside a road. However, it wasn't Hopalong; it was Lucky, Hopalong's handsome pal who rescued me. Tim Holt played Lucky and he'd come along on his horse and pick me up and place me on his silver pommel and he'd take me on into Hollywood—in my dream Hollywood looked exactly like a western street in a movie—and he'd say, 'This is your new home.' That was as far as I got. After that my dream grew dim."

She paused a moment, then went on: "When I went to the University of Texas after high school, I was pretty busy."

"How do you mean, busy?" I asked.

"I became a drama major, and suddenly my afternoons were gone and my evenings too. Afternoons I worked with a crew from two to five-thirty. Being on a crew meant building flats, painting sets, mopping floors, working on lights or sound. Evenings we rehearsed from seven-thirty to ten-thirty."

"That couldn't have left you much time for dating," I said.

"In my freshman year I had lots of dates between ten-thirty and eleven P.M. weekdays," she said, "until I had to decide to concentrate on my work. Of course I had other dates—coke dates. I once had five coke dates in one day."

I must have looked my question, for she said, "A coke date is getting to know someone. You meet a boy and have a coke talk and decide whether you want to have a real date with him or not."

"What's the next kind of date?" I asked.

"If you like him you have a dinner date," she said. "After your coke date he'll ask, 'Would you like to go dining and dancing?' I never had time to go dining and dancing, so I just had lots of coke dates instead."

"What was that ten-thirty to eleven P.M. date called?" I asked.

"That was a 'let me take you home after rehearsal' date," she told me. "I let them take me home because it was lonely walking across the campus. I didn't go out after that because at Texas there was an eleven-o'clock week-night dorm deadline. The weekend deadline was twelve-forty-five."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Scorned

Many a parent's suggestion
Is considered so
reprehensible,
So incontrovertibly silly
Merely because it's so
sensible!

May Richstone

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

I brought our talk back to her Hollywood career. "I left Paramount and was signed six months later by Columbia," she told me.

"How did you happen to pick Columbia?" I asked.

She corrected me. "Columbia picked me, I didn't pick Columbia. I met a man named Mel Shauer. He's very nice and very honest. He took a picture of me to Columbia Pictures and showed it to another man there, Max Arnow, who was talent head, and Max told him to bring me in. Max tested me and they signed me."

"It was during that time that you wrote a movie column for a string of twenty Texas newspapers," I said.

"I wrote for Glen McCarthy and Glen Heath," she said. "Glen Heath now edits the Brazos Post Citizen. Glen McCarthy had a group of newspapers called the Citizen newspapers. Bill Sitton was Glen Heath's advertising manager. I got to know them during the Miss Texas contest and when I came to Hollywood I wrote them a long letter, telling them of my experiences from the day I arrived until five days later, when I signed a movie contract. They called me long distance and asked, 'Why don't you write a column a week for us?' So I did. I got five dollars a column. In my columns I talked about things I did and people I met. I didn't have many experiences, but the things that were new to me were also new to the people in West Columbia and Houston. I described a sound stage and the Paramount lot, and the beach at Malibu as I saw it. And I wrote about meeting people like Miss Arlene Dahl and Mr. Bing Crosby. But I wasn't a very good reporter. I was better at descriptive stuff than narrative."

"Was Bing an easy interview?" I asked. "He's always seemed one to me."

"The easiest," she said. "The least complex. But after I moved to Columbia life itself became more complex. For one thing, the studio encouraged me to go on junkets for the U.S.O., and being in Korea with the U.S.O. was a strange experience for a girl who was little over eighteen. Our first stop was the evac hospital in Seoul, where the wounded were flown in, in choppers, before they were moved to Japan."

"Is chopper another word for whirlybird or helicopter?" I asked.

She nodded; then told me, "At the evac hospital there were four very serious amputation cases. There had been a battle in the trenches the night before, and we walked in just after surgery and before they'd had a chance to get the boys into proper order. At eighteen, when you hold a boy's one hand because he hasn't got another, it's hard to know what to say to him, so you say something like this: 'I'm Kathryn Grant. How're you?' It doesn't sound like much, but strangely enough, it helps.

"I'll never forget one boy I met there. He'd lost his left arm. They'd just brought him back from surgery and he was in shock, but I didn't know about shock. When I walked up to him and said, 'Hello,' he turned his head away from me. I said, 'Would you like me to stay and talk with you? I came to visit you, but if you want me to, I'll leave.' Then he turned toward me, took my hand and held it so tightly I thought he was going to break it. I stood there and I talked to him for ten minutes and when I left he smiled. I've never been so proud of anything in my life."

"That," I said, "was a real triumph.

"In 1955 you were crowned Princeton Tigress," I said. "The competition must have been rugged to be selected Old Nassau's No. 1 tigress over all the other sleek felines who check in there for a weekend party."

"The Princeton is a U.S. naval aircraft carrier," she said. "That honor was paid me as part of one of the first publicity junkets I did for Columbia. The officers and crew of the Princeton asked me to be their Miss Figurehead or their Princess or something.

"The summer of 1955, when I went back to the University of Texas to finish my college course was a mighty busy time," she continued, "because I had decided to take instructions in the Catholic faith. Father Robert J. Murphy, who is an Irishman, gave them to me. He's twinkly-eyed and he has silver hair and pink cheeks." She studied me. "He has much your coloring," she said.

"A nice experience went with that," she added. "I went to school with my mother. She's a teacher, and she was taking a course in drama education and one other course. We shared a room at my sorority house, Chi Omega. Mornings we walked to school together. I finished my last exam one day and was baptized that very evening. My daddy's not a Catholic, and besides, he's a Scottish-rite Mason, but he came to see me baptized. I think you'll love this story. I know my husband likes it. After it was over and we walked outside, I asked daddy, 'Well, what did you think?' I had been a Baptist, I'd been a Methodist. I'd been a Rainbow girl—a Rainbow girl is a little Eastern Star—and now I was a Catholic. 'I can only say this,' daddy replied; 'if there's any way to get there, honey, you'll make it.'

"To daddy, I'm still the seven-year-old he allowed to go fishing with him," she told me. "For that I had to get up at four-thirty in the morning. He also let me go hunting with him in Colorado. As far as daddy's concerned, I did the most important thing that I ever did when I killed my first buck. He expected me to, so I did it. I had to."

"How far away was it?" I asked.

"About one hundred and fifty yards away and downhill," she said. "That meant more to daddy than my graduation from college and getting a Hollywood contract.

"Would you like to see the rest of the house?" she asked me. I said "Yes," and she led the way. To the right, off the living room, was a passageway. On one side of it, attached to the wall, was a brass latticework hatrack equipped with brass pegs. On the pegs hung a part of her husband's collection of headgear. Among the hats there were two Panamas, one a conventional type, small of brim and tight of weave. Next to it hung a broad-brimmed, Southern-planter type. I'm a hat buff myself, so I lifted that one to see who had made it. It was labeled a Buccaneer. It had been made in Ecuador and it was stamped "Genuine Panama." Next to it was a Tyrolean made of straw.

Just beyond the hatrack was an office-dressing room. Beyond that was the bath. The tub wasn't really a tub. It was a small, oblong, sunken pool made of small tiles. One step led down into it. Marching along one side of the sunken bath was what looked like a line of small animals made of soap. "Bing gave those to me because he says once I get in here I never come out," she told me. I could understand that. If it had belonged to me, I would have moved in a waterproof, portable bookholder and would have done my reading there.

Further along the passageway was a room dominated by a huge, hand-carved bed of dark wood. The bed was flanked by a *prie-dieu* of the same wood vintage and carving. "We got them from the Hearst estate," she told me. "They have warehouses full of beautiful things at San Simeon."

Then she showed me the guest room. She had chosen its draperies and cushion fabrics. It was as fresh and new and as tastefully designed as the young mistress of the house herself.

Back in the living room, we sat down and resumed our talk. "I've had such fun meeting my husband's friends since I've been married," she told me. "But I find myself saying, 'Why, yes, I think so.' Or, 'Well, no, I haven't found that to be true.' Or, 'From my experience . . .' like a prim and prissy little girl on her good behavior. My experience, of all things. My husband sits there and laughs quietly at me and when he comes home he does an imitation of me holding up my end of the conversations that's a howl."

"As I see it," I said, "you figure that you can have a successful married life and a career too."

"I've hoped for that for several years," she said. "I received several kind offers of marriage, but they were usually prefaced with, 'Have your fling in Hollywood and when you get that foolishness out of your system, come home and we'll be married.' I couldn't help thinking that a man who wanted me to live only for him would be worried about competing with me, whether I was a movie actress or active in women's clubs or merely painted water-colors of the daisies in my garden, as one of my friends does. Then a blessed thing happened. I found a man who's so big I can never top his achievements and who wants me to grow to have as full a life as I can have."

She paused for a moment while her eyes went to the brass latticework hatrack. "I'm grateful for my intuition, which told me that it would work out this way," she said. THE END

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Afternoon of Terror (Continued from Page 24)

which Mary, who knew nothing of the play, was chosen to play the heroine, Roxane. She gave up halfway through the first reading, declaring that Roxane was unreal in failing to discover that her lover, Christian, was just a handsome shell.

"I couldn't be a girl like that, not even in a play," she told the indignant director. "She isn't true."

Young as she was, she was already a legend in Long Valley. People said that as a child she once corrected her teacher for bidding her good morning on a rainy day. No one could explain her sometimes alarming compulsion to speak the truth. Apparently it was just something she had been born with, like her snub nose and clear gray eyes.

"When are they coming?" she asked now as she ran hot water into the sink.

"Pretty soon."

"Take care of yourself, Greg."

"Don't fret your pretty little head about me."

Taking a towel from the rack, Greg started drying the dishes. Usually he wore the white coveralls which were the uniform of his trade—he owned one of the two service stations in Long Valley—but this morning he was dressed wrangler style in a plaid shirt and snug-fitting denims, with a bright silk scarf tied rather self-consciously around his neck.

"What are you doing today?" he asked.

"Thought I'd go see Helen Bainbridge this afternoon. She's still laid up from her fall."

"Don't you go falling downstairs."

"Not me."

"Why not spend the day with her? Ed can drop you off this morning when he takes us into town, and I can pick you up tonight in the truck."

"I've got a lot to do around the house." She looked up at him, her eyes crinkling in a smile. "You're all worked up about my being here alone, aren't you?" she said, putting her arms around his waist.

"It's not as though we lived in town," he grumbled. "Out here in the country, half a mile from the nearest neighbor—I don't like it."

"Never mind me," she whispered. "You're the one we ought to worry about."

The men arrived a few minutes later in a big sedan driven by Ed Farnsworth, the oldest and by far the richest of the group. Until two years ago, Ed had been just another rancher. Then uranium had been discovered on his land, and now he was worth three million dollars and growing richer every day. Greg had often said wistfully to Mary that he wished something like that would happen to them someday.

Besides Ed there were Horace Chalmers, who owned a hardware store in town; Steve Meyer, driver of a logging rig; and Vince Santoro, proprietor of the Blue Belle Restaurant. Like Greg, they were dressed in watered-down versions of the outfits they wore on holidays when, as members of the sheriff's posse, they rode horseback in parades.

"Have some coffee before you go," Mary said. They came in and stood in a circle in the kitchen. Ed, who was so fat his stomach hung over his belt like a sack of meal, said, "Don't you think I'm a dead ringer for Roy Rogers, Mary?"

She looked at him, her head cocked a little to one side, a slim forefinger laid along her cheek. "More like Andy Devine, I'd say," she replied, smiling.

The men roared, Ed loudest of all.

Vince Santoro pulled a folded sheet of paper from his breast pocket and handed it to Greg. "Stan had two thousand of these made up last night," he said as Greg unfolded it. Stan was the local printer, and publisher of the Long Valley Echo. "We've got kids tacking them up all over the county. Handsome brute, ain't he?"

Under the bold heading $5000 REWARD appeared the picture of a young man, almost bald, with a long diagonal scar starting just under his left eye and ending at the right corner of his mouth. His eyes were small and close together and his upper lip was slightly raised in what seemed to be a smile. Under the picture was a list of his offenses: armed robbery, murder, rape, kidnaping, forgery.

His name was Don Cottrell. Until six days ago he had been an inmate of the state maximum-security prison at Hawthorne. He had escaped by seizing a pistol from one of the guards, killing him instantly, and then, crouched in the rear of a truck, forcing the driver to carry him out to freedom. The truck, with the driver dead at the wheel, had been found the next day near Santa Rosa.

The reward was offered by a Sacramento real-estate man named Weller, whose eighteen-year-old daughter had been kidnaped, assaulted and beaten to death two days later by Cottrell.

"This man is dangerous," the poster warned, unnecessarily. "He is mentally unstable and will not hesitate to kill." It went on to say that he had last been seen in the vicinity of Carterville, a small logging community only twenty miles north of Long Valley.

"We'll get guns and ammo at the sheriff's," Ed said as the men started toward the door. "Thanks for the coffee, Mary; see you around."

Greg waited till they had filed out. "We could drop you off at Helen's," he said, fingering his broad-brimmed hat.

"I can't go now, Greg—too many things to do."

"Lock all the doors and windows, then."

"I will."

"I love you, baby."

"I love you," she whispered, straining against him. "Take care of yourself, darling. If anything happened to you I wouldn't want to live."

"Take care of Junior."

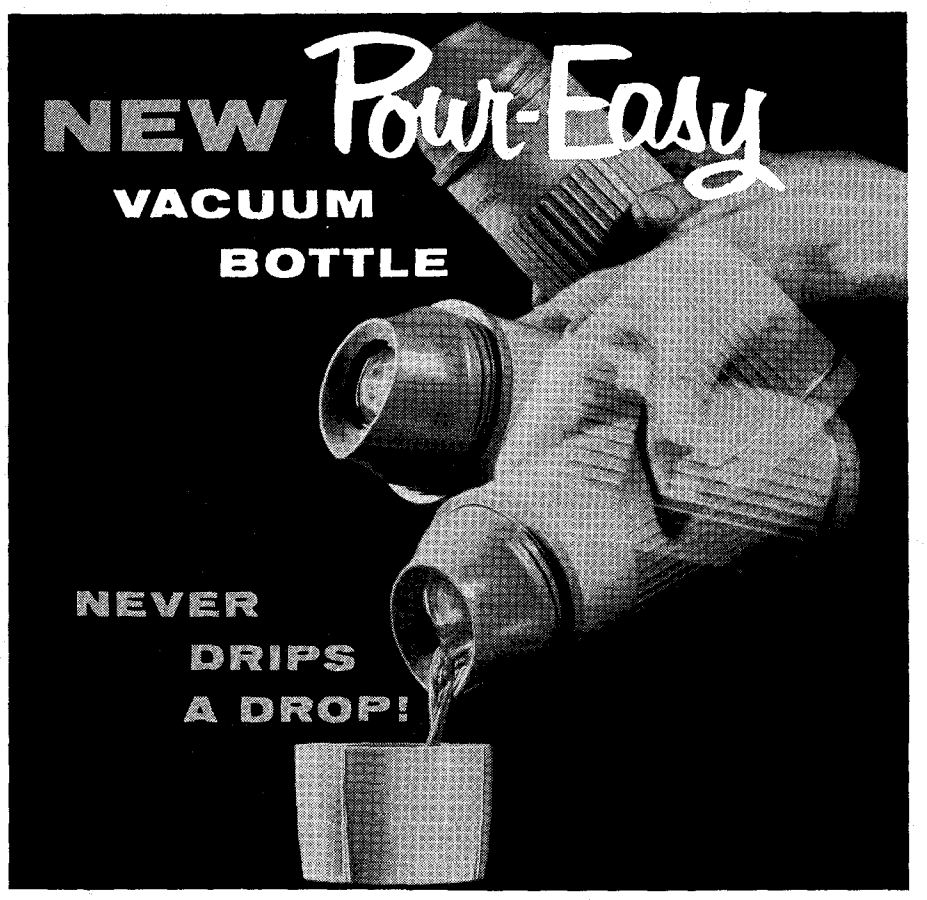
Outside, the men were waiting in the car. Steve Meyer, in the front beside Ed Farnsworth, turned as Greg got in the back. "The younger a man is," he drawled, "the longer it takes him to tell his wife good-by. I remember one time twenty years ago, when Jane and I were newlyweds ——" He told a story that made them laugh, breaking the tension.

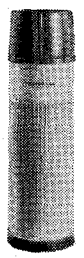
Greg leaned forward as they reached the outskirts of town. "Hope you didn't mind what Mary said about your looking like Andy Devine," he said to Ed. "She didn't mean it as an insult; it's just her way."

Ed laughed. "Forget it," he said. "If everyone were that honest we wouldn't have to do what we're doing now."

Back at the house, Mary made the bed, then baked an apple pie to take to Helen Bainbridge in the afternoon. That done, she walked slowly through the rooms, feeling again the glow of pride that always came to her at the thought of being married to Greg and having a home of her own.

Small but perfectly planned, it was all she had ever dreamed about. There was a big fireplace in the living room and a view through the picture windows that extended all the way to the Coast Range, forty miles away. There was even a little





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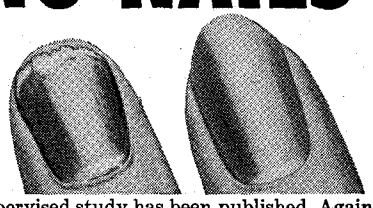

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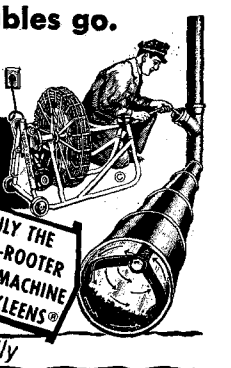

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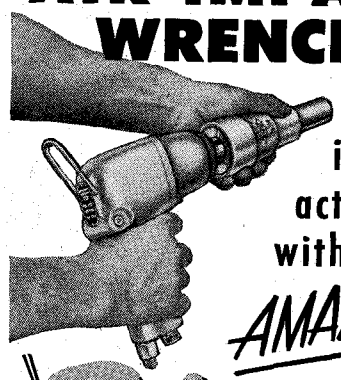
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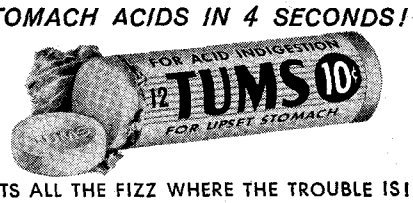

PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

stream at the foot of the hill. Of course, she reflected, they would probably be paying for the place the rest of their lives—unless, as Greg said, they were lucky like Ed Farnsworth and found uranium in their back yard—but even so, it was worth all their work and self-denial.

All she needed now to make her cup run over, she thought, was a child—and the child was on its way. Sometimes she thought she felt it stir. Old Doctor Henderson had snorted when she mentioned this to him last week; after all, he pointed out, she still had half a year to go.

She reminded herself fiercely that she would be a good mother to the boy. It would be a boy, of course; it would have to be. Greg had been calling it Junior now for the past six weeks and she could not bear to see him disappointed.

Yes, she would be a good mother to the child. She wondered, though, if she was a complete success as a wife. Sometimes she embarrassed Greg, she knew, by her refusal—her inability, really—to dilute truths which others found unpalatable. She was sorry about that, but there was nothing she could do. It had always been that way.

I must do something special for Greg today, she thought; *something to remind him how I love him.* She remembered the blackberries down by the stream—big as her thumb, bursting with juice. Greg loved them with sugar and cream. She picked up a pail and hurried down the path, humming as she went.

Her return, burdened as she was with a full pail, was slower. Halfway up the hill she paused to admire an enormous yellow butterfly poised on a rock beside the path. The air was sweet. From one of the apple trees near the house came the sound of a bird singing—a sound so pure she felt illogically like crying. She picked up the pail and continued slowly up the path.

At first, with the sun in her eyes, she thought the man on the back steps was Greg, and she hurried to find out what had happened. But suddenly the man pushed back his hat and she saw who it was. Her momentum, or her fear, carried her forward until she was almost up to him.

"Hi," he said.

"Hello," she answered, in a voice which seemed to come from someone else.

"You alone here?"

"Yes."

He was shorter and heavier than the photograph had led her to believe. The scar was red and angry-looking against the pallor of his face. A light flickered in his bloodshot eyes.

"I'm hungry," he announced.

He looked hungry. There were shadows under his eyes, and he needed a shave. His upper lip, one side permanently lifted by the scar, gave the introductory impression that he was smiling, and she found herself automatically smiling in return. But in his eyes there was such hatred, so absolute a denial of the world she knew, that the smile served only to underline his viciousness.

"I'm hungry," he repeated.

"I heard you," Mary said. Standing there at the foot of the steps, the pail still in her hand, she remembered suddenly the time she had broken her leg, fifteen years ago. She and some other girls had been playing in the loft of her grandfather's barn in Chico and she had slipped and fallen twenty feet to the floor below. She had not known the leg was broken until she tried to stand on it. Pain had lanced her then, and she had screamed—not so much because it hurt, she realized later, but because she could not understand why fate had chosen her to hurt.

That was the way she felt now—not frightened exactly, though the look in Cottrell's eyes was like a pistol pointed at her head—but bewildered that this scar-faced murderer should have picked her, of all people, to help him in his flight.

There was, she thought, no reason to hope that, having eaten, he would not kill her—as casually, no doubt, as he had killed the guard and the truck driver and the girl in Sacramento. With her, then, he would kill the child she carried. A sense of regret, of having brought a project almost to completion only to see it dashed to pieces, swept over her.

"I'll get you something to eat," she said, going up the steps where Cottrell stood waiting. His right hand was in his pocket—and she knew his fingers were curled around a gun.

She remembered suddenly, as she went into the kitchen, the last words Greg had said to her less than two hours ago: "Take care of Junior." She wished she could. She asked herself what she could do, what trick she could employ, to stay this creature from his ultimate intent. Perhaps, she thought, she could put on an act, pretend she found him irresistible, fawn on him ——

No, she thought, as her throat tightened in disgust. Never in her life had she compromised with truth; she would not, she could not, do it now. Even if she managed to go through with it, and succeeded, she would not be able to live in harmony with herself. She could not face her husband and her son.

So be it, she thought, setting the pail of berries on the floor. *If what I do or say moves Cottrell to sudden violence, the better for me, perhaps. Rather a quick death than a lingering one.*

Straightening up, she turned to find him locking the door. "Don't move," he warned, backing out into the corridor leading to the living room. There was a click a moment later as the front-door bolt went home. Then he was back, both hands, she was relieved to see, now out of his pockets.

"What would you like to eat?" she asked as he stood leaning against the door frame. "Ham and eggs? There's some chicken left over from last night ——"

"Anything," he said hoarsely. "Just make it snappy, sister." He cleared his throat as she went over to the refrigerator. "Know who I am, by any chance?"

"Yes," she said, turning to face him. "Your name is Don Cottrell, and you're a fugitive from justice."

"There's a price on my head," he said, grinning. "Five thousand dollars for my capture, dead or alive."

"That must make you very proud."

"Proud, yeah," he said, chuckling. "My picture's in the papers. I'm a celebrity."

"You're a menace to society," she said distinctly, "and the sooner you're caught and put away the better off everyone will be."

In a movement so swift he was only a blur he crossed the space between them and seized her by her upper arms. "Careful!" he snarled, his face so close to hers she could see the hair-thin yellow spokes radiating from the centers of his eyes. "No one talks that way to Don Cottrell and gets away with it!"

"Let me go," said Mary, making no effort to free herself.

"Just remember," he went on, slowly relinquishing his hold, "no one talks that way to me." He went back to the doorway and leaned against the frame, arms crossed over his chest.

Never once, as she prepared his food, did his eyes leave her. Once, not thinking, she started to open the back door to let out the fumes of cooking. Instantly he was at her side, one hand roughly jerking her away, the other jammed into his pocket.

"Don't," he said, his voice tight, his eyes as hard (*Continued on Page 108*)

"What's good today?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Photo by Jon Abbot

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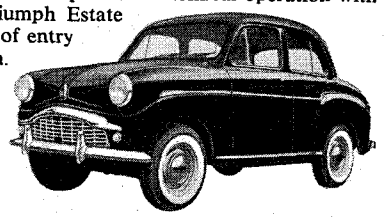

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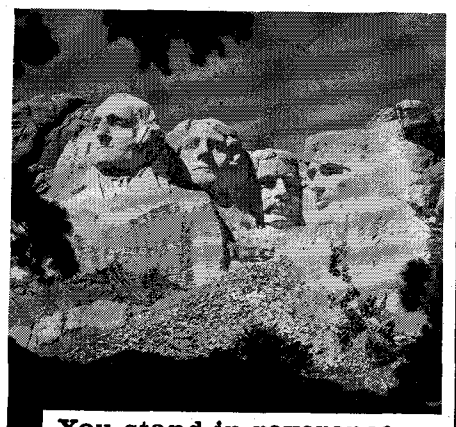

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(*Continued from Page 106*)

as stones. "Don't try anything funny, sister; I don't like it." He went back to his post and resumed his vigil. In the pale light his skull gleamed like old ivory.

"Sit down and eat," she said, placing a steaming platter of ham and eggs on the table. She went back to the stove to get the coffee. When she turned again, she saw he had not moved from the doorway. He was staring at her with a calculating look in his small, shrewd eyes.

"You don't like me very much, do you?" he asked, his mouth twisting in a caricature of a smile.

"No, I don't," said Mary, pouring the coffee. Then: "You look surprised. What did you expect me to say—that I admire a man who goes around shooting and robbing people? Surely you can't be that stupid."

"Cut it!" he barked, his face suddenly crimson. He had taken two steps forward and stood now with his hands clutching the back of a chair—clutching it so hard his knuckles showed white through the mottled skin.

"You asked me ——"

"Never mind," Cottrell said, pulling the chair out from the table. "Just stand over there where I can keep an eye on you. No tricks, either, or you'll be sorry."

Standing opposite him, her back to the wall, she watched him eat. It was all she could do to keep from getting sick. Granted, she thought, he was hungry. She had seen hungry men before, but none like this. It was not so much the speed with which he ate, it was the sounds he made, the groans of pleasure, the smacking of his lips. It was probably the way he did everything, she thought, and shuddered inwardly at what had happened only three days ago to another girl named Mary—young Mary Weller, whose anguished father had offered a reward for the capture of her killer.

"Ah," said Cottrell, leaning back. Throughout the meal he had not once taken his eyes off Mary; he continued looking at her now as he put a cigarette between his twisted lips and lighted it. There was color in his face; his scar was not so bright.

"Sit down," he said, pushing the platter aside and indicating the chair opposite. "I like to talk to pretty girls." Then, when Mary had complied: "I don't know much about you, sister, except that you don't seem to like me. That hurts. Most folks, girls especially, think I'm pretty nice."

Leaning forward suddenly, he seized her hands, which she had clasped before her on the table. "What's your name?" he asked, squinting against the smoke from his cigarette.

"Mary."

"Mary what?"

"Hamlin."

"Married, I see," he said fingering her wedding ring. "What's your husband's name?"

"Gregory."

"What's he do?"

"He owns a service station in town."

"Is he there now?"

"No," said Mary, after a brief pause. "He's out with a posse looking for you."

Cottrell pushed back his chair so fast he almost went over backward. His face was the color of clay. "I could kill you for that," he said between clenched teeth. "You got another guess coming, sister, if you think you can scare me. I don't scare any more—I've had it." Standing up, he dragged her to her feet. "What gives?" he almost screamed, shaking her. "What are you trying to do—get a rise out of me?"

"You asked where my husband was," Mary said, feeling suddenly that nothing really mattered any more—not even the fact that she was soon to die. "You asked me and I told you. What did you want me to say—that he was down in South America?"

"I don't get it," Cottrell said, shaking his head. "Any other woman ——" Breaking off, he let her go and started walking back and forth like a caged animal. "You've been reading the papers, haven't you?" he said, stopping at last before her. "You know how I hate cops; you know what I did to that guard at Hawthorne. What makes you think I'm any fonder of a cop's wife? Why shouldn't I knock her off too? After all, what's one more life? Yet you go shooting your mouth off about how your husband's out with a posse ——"

"Greg's not a cop," Mary said. "He's just a deputy. Except in emergencies, he's just a private citizen minding his own business and hoping other people will mind theirs. It's only when people like you get out of hand that he wears a badge."

"I ought to knock you off," Cottrell growled, not looking at her, speaking almost to himself. For a long moment it was very quiet. The silence was broken suddenly by a bird singing in one of the apple trees outside. The same bird, probably, Mary thought, that she had heard—so long ago, it seemed—on her way back with the blackberries. It had made her feel like crying. She did not feel like crying now, though surely there was reason.

"Tell me," Cottrell said, his hands hard on her shoulders, "is there any money in the house?"

"Yes," said Mary.

He looked surprised. "How much?" he asked.

"Sixty dollars, about."

"Where is it?"

"In the bedroom."

"Get it. . . . Wait," he added, as she started toward the door. "If this is a trick, sister, it'll sure be your last. I lost my sense of humor long ago. All right, let's go."

With his right hand in his pocket, he followed her down the corridor and into the bedroom. From under her handkerchiefs in the top dresser drawer she came up with the envelope in which was all the money she had saved so far from her allowance. For eight months she had denied herself the little things a woman cherishes so she could buy Greg the deer rifle he had always wanted but never felt he had the right to own. Tears came to her eyes now, as she handed the envelope to Cottrell.

"Good," he said, ripping it open, taking out the money and shoving the bills into his pocket. He looked at her. "How come," he went on softly, "you're doing this for me?"

"You asked if I had any money."

"I know, honey, but you didn't have to tell me, did you?" Reaching out he cupped her elbows in his hands. "You did it because you sort of like me; right?" he said, shaking her gently. "You were just kidding, before, when you said those things about me."

"I wasn't kidding," she said wearily. "I meant every word I said. You're sick inside; you're sick and dirty, and my flesh crawls when you touch me. Kill me if you want, but that's the way I feel."

There was a long silence. She did not look at him; she was aware only of the increasing pressure on her elbows, and then a sharper pain as his nails dug into her flesh.

Then slowly, imperceptibly, the pressure lessened. His hands dropped to his sides. The sound of his breathing was like a saw going through green wood.

"I guess you're right," he said at last—in a voice so different from what she had expected that she looked up, startled. His

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face, she saw, was very white. The scar, brighter by contrast, was like an open wound.

"I never thought I'd see the day," he went on, fingering the scar. "All my life, ever since this happened, women have been either screaming at the sight of me or buttering me up to make me think I look like a human being. You're the first to let me have it straight. I've never met anyone like you. I could've killed you, but you just stood and let me have it. I don't know ——" His voice trailed off. He shook his head. For a dreadful moment, as his shoulders slumped, she thought he was about to cry.

"I'm tired," he went on, his face suddenly young and strangely innocent. "I'm tired of running away. What's the use? Sooner or later they'll catch up with me. . . . You got a phone?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"Call the sheriff," he said, standing back to let her pass. "Tell him you've got Don Cottrell. Can you use five thousand dollars? You bet you can. Go on, call him before I change my mind."

She went out into the corridor and lifted the receiver of the wall telephone. Someone was on the line. She heard herself ask whoever it was to hang up, please, this was an emergency. Then, half expecting to feel bullets ripping into her back, she called Clark Mandeville, the sheriff.

After she had hung up, she stood clinging to the instrument a moment, waiting for her head to clear. Surely now, she thought, Cottrell would shoot. It was probably his idea of a good joke. But when she turned at last and looked into the living room, she saw that he was sitting on the sofa, staring into the empty fireplace. His hands were in his pockets. His gun was on the table, out of reach.

Clark Mandeville, his handcuffed prisoner between Ed Farnsworth and Steve Meyer in the back, leaned out of the car and looked up at Mary, standing at the door with Greg.

"You'll get the reward tomorrow," he said, grinning. Then: "What are you going to do with all that money, Mary?"

"I don't know," she said. Her face was white. "Put it in the bank, I guess, for Junior."

"Junior? Who's he?"

"You'll find out," Greg said, smiling.

The car lunged down the drive. Greg led Mary back into the house. In the kitchen, seated opposite her at the table, he took her hands and asked her to repeat what she had told the sheriff.

"I still can't believe it," he said, when she had finished. "I just can't see a killer like Cottrell giving himself up to an unarmed girl."

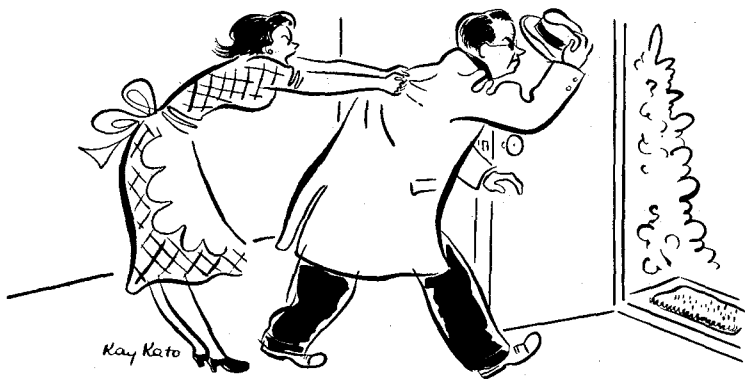
"Maybe," she suggested, echoing Cottrell, "he was tired of running."

"Maybe so. But you took an awful chance, baby, telling him those things to his face."

"I had to, Greg," she said. "I couldn't lie, even to him. I couldn't have faced you later."

Greg stood up and raised her to her feet. His face began to crumple as he took her in his arms.

"You ——" he began, and stopped. Suddenly, illogically, he thought of Ed Farnsworth, whom everyone respected and many frankly envied for his wealth. Greg grinned. Maybe, he thought, he would never have Ed's money, but of one thing he was very sure—never again would he envy Ed or any other man; nor would he ever be embarrassed by his wife's compulsive candor. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Roger, who threw tantrums as a child, also went into tantrums as a husband. If food wasn't cooked to suit him, he hurled it from the table. If his wife disagreed in the slightest with him, he left home in a huff and stayed away for days. When this became unbearable, his wife sued for divorce.

"Divorces aren't given for quarreling," Roger argued back. "All married couples, even happily married ones, quarrel occasionally."

"Isn't it a form of cruelty in itself," his wife asked, "to start a quarrel and then not stay around to finish it?"

If you were the judge, would you free the wife from her huffy husband?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The wife won a divorce. The court said, "The husband's moving out smacks of the little boy who, when crossed, picks up his marbles and goes home—and is back in the game a half hour later. Unfortunately, the effect of such a stratagem on a wife is more disastrous than in a game of marbles."

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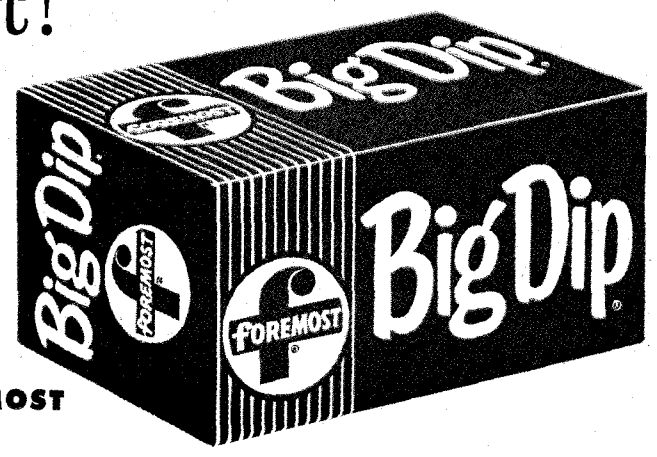

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The Hot Dog's Best Friend

(Continued from Page 43)

for the accounting department to issue only one dividend check, and the board of directors, predominantly American, has a very simple form of stockholder relations in dealing with only one, though admittedly potent, vote. In numbers the English are very thinly represented, only six English-born employees out of 1100. These few, however, are strategically placed as president, two vice presidents, secretary and two branch managers.

President of French is Jack Cockcroft, who, despite two decades in this country, does not remotely resemble a bleacherite consumer of mustarded dogs. It is impossible to envision Cockcroft yelling at Yogi Berra. It is also doubtful that Yogi would pay much heed even if the accent got through to him. Cockcroft is much closer to Anthony Eden, tall, thin, mustached and soft-voiced. He lives on the edge of his golf club and carefully maintains a break in the garden fence which permits him to step through, play two holes, and arrive back at the garden gate in twenty-five minutes, which is his idea of just enough golf.

Vice president and sales chief W. R. Knott is somewhat different. He is briskly spoken, stockily built, and even after his longer tenure in this country could easily step into a movie role as an English planter attended by a score of natives in a steaming jungle. Knott is a real partisan of the hottest mustard, a loyalty acquired when he worked for Colman's in Africa. He takes mustard baths, recommends a generous pinch of dry mustard in the percolator to improve coffee, and does not consider a dinner table properly set unless it has on it a pot of mustard, hot.

As a company, however, French is typically American, involved with grocery stores, home kitchens and parlor bird cages. Its sales are reported only to Reckitt and Colman, although it may be guessed that a moderate stroll one way or another from fifty millions would soon reach a correct annual figure. Its products are American, including its most substantial single item, prepared mustard of the light, creamy, mild type.

French's experience with condiments and spices over the last three or four decades naturally parallels the country's changes in taste. Nationally, prepared mustard of mild character has nearly swept away the strong, biting variety that used to be made from dry mustard and water. The mild preference is now 9 to 1 among big, strong Texans, and in fact in most of the South and Southwest. New England and New York retain a taste for hotter mustard and mustard with horseradish, but it is overshadowed more than 2 to 1 by the taste for sweet and mild.

Mustard is more a big-city than rural condiment, perhaps because small-town recreation is less commercial and farm picnics are fortified with other homemade seasonings. Rich people, who patronize high-mark-up stores and buy fancy brands, spend more money for mustard than the less well-loaded, but in quantity consumed the best customers are among families of craftsmen and skilled workers. There is also a curious correlation between high per-capita consumption and big families. It may be that in very big families mother has no time to prepare anything but ham, cheese and hamburger sandwiches and hot dogs, all of which are responsible for large mustard use.

Since French is a spice and sauce producer, with literally hundreds of seasoning products, the company has noticed an apparent American contradiction in the last generation. While real hot mustard has been widely abandoned in favor of mild, food in general has definitely become spicier. There are, however, reasons for both trends. The volume of recipes made available to American housewives, particularly through women's magazines and food-products companies like French, has grown enormously. And to perk up this reading matter such liberal use of spices has been made that today's cooks wouldn't be caught dead without a little sweet basil, *orégano* or cardamom seed in the house. Moreover, a shift to supermarket shopping has brought the housewife into the presence of more elaborate spice racks and condiment collections than small stores can afford to maintain. The rise of outdoor cooking, too, has boomed such items as barbecue sauces, made of twenty-three different ingredients. Even diets occasionally help. French is enjoying the current low-sodium diets more than the dieters because they have given the home-economics department a chance to prepare spice combinations that will help the low-sodium dieters forget about the lack of salt. Among the spices only celery and parsley flakes are barred from low-sodium diets.

There is also a reason for the contrary move of mustard from hot to less hot. Present-day mild mustard is, strictly speaking, not mustard. It is a prepared sauce and it comes in jars ready to use. Thus it has been borne along on a country-wide movement toward prepared foods of all kinds. Dry mustard, which is the hot stuff, is undoubtedly on hand in the kitchens of good cooks. But in many kitchens a spoonful of prepared mustard now substitutes for the old-time pinch of dry. There is the further fact that prepared mustard, as a piquant and versatile sauce, is now present on the table much more commonly and used on more foods than hot mustard ever was.

The dry powder which used to grace grandmother's kitchen is a flour ground from the seed of two plants cultivated in Montana and Western Canada. The plants bear brown and yellow seeds, the first strong in heat, the second in flavor. By adjusting a mixture of the two in the grinding process, the potency of the resulting flour can be varied from blowtorch to mere candle flame. In the old-fashioned kitchen this flour was prepared for table use by adding a little water to make a paste. That was mustard, something with which today's children and even the average restaurant have had little or no experience. It was never successfully bottled as a paste because it either dried or separated, and in either case looked highly disreputable. Mustard users simply made their own at the time of use. Saloonkeepers made a variety called bar mustard by adding stale beer instead of water.

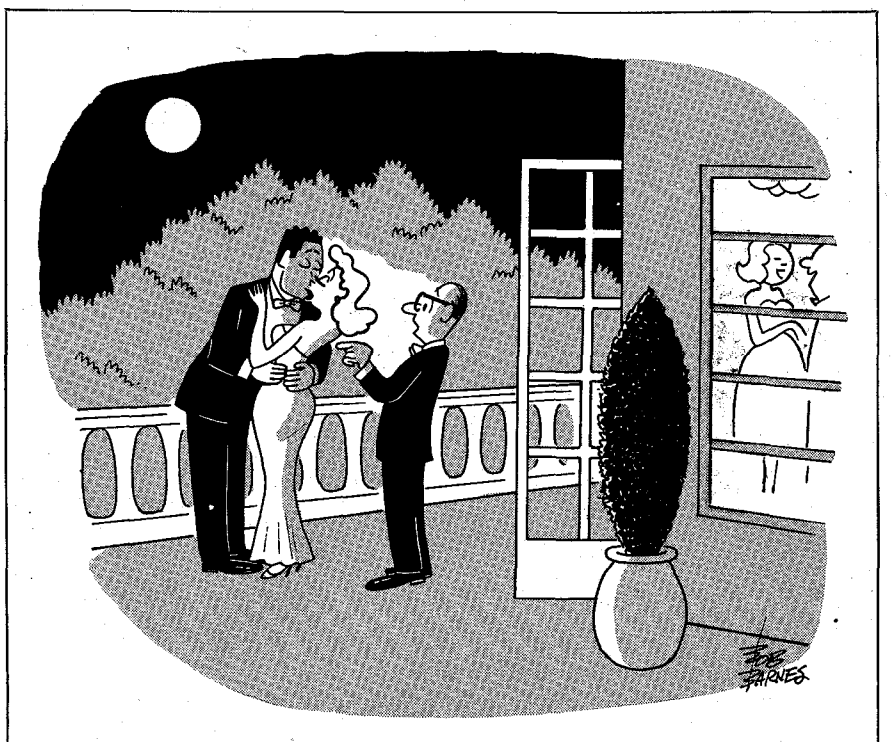
Prepared mustard is a concoction of mustard, vinegar, salt, spices, flavorings and turmeric—mostly for color—and it was a momentous day in French history when it was invented. The date was 1904, before the company was acquired by Reckitt and Colman, but after the day of founder Robert T. French, a spice trader from New York City who moved to Rochester to build his own business in the '80's.

Robert French was rather loose in delimiting his operations. He became a dealer not only in spices but in a long line of household materials, food products and patent medicines. Only two of his four sons took any interest in this rather cluttery project, and it was to them that he left it. The two sons were George and Francis French, who over their lifetimes whittled the business to less area in products, but more strength and depth. George emerged as the business head. Francis was the salesman, and in 1904 he told George that he had come to the conclusion that the reason people used hot mustard sparingly was that it was hot. He suggested that the factory devise a milder, creamier and sweeter form—something which he believed he could sell.

Francis must have forgotten his own suggestion. George did not. On the contrary, he helped work out a recipe for the mustard which French hasn't changed since, a kind the company calls "cream salad." Whereupon he wired Francis, who was in Chicago, a single word: "Eureka." Francis wired back: "Eureka what?"

George French was a vivid figure even in a generation of strong color among business bosses. He was paternalistic, authoritarian, and he wore an unusually wide silver mustache. It was nothing for him to fire a dozen people one day, assuming that overnight they would forgive him and be on hand in the morning, which they always were. Once, when a part of the factory caught fire and office employees rushed out to lean over a fence and watch the show, George swept down the line ordering them back to work. He offered a reasonable explanation. "I don't pay you to watch fires," he said. He was strict even with himself. He vowed never to smoke a cigar before dinner and he kept his word, although at times he advanced dinnertime by two or three hours.

Neither George nor Francis had male children, and a day came when they had to consider what would happen to the R. T. French Company when they were gone. George French settled this problem rather simply. One day he ended a social luncheon by apologetically asking his guests to remain a moment longer for a small matter of business. He then went on to explain that he and Francis were getting old, that neither had male heirs, and that they would like to see the company continued by good, experienced people. In short, would his guests like to acquire it?



"Alice . . . Alice! They're playing our song!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Although this sudden question was something of a bombshell, it was not completely out of order. For the guests present were representatives of Colman (U.S.A., Ltd.), a sales arm that in some lines was competing with French in the United States. Colman (U.S.A., Ltd.) was owned jointly by the Reckitts and the Colmans in England, who had not yet agreed to merge—it took them thirty years to decide—but who had got as far as pooling their overseas sales through Atlantis. In the United States, the most successful product was Colman's dry mustard, but the English could already see that even this popular product was going to have a rough time against the increasingly popular American types such as French's. Accordingly the Colman people were quite willing to change from polite guests to interested buyers. Acquisition of a going American company would solve a lot of their problems. The sale was consummated in 1926. George French died before the year was out. Francis remained many years, along with another director, Captain Enos, whose son Franklin is today an officer and director.

At this time both hot dogs and widespread American adoption of any kind of mustard were about the same age. The American Meat Institute credits Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893 as a sort of springboard for the hot dog, although it was much later that cartoonist T. A. Dorgan gave it the name. And in 1893 the English condiment, mustard, was still something of an experiment in this country. By 1926, however, both products, their interrelation and to some extent their probable big future could be observed.

The English acquisition of French, however, involved more than mustard. The company was to be streamlined by disposing of household products and medicines, and at least one other matter must have caused long study and speculation in Hull and Norwich as well as Rochester. This was the commercial expression within the French company of one of George French's many hobbies—the department of bird food and supplies. For George French had been an ardent bird fancier, and he had introduced into the company his personal views on what birds needed. Consequently, by 1926 the French company had a substantial business in bird supplies. The new owners decided that they had better continue it.

George had never permitted anyone but himself to handle correspondence with bird owners, a chore that he would have found impossible today. French

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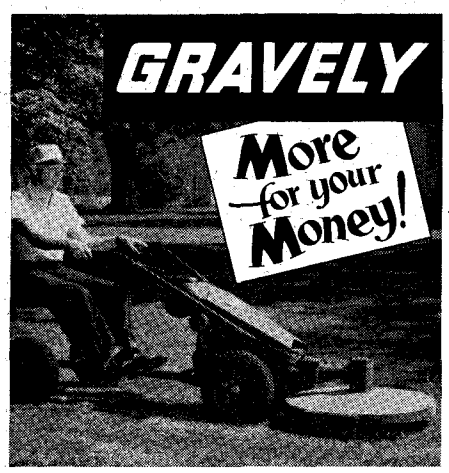

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now averages fifty letters daily from pet owners, and the pet products are a strong second division in the company's present sales volume.

Approximately one of every four American families has a pet bird. George French would have been delighted at this tremendous interest. It is also likely that he would have been astonished at the change in breeds that has taken place. Birds in 1926 meant canaries, but today the parakeet outnumbers the canary about 4 to 1. The shift is largely a postwar development and it is a most agreeable one to the French company. For parakeets, while they eat very little more than canaries, are recklessly acrobatic, and in knocking about they waste as much food and bird gravel as they eat, a material factor in total consumption. The gravel, incidentally, is not really gravel, but a sharp silica sand of the grade used for glassmaking.

Most French officials have parakeets in their homes and there is a mild office competition over whose pet is the best talker. Vice president O. L. Westgate could easily claim the championship for his pet, except for an unfortunate circumstance. The bird learned part of its vocabulary at a time when Westgate had a bad cold. Now it frequently relapses into a husky bass and intersperses sentences with fits of coughing. Frustrated in the bird-talking derby by this disqualifying accident, Westgate redeemed himself by inventing an ingenious bottle cap for the company's Worcestershire sauce. The cap is slit in such a way that with the bottle in one position single drops are delivered, but if rotated ninety degrees it pours freely, thus adapting the same bottle for either table or cooking use.

The company maintains an aviary for testing bird diets, studying ailments and breeding. And in the lobby of the office building a cageful of parakeets, canaries and Java ricebirds inspect visitors from behind a large glass wall inset. French also does some business in the birds themselves. One of its more memorable sales was to a Rochester supermarket on the occasion of a new store opening. The store wanted a specialty item for the event and picked parakeets. The idea was a success. Customers bought 900 birds in two days, which happened to be far more birds than there were bird cages in town.

French's bird problems are relatively simple, like overcoming the deficiencies of the world's octopus population. Natural cuttlebone is the gristly mat on which a cuttlefish—a relative of the octopus—sits down, and since birds are increasing more than octopuses, the company has had to ask its laboratory to perfect a synthetic cuttlebone. Pet birds, it seems, need what the cuttlebone has—lime.

It is the pet owners, however, who really find troubles, and write to French about them. The bulk of correspondence is, of course, about diets and care, but the accident reports run an extremely wide gamut. Parakeets are intrepid, or perhaps careless, and when given flying privileges within the house, sooner or later they may fly into the most improbable places. They fly into open refrigerators and electric fans. They land on hot stoves, in bowls of grease, soup, waffle batter or get snagged on chandeliers. French has one serious request for advice on making the family parakeet quit annoying the family cat. And from the number of letters on the subject, it appears that plucking hairs from sleeping dogs is a national parakeet sport. Damage to feet is the commonest disaster, but one sad case in the files is that of a parakeet literally deranged by an excessively noisy household.

It might be expected that the company's dealings in exotic seeds, spices and herbs for both birds and human beings would lead it to make use of the parent company's worldwide outposts. Reckitt and Colman agents are not necessarily topped with pith helmets and slogging into distant murky corners of the world, but they do cover all the continents, including spice lands. But the French company, operating with almost complete autonomy, pays little attention. Most of its spice, herb and seed supplies are obtained from New York brokers. And after the arrival of the raw materials at Rochester, subsequent processes are often just like those of a miniature grain elevator and flour mill. Screening, cleaning, mixing and packaging are basic steps for most of the spices. But in products like Worcestershire and mustard, the manufacturing stages are different. Worcestershire must be aged in wooden containers of tank-car size. And preparing cream-salad mustard is a complex mixing and wet-grinding operation. The nippy mustard fluids must be handled in glass pipes, since they would soon chew up metal pipes. Grinding is still best done with huge grindstones, which, when they are worn out, become garden flagstones at the homes of French employees. The mustard-grinding area of the plant is unmistakable, and tends to water the eyes of a newcomer, but at a little distance all the spicy aromas blend into an over-all plant fragrance. To a visitor it is a little like coming unexpectedly onto a ten-acre tossed salad.

In one important instance, French has not only departed from its customary lines but accepted an English idea which it has taken a decade to perfect. This is instant potato, a flourlike powder produced in an Idaho plant by peeling Idaho potatoes with water jets, mashing and cooking them, and then removing just enough water. The housewife may pour this powder slowly into warm milk and water, whipping the mixture as she does so, with magical results. As the last of the powder pours in, the liquid almost explodes into a solid. The solid turns out to be mashed potatoes, white and fluffy. The preparation requires hardly more time than is needed to boil a little water, and the product's success in the markets is the fastest the company has ever experienced.

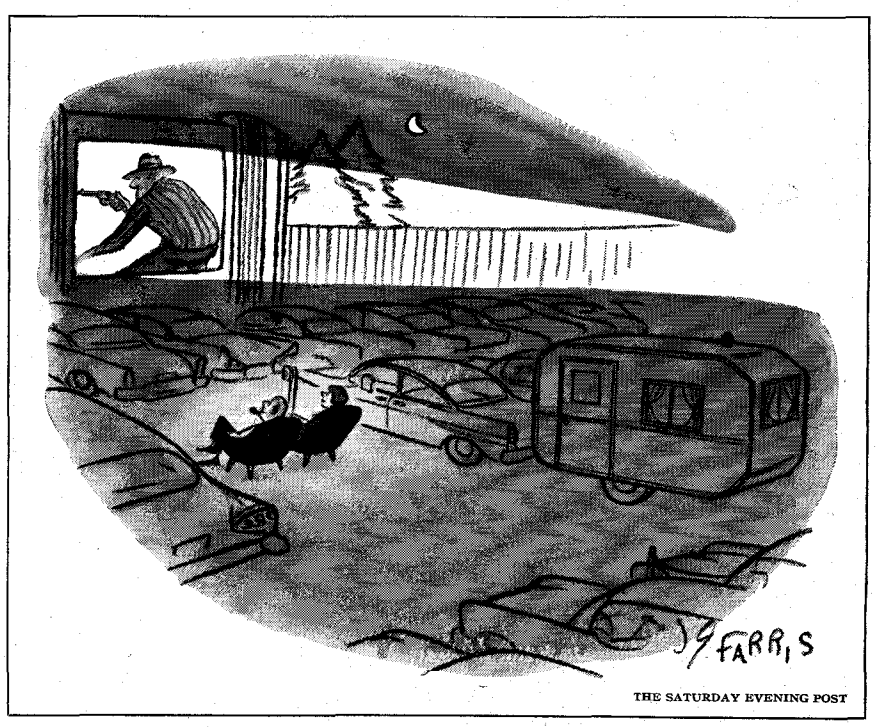
The instant potato has thus far required no promotion in marketing, which is far from true of most food products on the store shelves of this country. In most of its conventional products French is deep in the country-wide battle for space and attention on market shelves. The company tends to specialize in this contest, concentrating on the big market outlets which do a lopsided proportion of the total retail-grocery business. French salesmen do not even call on small grocers, leaving that to wholesalers, but they guard the supermarket front with extra care.

These efforts are backed by the home-economics department, which constantly works on new recipes and new uses, and distributes recipe booklets and cooking hints by the millions. A panel of 2500 housewives scattered over the country is used to try out new things, new products, or to test competitors' products. The housewives are addressed in the name of Carol French, a blind name such as most food companies use, and apparently they enjoy the company of her correspondence. If it is too long between tests Carol French gets accusing letters saying, "I haven't heard from you for a long time. Is something wrong?"

Along with all others in its field, French not only tries to hoist its own brands but is vitally interested in stimulating more consumption of mustard, no matter who the maker. This sort of endeavor is well known to W. R. Knott, head of the French sales organization, still known as Atlantis. Knott was a Colman man in Africa and elsewhere in earlier days and he remembers when Colman came to the regrettable conclusion that it had reached about as many Colman's-mustard customers as it was likely to, and that in order to increase volume the company would have to get each customer to use more. Hence Colman did such things as forming a mysterious club with a small lapel button, advertised blindly by the question: Have You Joined the Mustard Club? A great many curious people joined, to discover that membership brought them the button plus a book on new ways to use mustard. In Africa, Knott ran through every available kind of meat, suggesting that mustard be used with each, and then, in a real flourish, he assaulted a new-use frontier by plastering most of the continent's buses with signs reading: HAVE YOU TRIED MUSTARD ON FISH?

The methods may have changed since then, but not the quest. As an example, R. T. French recently introduced a mustard sauce which lies somewhere between hot mustard and tartare sauce. Among other things, it is designed to increase the mustard representation at the nation's outdoor-barbecue gatherings. The residents of Mustard Street believe that there can't be too much spice in any life.

THE END



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Unfinished Love (Continued from Page 26)

lovely female by the name of Carole—decides that life with a baby is not complete in the city? For fifteen years we have been living happily in the city in a penthouse on East 75th Street, near Lexington Avenue, but now we have to move to the country.

Well, for me it's the beginning of the end. What I mean is there's absolutely nothing to do in the country. I may complain about these expeditions that Sharon and I go on, but at least it's something to do. There's absolutely nothing to do in the country. There are no opening nights, there are no good bars. There's absolutely nothing to do unless you call going to P.T.A. meetings something or shopping at a new supermarket—they are opening supermarkets up there in Westchester at the rate of two a week—or maybe you're queer for raising hybrid tea roses or chrysanthemums, like Carole. Also Carole's sister, Harriet, who is no bargain, and my brother-in-law, Harvey, who is a bargain, but not a good one, live on the same block. So one word led to another. One argument to another argument. And one silence to another silence. I am a big withdrawer, a big sulker. I admit it. I began taking a later train home after the day's occupation in the city. I began staying overnight. Finally, Carole suggested that I make the stay temporarily permanent until we could decide how we really felt about each other. The trouble with marriage is that you cannot keep disagreements on a superficial level. Sooner or later, you get into basic issues. It is very sad, believe me.

Well, I finished the martini and looked around at all the other fathers. They all looked a little haggard and desperate, and yet I am sure they were not all on the verge of a divorce. Like me, they had all been allotted the Saturdays and they did not know what to do with their children and so they took them somewhere.

All the fathers were taking to drink. Some of them were worse off than I, because they had two, three and even four children whom they were minding. I had only one. I did not have to deploy so many fur coats, hats and galoshes as my colleagues. I did not have to arbitrate quarrels and make peace between sibling rivals. Sharon had never had a sibling and never would have a sibling.

Sharon looked up at me. "Could I have a drink of water, please, daddy?" she asked, putting on her most elegant manners.

"Sure," I said, "have mine. I'm not going to drink it anyway." She had already drunk all the water in her glass.

"I'm thirsty," she said.

"I'm not surprised," I said. "I'm not in the least surprised. Anybody would be thirsty in your place, my dear. Ice cream is thirst-provoking." I know that I use words that are much too long and complicated for the five-year-old mentality, but I'm helpless. I simply can't adjust my conversational techniques or my thinking to the juvenile level.

"Why don't you like ice cream?" she asked.

"I used to, but I don't any more," I said. "I don't like sweet things."

"But you like whisky?" She pointed to the martini. To her ignorant mind, all drinks are whisky. That's the kind of ignorant, unsophisticated upbringing her mother gives her. I tell you ——

"I do like whisky, Sharon. But in the first place, whisky is not sweet, and in the second place, this drink does not happen to be whisky. Its basic ingredient is gin, which is made by soaking juniper berries in grain alcohol."

"Juniper berries?"

"Juniper berries."

"Do they grow on trees?"

"I really don't know what they grow on."

"Have you ever seen a juniper tree, daddy?"

"I don't believe so, Sharon. I don't recollect ever having seen the juniper in its natural state. It's probably a beautiful tree or bush or whatever it is. What you have to bear in mind, Sharon, is that the effect of whisky and the effect of gin are similar, insofar as the effect on the soul is concerned."

I suppose that to what you might call my sick or disordered mind, a discussion of juniper berries represented an enlightening topic of interest to children—botanical, cultural.

She took another drink. "I hope you won't be thirsty later," she said.

"We can always ask the waiter for more. They got gallons of water in the kitchen."

A waiter in a white jacket decorated with red piping and gold buttons descended upon us. He pretended to be wiping the table.

"Was there anything else?" he asked.

"There was," I replied. "Another one of these, and tell François to go light on the vermouth and heavy on the juniper berries. And some more water. For both of us."

"Is she finished? I could take it away if she's finished."

"Does it look like she's finished? . . . Are you finished, puss?"

"Not yet."

"You heard the lady, pal. Now, why don't you get on back to the ranch and rustle up a martini like a good little *garçon?*"

Sharon resumed dismantling her sundae, still fairly intact in its tall glass dish.

"Why is it snowing?" she asked.

"How should I know why it's snowing?"

"Because you know everything in the world—in the whole wide world."

"Are you laboring under a delusion, baby; wow!" I said.

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"What makes it snow?"

"I don't know. I don't know one thing about the universe. I don't even know if juniper berries grow on trees or bushes. For all I know, they make them in laboratories. I wouldn't be surprised if somebody has come out with a synthetic juniper berry."

"I think you know, but you don't want to tell me," she said.

"Why wouldn't I want to tell you?"

"Mummy never tells me anything."

"She doesn't?"

"She and Aunt Harriet are always whispering things to each other."

"What kind of things?"

"Secrets."

"Then why don't you ask Aunt Harriet about the snow? She knows everything."

"She wouldn't tell me."

"So ask Uncle Harvey."

"No; you tell me about the snow."

"I can't. I am not well informed on the question of snow."

The waiter placed a cardboard coaster on the table. He set the cocktail on the pad.

"Was there anything else?" he asked.

"You're beginning to repeat yourself, *mon ami.*"

He started to make the addition, "You don't want the check?"

"When I want the check I'll ask you for the check."

"I see." He retired in a huff.

"Would you tell me a story, daddy? I can eat the ice cream faster if you tell me a story."

"You shouldn't eat fast."

"I'll eat slow if you tell me a story."

"What kind of a story did you have in mind?"

"A love story."

"I don't know any of them."

"Make one up."

"I'm not in the mood."

"Tell me the story about you and mummy."

"You know that one," I said, "from the beginning to the end."

"Then tell me about all the girls in the world you ever loved."

"I love you."

She smiled. "I love you back," she said. "Now tell me the story about all the girls you ever loved before me."

Now I ask you: Isn't this a perfectly preposterous conversation for a forty-five-year-old man to be carrying on with a five-year-old child? It proves the absurdity of having children late in life. Carole and I should have had children when we were twenty. It is difficult to find a common ground when the age discrepancy is so big.

"Who was the first girl you loved very much? The very first first first one?"

I concentrated. I summoned up remembrance of girls past. *My, there were a lot of them,* I thought. To encourage me, Sharon skimmed off some whipped cream and sucked it up determinedly.

"I don't remember the affair too clearly. It was a long time ago."

"What was her name?"

"Florence."

"I know a Florence. Florence McGee. She's in my dancing class. She has a brother. She lives on Heath Place. She has a brother, Terry, and a sister. She lives on the hill. She has a swing and a sandpile and two dolls that cry real tears."

"This Florence didn't live on a hill," I said. "She lived in an apartment house on Fifteenth Avenue in Brooklyn. We were in the same fifth-grade class. Miss Fiduccia was the teacher. I used to watch Florence constantly. I watched Florence so long that finally I fell in love with her."

"Was she beautiful?"

"She had golden hair in long braids. She was very beautiful. I have always had the good taste to fall in love with beautiful girls."

"Did she love you back?"

"That's hard to say."

"Why?"

"In those days, I didn't have the courage to tell girls whom I loved that I loved them."

"Why not?"

"I was afraid they might not love me and therefore it would be embarrassing for them and humiliating for me."

"Do you think Florence did love you back?"

"It's possible," I said.

I remembered the time my mother sent me to the store for a quart of milk and a loaf of rye bread. I had a tin container. We didn't buy the bottled milk. Mr. Procope used to ladle the milk out of a big can into the tin bucket. When I came into the store there was Florence standing at the counter, getting change. She was carrying a bag of groceries. She waited for me and we walked out together. Up till this time, I had only stared at her from a distance. She said, "I want to show you something."

We walked all the way over to Fort Hamilton Parkway. We came to a block where they (*Continued on Page 117*)

". . . happy 40th birthday, dear Ethel, happy 40th birthday to you. Signed: The Girls."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 114*) were putting up an apartment house. The concrete foundation and the cellar were finished. There was nobody around because the construction crew had gone home. Florence told me to follow her and she would show me something interesting. There were mounds of earth around the foundation wall. We had to walk down a path made out of wooden planks to get to the basement. It was deserted, quiet and bone-cold down there. She set down her bag of groceries and stood there. I stood there, holding my tin container of milk and the bread.

She finally said, "Well?" And I said, "Well what?" And she said, "You know what." And I said, "What's so interesting down here? It's nothing but an old cellar." And she said, "You certainly are a dope. You certainly are one big perfect dope, Mr. Charles Golden." And I said, "Says who?" And she said, "I don't think I ever met such a dumb, stupid dope in my whole life." I said, "Says who?" I started to go out. She pulled me back. She said, "Don't you get the idea?" I shook my head. She said, "You have to put your arms around me and close your eyes and kiss me like Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres."

I looked at her as if she were crazy. I turned around and started running out. I lost my balance on the planks. I fell in the mud. The milk can slipped out and the cover got loose and all the milk spilled. My mother was a woman who believed in crying over spilled milk. Not only did she cry about it but she got me crying over the same tin can of spilled milk.

It was a bad evening. Every time Florence saw me, after that, she'd look at me and say, "Hello, sheik."

"Did Florence give you a lot of kisses?" Sharon asked.

"No," I said. "Not even one."

"It's a sad part of the story. I hope it gets happier soon."

"It gets happier and it gets sadder and sometimes it gets neither happy nor sad, but just plain farcical."

"What's fossicle?"

"Like a clown in the circus," I said. "Like a big dumb clown in the sawdust, running very fast to get no place and tripping all over his big shoes and falling down in the sawdust."

I signaled Étienne and told him to tell René to bring me another portion of essence of juniper.

"Did you stay in love with Florence a long, long time?" Sharon asked.

"Overnight," I said, "the entire romance had burned itself into ashes. Then I found a new love."

"What's her ——"

"Estelle. She was about twelve and a half or thirteen years old at the time. We spent that summer at Coney Island. My mother, my father, my two brothers and a dog by the name of Mex. He was called Mex because he was a Mexican Chihuahua dog. We had a two-room apartment on the ground floor of a three-story building on Mermaid Avenue. We just rented it for the summer. Estelle lived upstairs. Coney Island was a wonderful place for a summer vacation in 1925. I got to be friendly with Estelle because I used to sell Eskimo Pies on the beach on Sunday. Eskimo Pies were made of ice cream. I wonder if they still manufacture Eskimo Pies? I haven't seen an Eskimo Pie in years.

"Estelle sure loved Eskimo Pies. I used to save her one after I got through with the day's work on the hot beach. I bought the Eskimo Pies for three cents each and sold them for ten. I bought them in cartons of two dozen. One day something came over me. I brought her four Eskimo Pies. We sat on the stoop of this house on Mermaid Avenue, and Estelle ate every one of those Eskimo Pies."

"Did she love you back because you gave her all those Essimo Pies, daddy?"

"It may have influenced her emotions," I said.

"Did you give her Essimo Pies every day?"

"I didn't sell them every day. Some days I worked on the beach taking out folding beach chairs and folding umbrellas for the bathers. I got fifty cents a day. I also worked in a cat-game concession on the boardwalk. A cat game is a sucker game. You have to knock over three cats with one to three balls. If you knock all three cats over with one ball, you could win a doll. It was impossible to knock over the cats with one ball unless the cats were arranged in a secret way on the stand. I used to set up the cats."

"Did it hurt the cats?"

"The cats felt no pain whatsoever. They were stuffed cats. Once I set up the cats on purpose so Estelle could knock them over with one ball. She won a French doll with a cigarette in her mouth. We went out to the beach sometimes for the swimming. Sometimes we sneaked into Steeplechase, The Funny Place, by means of a poorly guarded entrance on Surf Avenue. We looked around for discarded blue combination tickets with unpunched numbers. They used to give you thirty-five rides for half a dollar on the blue combination ticket. Then we would take the unpunched rides. We used to go to Luna Park, The World Circus Sideshow, the Eden Musée waxworks, and the RKO-Tilyou for the vaudeville shows. We got root beer and hot dogs at Feltman's and cotton candy and corn on the cob, and sometimes we went to Stauch's Pavilion and listened to the dance music from there while we sat on the sand at night. I treated Estelle to everything. I was always a big spender with girls. Estelle used to hold my hand when we sat on the beach. When we rode on the roller coasters—the Cyclone, the Mile Sky Chaser, the Thunderbolt—she would lean against me and I put my arm around her and she buried her face in my shoulder and screamed when we took one of those sheer drops."

"I guess Estelle did love you back, daddy."

"I believe she did reciprocate the feelings I had toward her."

"Did you ever kiss her?" she asked.

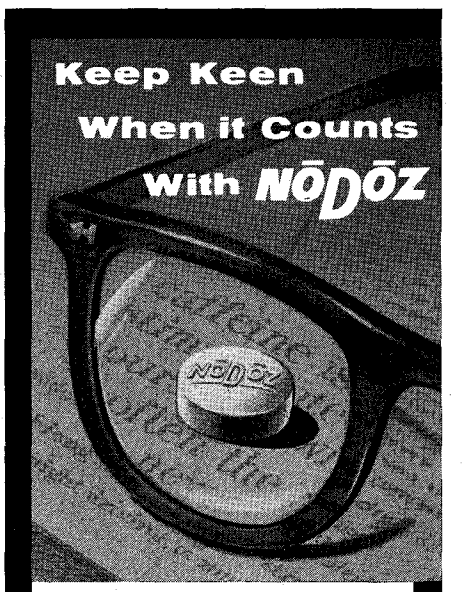
"Yes." What happened with Estelle was that, one night in late August, she invited me to join her on the roof of our building and see the stars. In addition to looking at the stars, we looked at each other. I discovered several things about girls which, up until then, I had only suspected. In short, we kissed and caressed as you can kiss and caress only when you are between twelve and thirteen and the world is filled with possibility and the air has a saline stimulation from the ocean breezes, and all pleasures are simple and uncomplicated.

We kissed once more when I said good night to Estelle at her door. I was much too exhilarated to go in and go to sleep. I had a friend, Davey, and I went to Davey's house. His folks were at the movies. He was playing poker for pennies and nickels with Mark, Joe, Sam and Bernie. I played with them, and when the game broke up, Davey and I walked on the boardwalk. I was so impressed with myself and my big love affair that I told Davey about the episode on the rooftop. I did not omit any of the details and even embellished the romantic liaison with some highly immoral touches I plagiarized from a novel by Floyd Dell about life in Greenwich Village which I'd been reading that summer.

Davey told Mark, who told Bernie, who told his girl, Sandy, and soon the news was up and down the whole block, and I wouldn't be surprised if they knew about it in Sea Gate and Sheepshead Bay. Two days later, as I was stacking beach chairs under the boardwalk, Estelle came over. She slapped me across the mouth. "That," she said, "will teach you to keep your big mouth shut about me." I wanted to explain, but she didn't give me a chance. My heart was broken. I tried to make it up to her by bringing her a whole unopened carton of two dozen

"That's a nice firm grip you've got there, madam."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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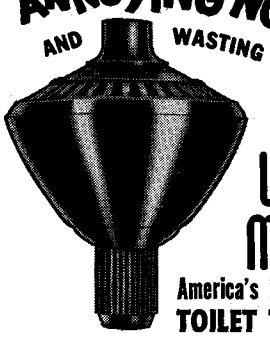

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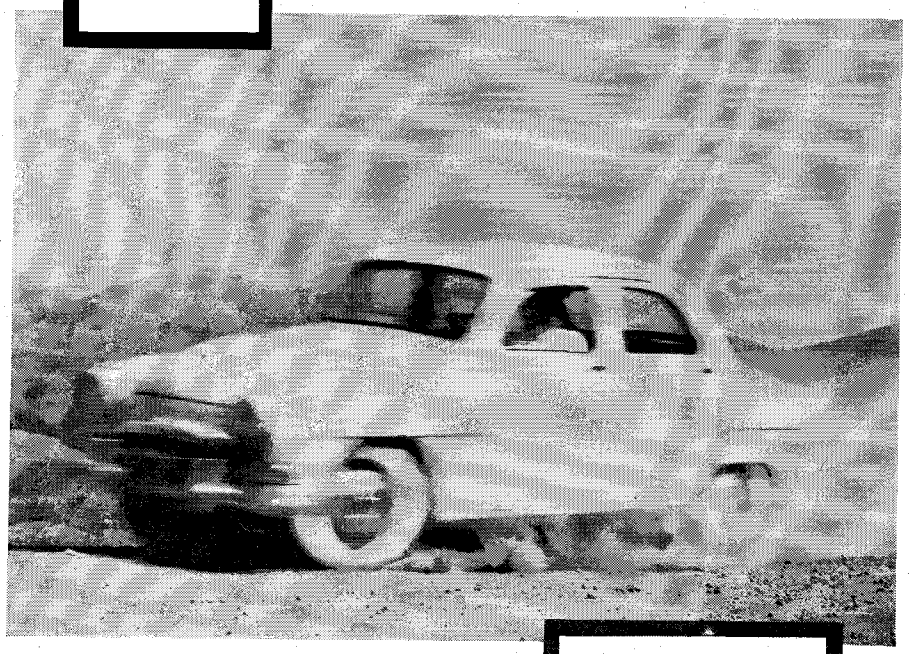

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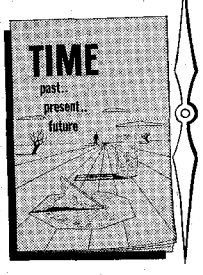

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Eskimo Pies the following Sunday, but she would have no part of me or my Eskimo Pies.

"Well," Sharon said, "did you kiss her a lot then?"

"No," I said, "my love for Estelle came to a tragic end. I kissed and told."

"Tell me some more about the story. I have lots more ice cream to finish."

"Well, there was Audrey, who, like me, took piano lessons from Mrs. Makin on New Utrecht Avenue. Audrey and I played four-handed piano arrangements and other musical and nonmusical arrangements. And then there were all the girls in high school. There was Ruth Prowse and Ruth Levine and Blanche Hood and Edie Simmons and Ruth Allenberg. There were quite a few Ruths in that period of my life. And there was a girl, Margery Rosen, that I didn't know loved me during this period until I was past this period. I met her at a party in Brooklyn during Christmas vacation when I had come home from college during my freshman year. She told me she had admired me from a distance all through high school. She said she adored the poems and short stories I used to write for The Comet, the school literary quarterly. She said I struck her as warm and sensitive, a characterization I did not disagree with. I took Margery to see Waiting for Lefty by Clifford Odets. We had a short and wonderful week, but I never saw her or wrote to her after I returned to college.

"You see, Sharon, after my experiences with Florence and Estelle, I really knew everything there was to know about women, but I did not know that I knew it, and I was too emotionally backward to appreciate the knowledge. So then there were all the girls in college. There was Naomi and Pearl and Virginia and Elsa, and finally there was your mother, Carole, and now it was as if all the other girls had been the overtures to a musical *chef-d'oeuvre*. Now, for the first time, I knew what love was."

"This is the part I like best," Sharon said. "The part about you and mummy."

"You know that part from the beginning to the end," I said. "It's idiotic for us to be sitting here slobbering up sundaes and talking about Carole."

"You promised to tell me the story, daddy."

"All right," I said. "So we saw each other in this class in French Lyric Poetry of the Nineteenth Century and we were instantly attracted to each other. Yet neither of us dared to reveal our true feelings. Finally, a few months after the semester began—I was now in my junior year—I happened to be eating in the commons at Memorial Union instead of at Adams Hall. She was eating there, too, instead of at the women's dormitory. I put my tray down at her table and we got into a conversation. We started out with French lyric poets of the nineteenth century—Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Lamartine, Verlaine, Baudelaire—and then we drifted into the writers of the twentieth century whom we both admired—Gide, T. S. Eliot, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Joyce, Katherine Mansfield, Anton Chekhov and Ernest Hemingway. It turned out she had never heard of William Saroyan, and I said I would lend her a copy of The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze—a book which had recently been published. She said she would lend me Tortilla Flat, an early book of John Steinbeck's. I had never heard of Steinbeck, you see. Well, I walked her back to Barnard Hall, and it was snowing heavily, just like today. And we fell in love. And I don't want to talk about it any more, Sharon. We were married four years later, and you were born five years ago, and now I'm through. Finished. The story is ended. There isn't any more to it. It's over. It's done with."

"Tell me more about mummy," Sharon pleaded. "Tell me about the wedding cake and the wedding and the honeymoon."

"I'm sorry I started the whole story," I said.

"It's a wonderful story, daddy."

"That's what you think."

"It's the most wonderful story in the whole wide world."

"I'm never going to tell you that story again," I said. "Do you hear me, Sharon?"

She started to weep.

"Oh, quit crying, for heaven's sake," I said.

Then Carole came in and sat down at the table.

She removed the scarf she had twisted around her hair to protect her from the snow. She looked absolutely radiant and lovely.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "What are you crying about, darling?"

"It's nothing," Sharon said, crying bitterly.

"What's the matter, Charles?" Carole asked.

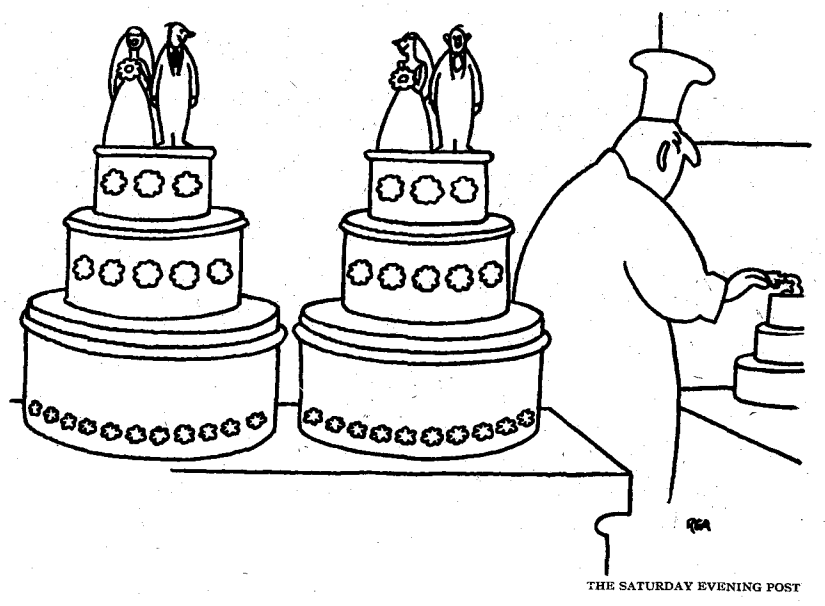
"You heard her. Nothing."

"What's bothering the child?"

"She wanted me to tell her a story and I told her one, and now she's mad. I think she's just a little sorehead."

"What kind of a story?"

"The worst kind. A love story with an unhappy ending. It's the last love story I'll ever tell that little sorehead."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Carole got up and put her arm around Sharon. Then going back to her chair she opened her pocketbook and found a handkerchief, with which she wiped off the streaks on Sharon's face. Then she absent-mindedly dropped it on the floor. My wife is one of the worst handkerchief losers since Desdemona. She loses them by the dozen.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I was in the neighborhood. I had an appointment to see Stern. He's in the Squibb Building, you know."

"I know. I certainly do know. He's my lawyer too. Remember? He was my lawyer before he was your lawyer."

She closed her eyes for a moment.

"So, I knew, from what Sharon told me, you always take her here for a soda, and I thought I would save you a trip to Grand Central. Is that so terrible?"

"That's mighty considerate of you, my *belle chérie*."

"I have to go to the bathroom, mummy," Sharon said.

"Where is it, Charles?"

"It's downstairs. You go in the lobby and then you go downstairs. There you will find the *chambre de poudre*. There's a big sign."

"Come, Sharon," Carole said.

"I can go myself. . . . I know where it is, daddy, don't I? Daddy always lets me go there myself when I have to go."

"I do," I said. "She always goes there around this time every Saturday."

Sharon headed for the lobby.

"You're plastered, aren't you?" my wife said, opening the repartee on a tender note.

"Now how did you figure that out, my *belle dame sans merci?*"

"Because you're talking bad French. You always talk bad French when you get plastered."

"You're a keen observer of human nature, my dear," I said. "Well, tell me about the news from counselor Stern. Is he preparing to put asunder what God hath joined together?"

"You can hardly wait until I go to Florida and get the divorce, can you?"

"I don't want the divorce. I never wanted the divorce and I don't want the separation either."

She was peering at her nose in a hand mirror. She looked up for a moment.

"Well, well, well," she said. "That's news, isn't it?"

"It may be news, but it's a fact," I said. I sighed and watched the wind flurrying up the snow flakes. "*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*"

"Talk English, for Pete's sake," she said.

"'But where are the snows of yesteryear?'"

"I give up. Where?"

"You look soaked," I said.

"I've been walking in the snow for hours," she said. "I couldn't go up to see Stern. I just stood in the lobby and I couldn't take the elevator upstairs. I went walking in the park. Then I remembered our first date. Do you remember how it snowed?"

"And I waited in the parlor at the dorm and you brought down a book by Steinbeck. Then we said good night. I went home and got a book by Saroyan and brought it back to Barnard Hall. It was after ten-thirty and you couldn't come down, but I gave it to the girl at the switchboard. She said she would send it up to you."

"We've had so many good times together, Charles," she said. "Why do we have to fight all the time?"

"I don't know," I said.

"And why do you run away from me when we don't agree about something? Why do you withdraw into yourself or go into town and drink with your friends? Why? Why?"

"I don't know," I said. And then suddenly an image came into my mind. A small boy running up a path of wooden planks, running away, falling, spilling the milk. And I knew.

"I can't live without you, Charlie," she said. "I'd rather be miserable and have fights and have my sister get insulted and have my friends laugh than live without you. I don't want to live without you. I don't care about my pride any more. I don't care if we move back to the city. I don't care about anything but having you back."

"I love you, Carole," I said.

"You haven't said that to me in years," she said.

"I didn't think you wanted to hear it," I said. "I didn't want to say it to you if I didn't think you cared, because it would humiliate me. I don't understand you. I just don't understand you."

"Don't understand me," she said; "just love me."

Sharon sat down and picked up her spoon. "Daddy," she said, "please tell me a story till I finish the ice cream?"

"What kind of a story?"

"A story about you and mummy," she said. "The part about the wedding and the wedding cake."

"Well, actually," I began, "the wedding wasn't such a big wedding. Just the immediate family and our closest friends, and the wedding cake wasn't such a big wedding cake. Only three tiers high and ——"

"What's a tier?" Sharon inquired, her mouth filled with fruit, ice cream and crushed nuts. THE END

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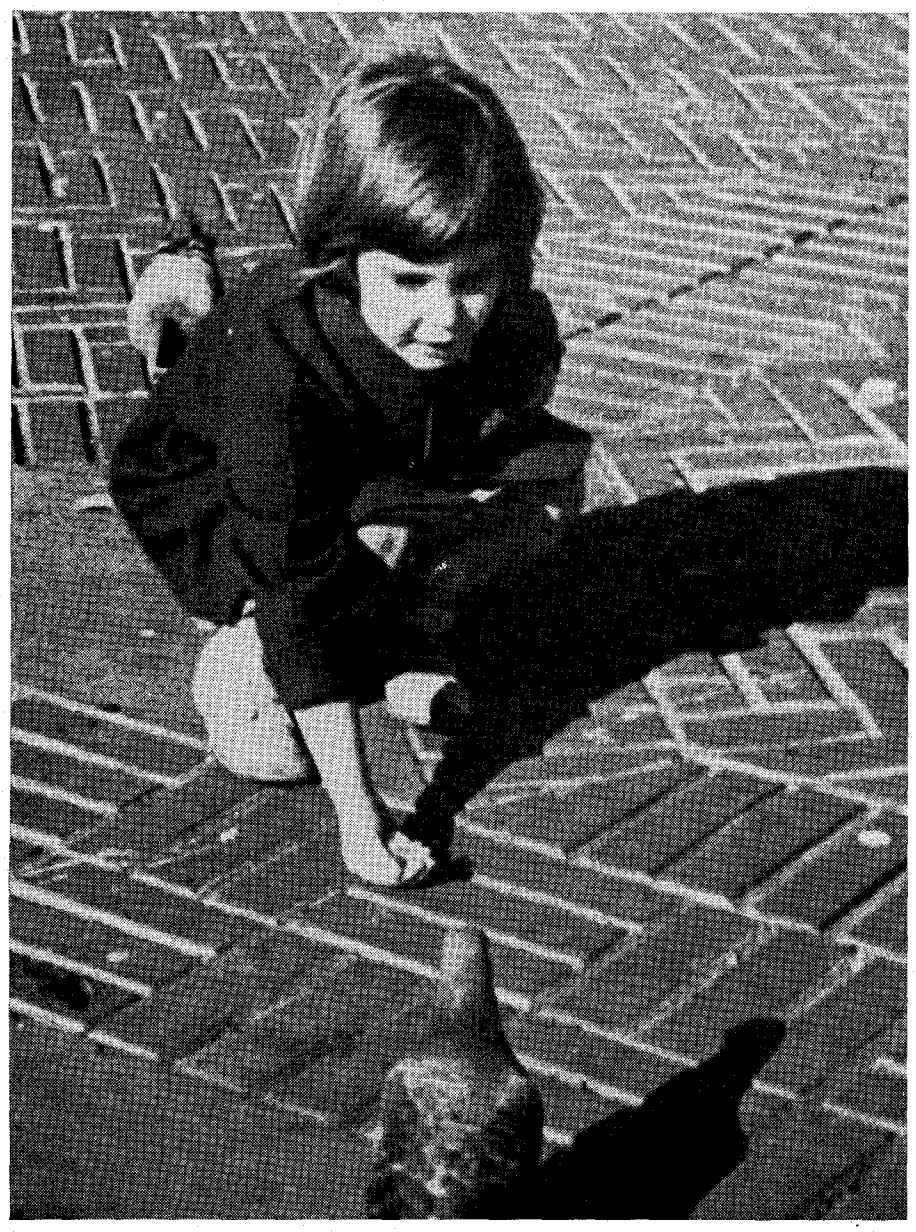

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Giant of the Colorado (Continued from Page 37)

this law comprehensively provides for developing the water resources of the Upper Colorado River Basin, an area of approximately 110,000 square miles in Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. It authorizes four huge water-storage projects and eleven participating projects on the Upper Colorado or its tributaries, and provides for investigating twenty-five additional potential projects. The bill authorizes appropriations not exceeding $760,000,000, the largest single sum ever authorized for any Bureau of Reclamation project.

The purpose is to provide effective control of this vast river system for multiple-purpose water use. Fed by melting snow in the high Rockies, the river flow is erratic seasonally and from year to year. The structures now to be built are expected to regularize the flow. They will hold back floods in big snow years and give up some of their reserve in dry years. Thus both upper and lower basins will get a reasonably constant flow of water—for power, domestic use, irrigation. This in turn will permit development of many almost untouched upper-basin areas.

Glen Canyon Dam is the largest structure in the project, the only one to be built on the Colorado River itself. It is located in the wild country of Northern Arizona, in a narrow gorge thirteen miles downstream from the Utah border and sixteen miles upstream from Lee's Ferry, the point designated to divide the upper and lower basins. The eastern boundary of the Grand Canyon National Park is about fifty airline miles downstream.

The undertaking marks the passing of the country's last great frontier, a wilderness of brooding desert and moonscape scenery—and some hate to have it go. Others welcome prospects of employment in a region that has provided few job opportunities. Business, agriculture and industry see new doors opening. Hidden mineral fields may be uncovered as remote areas become accessible. Electric energy will be produced in vast quantities. And a brutally lovely scope of country will be thrown open to all who care to come and see.

The upper basin of the Colorado River is the wide-open space of wild-West dreamers. In much of it there have hitherto been no improved roads. In Southeastern Utah and Northeastern Arizona several hundred square miles have fewer than 200 permanent residents, exclusive of Navajo Indians. These nomads have lived remote from main currents of American life. Shy shepherdesses of ten or twelve, in long skirts like their mothers', have guided flocks to water holes in remote canyons for successive generations. Men in big hats, wearing concho belts, wristlets, and hatbands made of hammered silver set with turquoise, have ridden ponies across empty miles to trading posts and medicine-man sings. Women have sat at log looms in the sun, weaving rugs, to earn perhaps a nickel an hour. Navajo homes were mud-rock-and-timber hogans in winter, brush shelters in summer. They still live that way, and there still are places in the region never visited by white men.

Within the next few years, most of it will be opened to sixty-miles-per-hour travel, to million-dollar motels, to at least one city created with a population of 10,000, to motorboats skimming blue water where there was desert.

The National Park Service calls this "one of the most outstanding recreational sections in the United States, because of the variety of natural scenery, climatic conditions and areas and objects of scientific interest, its early romantic history, archaeological background and present Indian and Anglo cultures."

Time and again travelers have been bewildered by its fantastic formations. Dr. J. S. Newberry saw it a century ago when he was the geologist with the Macomb Expedition. The Needles, "a forest of Gothic spires," left him groping for words. "Nothing in nature or in art," he wrote, "offers a parallel to these singular objects, but some idea of their appearance may be gained by imagining the island of New York thickly (*Continued on Page 122*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We feel it adds a touch of class to our meals."

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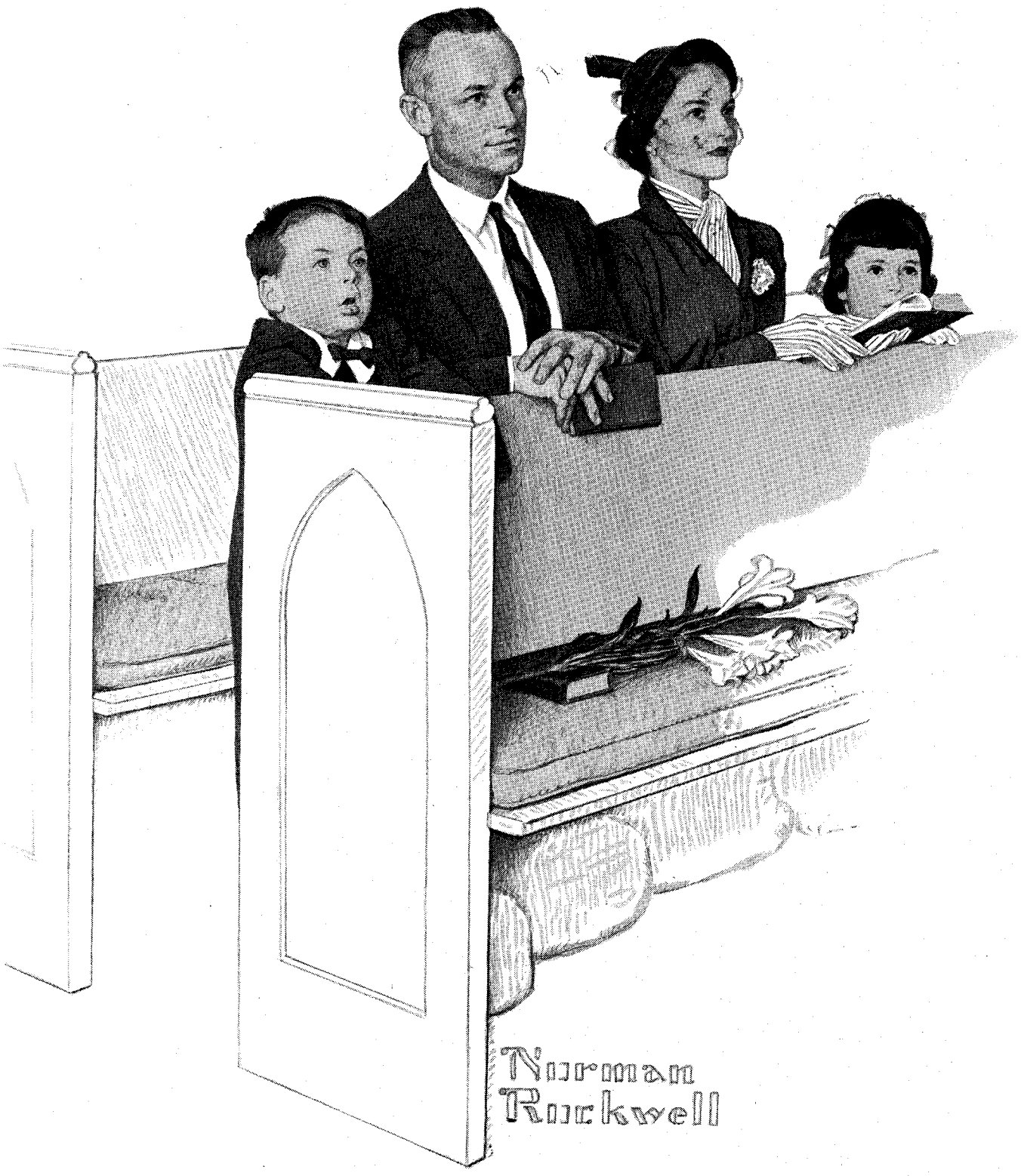

In this season it is well to remember that the hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future.

Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility for helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

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(*Continued from Page 120*) set with spires like that of Trinity Church, but many of them twice in height."

Already the Glen Canyon damsite is astir with activity. Six months after President Eisenhower pushed that historic key, I put on a hard hat, stepped onto a tiny open-sided cage which workmen call the monkey slide, and dropped on loosely swinging cables down the side of a 900-foot cliff. It was like sliding down a rope to Fifth Avenue from the Empire State roof. I stepped off within yards of the muddy Colorado and shook hands with Ernie Moore and Curly Hamrick, construction-company superintendents.

They walked me into the mouth of a tunnel, now finished, but then just begun, that was to be 2768 feet long and forty-five feet wide, piercing the pink-and-orange sandstone walls of the canyon. It goes into the rock above the damsite and, after curving like a horseshoe, comes out again below.

Ernie and Curly have partnered on many jobs. They built the power tunnel that serves Alaska's Matanuska Valley farmers. Their most recent job was in Cuba. Before that they drove an eight-foot water-diversion tunnel for New Haven, Connecticut. But what they're on now beats anything they've done yet for size, they said; it's bigger than any subway tunnel they know of. The three tubes of the Lincoln Tunnel under the Hudson River carry two streams of traffic each. I drove through one of them recently, and it seemed tiny after that Colorado River job. A similar tunnel will pierce the canyon wall on the opposite side of the river. When finished, these tubes will take the entire flow of the Colorado around the spot in the river bed where the dam is to rise. Later they will be remodeled as permanent spillways to bypass high waters.

I rode the monkey slide back to the rim of the canyon. Looking across to the other side, I saw men crawling around the rocks like ants on a loaf of bread. Monster machines, cross-river cables, construction shacks, all seemed dwarfed in country too big for them. Across the way I saw where I had been the day before, chatting with drillers driving test holes in solid rock. To get from one rim to the other, I had driven 242 miles. Planes fly workers back and forth in minutes.

But that drive points up what the country is like. To reach the opposite rim the day before, I had left well-traveled U.S. 89 at what is called The Gap—just a gas station and store. Temporary Arizona Route 189 takes off there, forty-eight miles of graded dirt road winding across the Navajo Indian Reservation. Sixteen miles from The Gap I saw the first sign of human habitation, two Navajo hogans. In the forty-eight miles I counted five hogans, plus two sweat-bath houses, the crude structures in which Indians heat stones, which they then douse with water to create steam. Any traffic at all was news. I met two cars and two trucks, and in the distance saw a Navajo on horseback. Nothing else seemed to move.

To get from the south to the north rim, I had to backtrack on this lonely road to U.S. 89; follow 89 to Marble Canyon and the only vehicular bridge over the Colorado in the 640 miles from Hoover Dam to Moab, Utah; climb out of House Rock Valley to Jacob Lake, where tourists take off for the North Rim of the Grand Canyon; then drop down thirty-eight miles to Kanab, a desert oasis whose back country is used in wild-West movie sets. From there I drove seventy-six miles to the damsite, over a mostly-dirt road not even thought of at the time my map was printed.

A bridge at the damsite, with high-speed roads to it from both directions, has been begun. To be completed in 1959, this bridge, Bureau of Reclamation officials say, will be the highest steel arch in the United States, 700 feet above the water, and 1271 feet from canyon rim to rim. The span of the arch, 1028 feet, will be second only to that of the Bayonne Bridge linking New Jersey and Staten Island. The deck will be forty feet wide, carrying a thirty-foot roadway and two four-foot sidewalks. It will be located 900 feet downstream within fine viewing distance of the dam. With the approach roads, it will form a new link in a major north-south route. Project engineer L. F. (Lem) Wylie, veteran of many Reclamation jobs who is in charge of Glen Canyon construction, told me he thinks more people will cross this bridge than now cross Hoover Dam.

Glen Canyon Dam will rise 700 feet above foundation bedrock, making it the world's fourth-highest dam. Crest length will be 1400 feet. To create this monster, some 10,000,000 cubic yards of aggregate will have to be brought in. Other fantastic construction statistics are: 130,000 tons of steel, 20,000 tons of aluminum, 5000 tons of copper, 3,000,000 board feet of lumber, 5,000,000 barrels of cement. The damsite is 135 miles from Flagstaff, the nearest reachable railroad station; trucks will be hauling construction supplies from there night and day for years.

On Trying to Stay a Bachelor

Husbands have their troubles,
But the really harried men
Are not, of course, the husbands,
But the poor unmarried men.

Hal Chadwick

By stopping the rampageous Colorado, the dam will create what will be, when full, the second-largest man-made reservoir by volume in the United States, the largest being Lake Mead, behind Hoover Dam. The surface area of the still-unnamed lake, at maximum, will be 153,000 acres. Still water will extend 186 miles up the Colorado and seventy-one miles up the tributary San Juan.

Blue water in the desert is always a miracle, and the lake is sure to become a major tourist magnet. Concessionaires under regulation will operate lodges, restaurants and other facilities. Fishing and other water sports will be encouraged, and boats will take tourists to spots hitherto visited only by the physically tough.

For most of its length the Colorado behaves like a hellcat. It has killed many adventurers who tried to navigate it. In Glen Canyon it is relatively tame. The water flows fast, but at only one or two places in the canyon's 170-mile length, from the mouth of the Dirty Devil River to Lee's Ferry, does it boil into dangerous white water. It can play nasty tricks, though, when it rises without warning. Half a century ago trapper Nathan Galloway, overtaken by a storm, tied his boat to willows and sought refuge in a cave under one of the "royal arches," which are products of erosion in these canyon walls. Suddenly Galloway found the river lapping at his ankles in the cave. Quickly it rose to his knees, his hips, his chin. He couldn't leave; he didn't think he could stay. Then, as quickly as it rose, the river subsided.

Maj. John Wesley Powell, pioneer explorer of the unknown portions of the Colorado, was a tough Union officer who left his right forearm on the battlefield of Shiloh. He made his one-armed Colorado River voyages in 1869 and later years. Often he came to white water and kept going without knowing what lay ahead or how soon he would reach a barrier his boats couldn't pass, at a spot from which there was no retreat, with canyon walls too precipitous to climb. To Powell and his men, Glen Canyon seemed rather restful after the terrors of Cataract Canyon. He named it for the "oak glens" along their banks.

Others, not too many, have boated down the canyons and seen the things Powell saw, and have felt his awe at their wonders. Monument Rock, for instance, the 300-foot needle which in profile sometimes resembles a muffled nun eternally watching where Wahweap and Colorado meet; the monster laccolith, Navajo Mountain, always in view when Powell climbed to the canyon's rim; *El Vado de los Padres*, the river crossing used by the Spanish priest Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante in 1776; primitive-house ruins, storage caves, and artifacts, which proved that the canyon had been populated in prehistory.

Powell missed more wonders than he saw. A side canyon enters Glen Canyon from the south near a cave called Music Temple. If he had walked up it and a branch canyon about six miles, he could have been the first white man to set eyes on one of nature's most majestic creations. As it was, forty years passed before a white man stood under *Nonnezoshi*, the great arch, sometimes called *Barohomi*, the rainbow—the Rainbow Natural Bridge. Its discoverer, John Wetherill, trader, acting as guide for Professor B. S. Cummings, the archaeologist, rode a hard trail to get there, as have the few since who have seen it. On the new lake, boat parties will find the bridge almost as easy to get to as Niagara Falls.

Some have asked whether important minerals will be submerged by the new lake. This part of the mid-continent has proved rich in uranium. E. O. (Ole) Larson, regional director for the Bureau of Reclamation, says the Atomic Energy Commission made studies and found that no important uranium deposits will be submerged.

As for archaeological sites, the Park Service is responsible for having these explored and for removing whatever is important. Universities are expected to help.

No water from the Glen Canyon reservoir is to be used directly for irrigation at that point. Other dams to be built later, on upstream tributaries, will impound water for upper-basin irrigation. Glen Canyon water will turn turbines as it passes the dam, creating up to 900,000 kilowatts of power, and will steady the flow for irrigation and water-supply use in lower-basin reservoirs. Sales of electricity generated at the Glen Canyon site are counted on to pay for the dam.

Nobody knows how long it will take the lake to fill. Flow of the Colorado is measured at Lee's Ferry. In wet spells, 24,000,000 acre-feet have passed in a year; in dry spells no more than 6,000,000, and the average has been around 15,000,000. The Colorado River Compact of 1922 required the upper basin to pass 7,500,000 acre-feet per year, or 75,000,000 acre-feet each ten years. Engineers point out that because of this rule it could be twenty years after storage starts before the lake is full. Yet a few wet years nicely spaced might fill it surprisingly soon.

The city to be built at the dam will be named Page, in honor of John C. Page, Reclamation commissioner from 1937 to 1943. The bureau will build the streets, utilities, commercial section, and some houses for bureau employees. Most employees, Lem Wylie says, will build their own homes on leased sites. Contractors will build for their workers. The peak of dam construction is expected in 1960, and the population at that time will probably top 10,000. Senators Watkins (Utah) and Clinton P. Anderson, of New Mexico, predict tremendous developments industrially and agriculturally. "The Colorado River Storage Project," Anderson has said, "represents the vehicle by which the last remaining undeveloped region of the country will be brought to full flower."

No one is more interested in these prospects than the Navajos. Paul Jones, tribal chairman, is keenly aware of hoped-for blessings. Jones, a forward-looking Navajo who has spent much of his life off the reservation, graduated from high school in Grand Rapids, Michigan, was badly gassed in World War I, and later studied bookkeeping and stenography. He worked for some years as an assistant shipping clerk for the National Tea Company. Returning to the reservation in 1933 for his wife's health, he has worked with his people ever since.

"The Glen Canyon area," he told me, "has been the back yard of our reservation. Our people there could hardly get in or out. This will mean a new way of life; they will have roads. They can take products to market. It will mean employment. The law says as much of the work on the dam as possible must be done by locals. Many Navajo people will drive trucks to and from Flagstaff. That work will last for years. We have been aiming desperately, you know, for regular employment. The dam will mean power; electricity will change everything."

He told me the tribe hopes to operate a motel in the vicinity of the dam. They have successful motels already at Window Rock and Shiprock. The Shiprock motel, Jones said, "is only half big enough." They are doubling its capacity and will add a restaurant.

Many Navajos and some whites regret the passing of an Arizona-Utah frontier so long a place of lonely beauty, but change must come. Sen. Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, knows that country as few white men do.

"I go up there once in a while," he wrote me recently. From his landing field he walks three miles "to the place I have always loved." He owns the Rainbow Lodge and Trading Post, from which the trail leads to Rainbow Bridge. In places almost never visited by white men he has seen the jeep trails of men exploring for uranium, oil or gas. In vastly greater numbers they will come to fish, play and sight-see. "It is a great thing that we are going to witness," Goldwater concluded, "and while in a way I hate to see the passing of the era I have lived through, I recognize that the change will be of great benefit. . . . The Studebaker wagon will be gone, the hogan will be gone, and the shoe will replace the Navajo boot. I would like to cling to those things, but change is inevitable; you can kiss good-by to what you and I call the Navajo-Hopi land."

Lt. J. C. Ives was sent to scout this region 100 years ago. He saw enough of it to predict a dismal future. "Ours"—he wrote in the letter submitting his Report Upon the Colorado River of the West—"ours has been the first, and will doubtless be the last, party of whites to visit this profitless locality. It seems intended by nature that the Colorado River, along the greater portion of its lonely and majestic way, shall be forever unvisited and undisturbed."

Prophets can't come back and eat their words. At this moment a frontier is passing under our eyes. Things we'd like to keep will go. But opportunities beyond anything we can surmise are certain to supplant them. THE END

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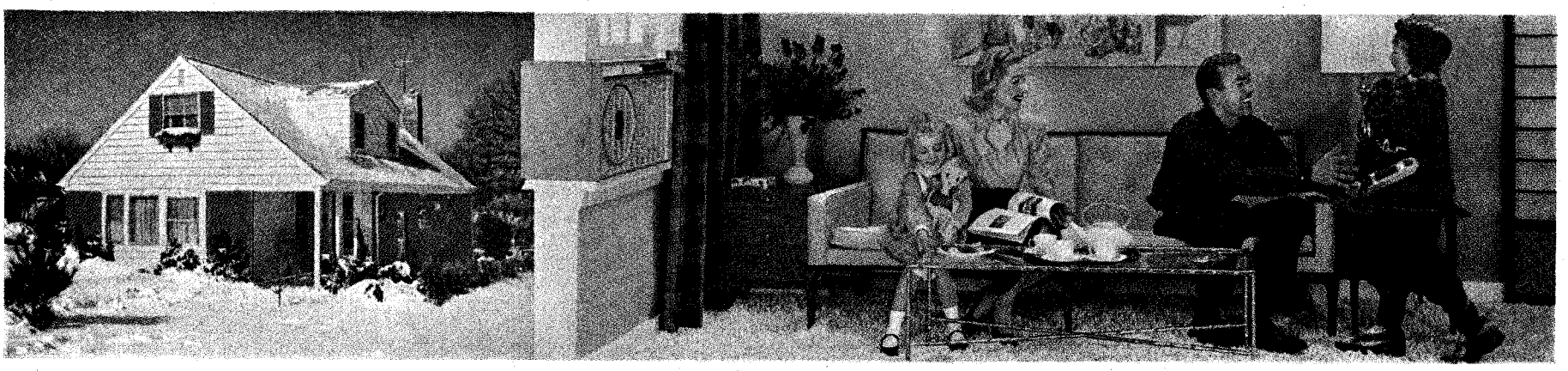

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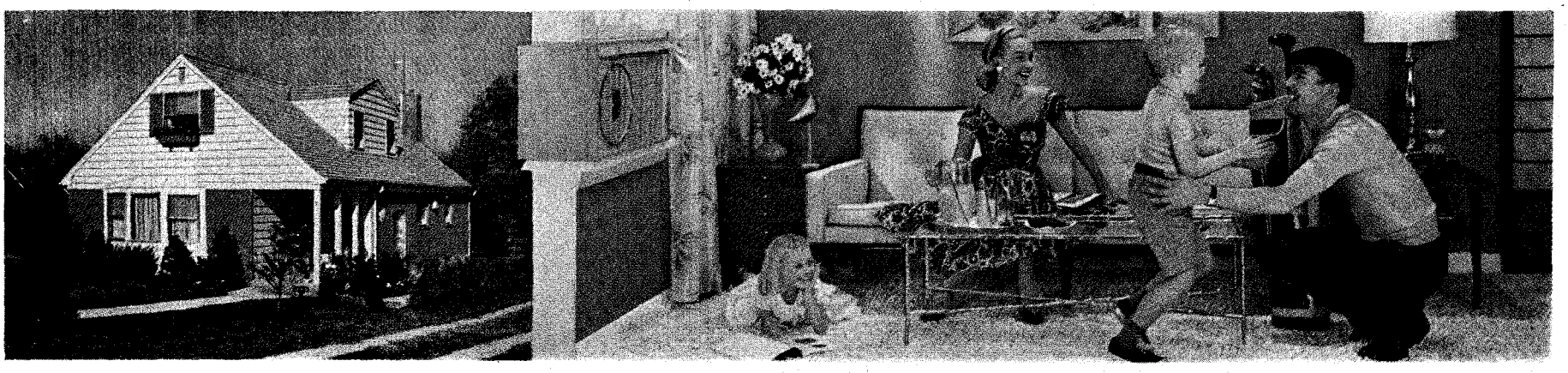

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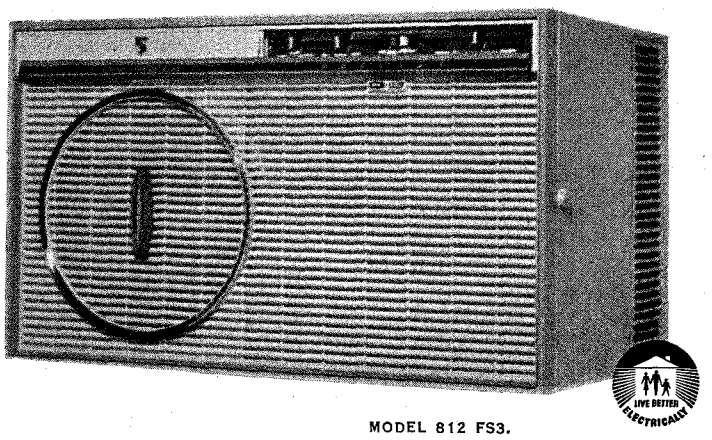

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The Land That Time Forgot

(Continued from Page 30)

white men's plyboard housing, was flown in, during the last seven years. The country in which Goroka sits was discovered in 1933, and is a part of the high valleys which contain a half million people who were unknown to the outside world until that time and who represent the greatest common-sense experiment in the engineering of humanity that has been attempted in a world which is constantly torn by interracial strife.

The Baron Goto, a Japanese of the University of Hawaii, one of the foremost coffee experts in the world, was flown in by the white settlers of New Guinea at their own expense to instruct the natives in commercial coffee growing. He said, at a farewell party at the home of Jim Leahy, who was one of the discoverers of the country, "I believe that this is the last spot on earth where happy natives and happy white settlers have a chance to get along in the opening up of a new country."

A little later, District Commissioner Horrie Niall, veteran of thirty-plus years in a country whose most prosperous portion was undiscovered twenty-five years ago, told me, "You can just say that out here we don't need machine guns to run the country. We don't need standing armies. We are liked better by the natives than any whites anywhere. You can drive down a road without worrying about somebody sniping at you or rolling a boulder down a hill on you. The future of this country is in peasant agriculture, and when it is established, the country will boom."

Not so very long ago, Mr. Niall was ducking his share of arrows. And is this not food for conversation, but more, conversation of food? At a recent cocktail party a young serving boy, naked except for a *lap-lap* loincloth, exhibited a tremendous scar on his shoulder.

A guest asked him, "What name dis fella cuttim arm belong you?"

"Oh, masta," the boy replied, handing him a gin-and-tonic, "one big fella man he try *kai-kai* long (eat) me fella."

"How far?"

"Two year he stop, behind."

Which was to say that a man tried to kill and eat him a couple of years ago. The narrator of this tale then went out and teed off in a mixed foursome with his charming wife on an emerald fairway. His caddie, his hair plaited and greased with pig fat and stuck through with plumes, was a twelve-year-old kid whose father had eaten men.

A handful of white men, nearly all alive today, have had a most amazing influence on the lives of half a million Stone Age savages who were undiscovered when Bobby Jones was sweeping the world's golf courses and television was deeply in the experimental stage. These men are still working side by side with the natives in dedicated practicality.

Whether you talk to the Leahy brothers, who discovered Shangri-La; or Jim Taylor, who assisted; or George Greathead, the first district commissioner of the Goroka area; or Ian Downs, the last D.C. but one, the aim has been roughly single-minded, as explained by Downs, a forty-four-year-old Scots-born ex-Royal Australian naval officer. Downs is a blunt-nosed, blue-eyed, enormously energetic man, who had worked for the Australian Government in the administration of New Guinea for twenty-two years. He had been everything from cadet patrol officer, when it was an adventure in staying alive, to district commissioner in three areas before he was forty years old.

He literally built Goroka, and it is quite seriously true, without any attempt at irreverence, that when the white settlers gather on December 25th to celebrate Christmas at the club, a hundred thousand local natives think that their white friends are holding a big sing-sing to celebrate Ian Downs' birthday.

Being ancestor worshipers, the nonconverted hordes do not precisely savvy the mission teachings. But they savvy Mr. Downs, who literally led them out of the wilderness. He led them out in a fairly simple fashion: He made them build roads, whether they wanted to or not, in a place where roads had been unknown. He made them stop fighting, in a place where peace was unknown.

There used to be in the East, at the century's turn, a phrase called "word of an Englishman," a common saying among the natives for honesty, decency and a binding bargain. Downs and Jim Taylor and the Leahys and a few others like them have made "word of an Australian" into a synonym for honesty, decency and a binding bargain.

Downs has left the government service now, and is growing coffee outside Goroka, as are Jim Taylor and Jim Leahy and George Greathead. They are growing it alongside the Stone Agers they civilized, and the natives are growing it for money right alongside the people they shot at, now leaning over the fence and swapping agricultural recipes instead of arrows and bullets. In 1955 a native's coffee crop fetched the highest prices per ton at the coastal market.

I stayed with Downs at his plantation. He lived in a simple, comfortable, and then unfinished, plywood house, with a magnificent view overlooking a road which Downs built, into the fantastically beautiful Bismarck Range. The climate is like that of Switzerland, the altitude around 5000 feet. Already his coffee seedlings were shooting up beautifully, and a hundred natives toiled, for pay and food and shelter, on his farm. I asked him to try to capsule the Australian aim in New Guinea for me. It is roughly this:

The basic insecurities of a native fresh come to the dragon bird and the white man's noisemaker, which kills at great distance, Downs said, can't be overcome in ten minutes. The New Guinea native always abused his land and fought and killed his neighbors.

He has his ways of doing things, and when a foreigner steps in to switch him from the Stone Age to the twentieth century, a certain amount of consideration of what the native thinks is valuable is vitally necessary.

The missionary is a great educator and is of inestimable help. But he can harm a gradual social evolution as well. For instance, when he attempts to promote Christian monogamy, in the face of established native polygamy, he runs into big social trouble. The man with three wives and twenty children, when told that Christianity means one wife, is just as apt to throw away the three old wives and take on a new, legal one, leaving the three old wives stateless and the children homeless and detribalized.

When you try to persuade a native to plant money crops—coffee, corn, passion fruit—in face of his old staple, sweet potatoes, and you tell him that the white man will buy some land and help him with his own plantation, the first question is not: "How much will coffee bring at the market?" It is, rather: "If the white man comes to plant coffee, will he shoot my pigs if they get into his coffee?" A pig, to a native of New Guinea, is not a pig; it is a symbol of wealth, an object of ceremonial sacrifice, a source of basic adornment and great superstition.

"We recognized," Downs said, talking around the cigarette he burns down to his lips, "that the change-over from stone ax to TV is a bit abrupt, which is what's wrong all over the world today. Yesterday they were killing and eating each other, but we've finally persuaded them—most of them—that it's better to do business with us and each other than to fight perpetually amongst themselves. We had to find a way to bridge the gap.

"The first step, of course, was to stop them fighting, and the second was to instill in them a trust—trust of us by them, trust of them in us. Then the next thing was to show them how we could help them, and how they could make a profit by it. Remember, we started at the bottom; we had to fill in the void between yesterday and tomorrow. We had to—we must—give them something sensible to replace the old tribal wars and bloodlettings, or they go crazy from frustration.

"It all had to be simple—simple things like roads, so they could get their produce to the markets easier and faster. Then we had to show them what to produce that we would buy, and how to grow it. Then we had to convince them that if they were sick, they couldn't work, so that's what the hospitals were for. Then we had to leave them alone with their land and most of their customs. We had to convince them that we were neighbors, not exploiters, not land grabbers, but friends.

"We had to reorganize their currency. As you know, the gold-lip pearl shell was their main currency, and its value was established by the fact that it had to be traded in from the coast. Air-freight costs are too big, the shells are too heavy, to be flown in from the coast as common tender. So we had to introduce them to money. Money's no good unless you can translate it into something they can buy with it. So we had to introduce them to steel—hatchets and knives and hoes and adzes. A plane blade makes a lovely adz. Then we had to set up trading posts within their walking range.

"They are not a stupid people. They are just not advanced. But they advance like a shot if they see a reason for it. What we've tried to do here is to make every man, every family, little capitalists, competing on even terms with their white neighbors. I believe we're succeeding, because we've a jolly decent type of settler here.

"You've noticed that in Goroka and round about, every white man—and woman—works hard. It impresses the locals no end to see the white people working harder than they do. None of this sitting around and drinking gin and smoking cigars in the shade of a palm, and screaming, 'Boy!' all the time. . . . Let's go and look at the coffee, and then I've got to buy some food to feed my people."

We looked at the glossy green young coffee plants, and Downs talked in pidgin to one of the natives who was pruning the young trees. I asked him what was going on.

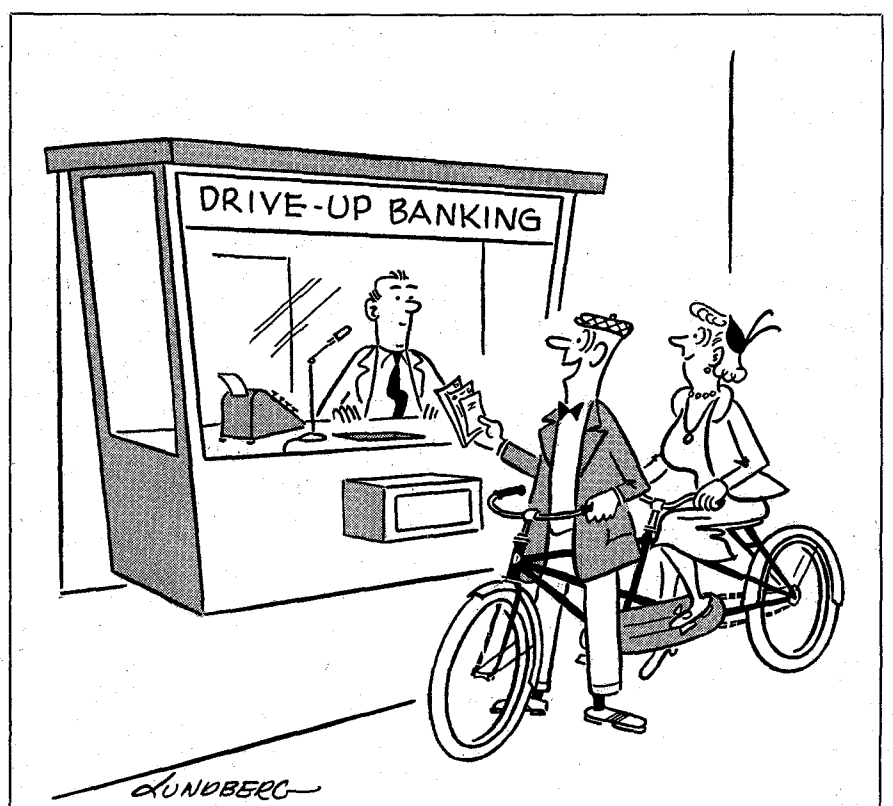
Downs said, "He said that on his farm he had been playing around, and he thought he had a method where he could grow three, instead of two, fruit-bearing branches on his plants. Sounds worth thinking about."

Downs said something rapidly to the native, who looked up at me and smiled—what you could see of the smile around the pig tusks in his nose.

We walked back to the house. Some three hundred Stone Age people were waiting. The marys (pidgin for women) were all naked to the waist. They wore pearl-shell necklaces, and for clothing a strip of fiber net in front and another behind. The men had the fiber clout in front and bunches of fresh green leaves behind.

"Only country in the world where you can pick yourself a new pair of pants every morning," Downs grinned.

The men, bearded, grotesquely painted, fierce in pig tusks, noses pierced in many places with cassowary plumes, tattooed, squat and generally ugly, were like the wall paintings in a prehistoric cave. Their heads—sunk low between their shoulders—were too big for their bodies. Their buttocks rose up high on the spine, and their chests climbed steeply beneath their chins, bulging high above their bellies. They wore knives and hatchets in their belts, (*Continued on Page 126*)



"We'd like to open a joint account."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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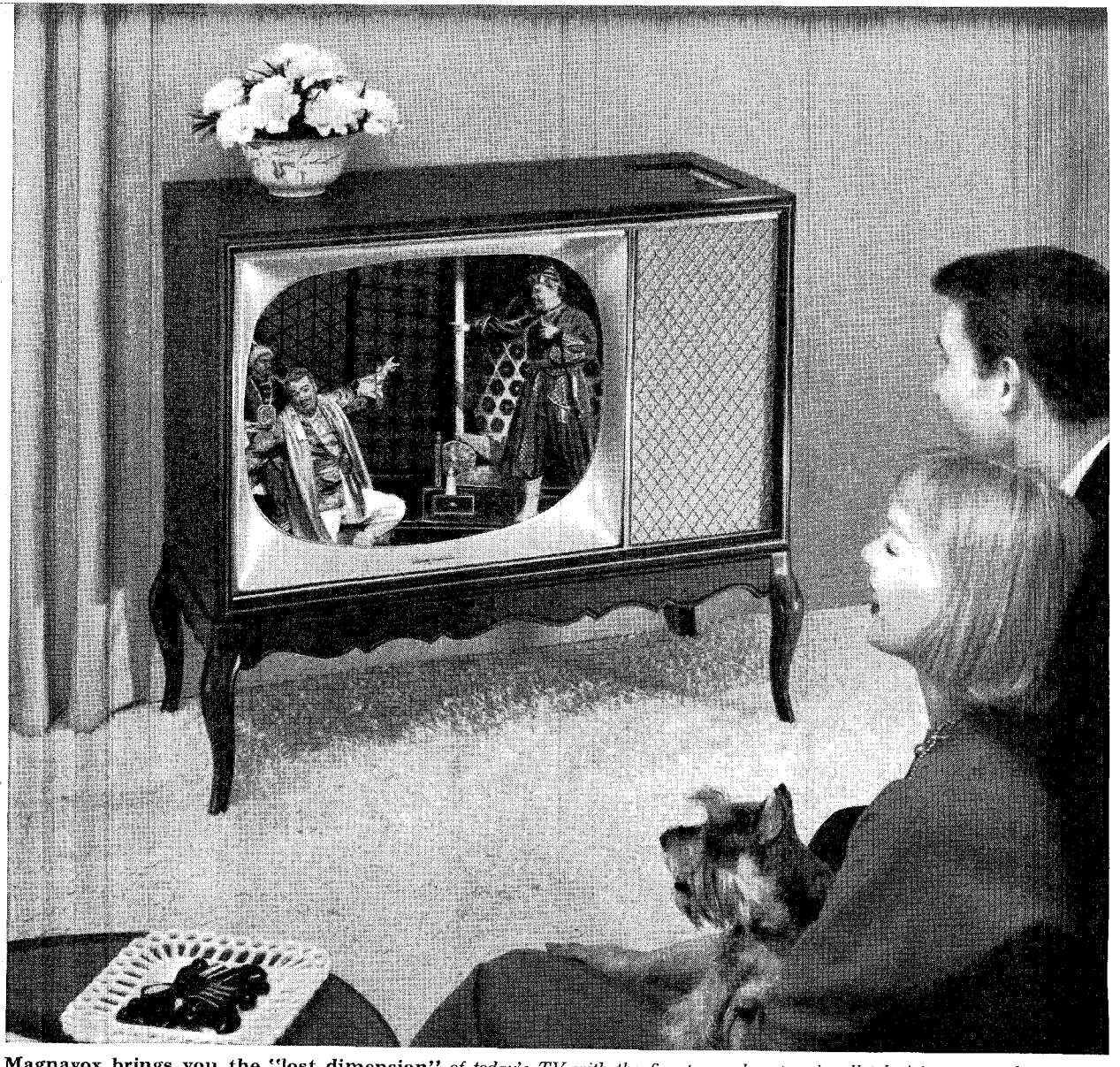

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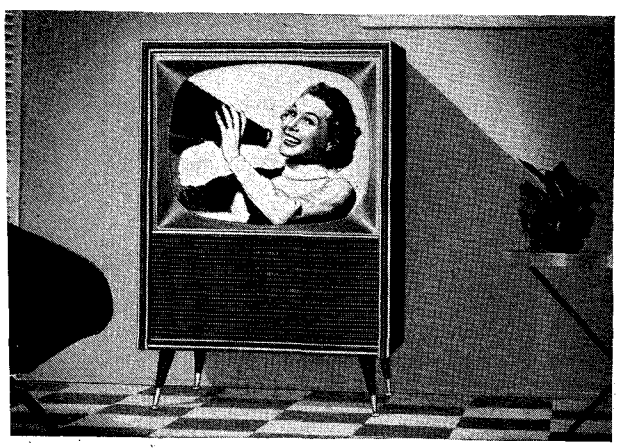

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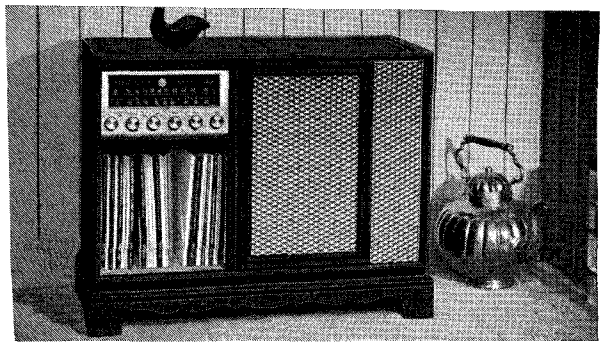

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Precision electronics for industry and our Government

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(*Continued from Page 124*) and some carried clubs and bows and axes. They grinned through scarlet betel-dyed lips, showing black teeth. They obviously were not aware of the fact that they'd only been discovered recently.

"Ugly bunch of beggars," Downs said. "Hello, you," he said to a *luluai*—a village headman—clasping him on both shoulders. The *luluai* shook hands warmly and snapped into a spine-shaking salute.

"One of my old stand-bys when I was district commissioner and making roads," Downs said. "Let's open the market. I always buy from them every day," he explained. "They've come to expect a fair price from me and a certain market for their provender. Someday, if there's ever any labor trouble, I'll get labor. These blokes trust me. After all, I need a hundred men to run this place."

We walked up to a *pit-pit* palm-thatched hut. The marys and piccanins started to file in, their *billum* bags full of produce. The men came along as escorts. All were smeared with pig's fat and smelled horrible.

"Store's open," Downs said, standing erect, neat in gray flannel shorts, blue socks and an open-necked golfing shirt, his constant cigarette scorching his lips. He spilled handfuls of shillings and sixpence onto a packing box in front of which hung scales. He speaks impeccable pidgin, but he had his "*turnim-talk*," or interpreter, at his side to translate twittering dialects from the natives who could not speak pidgin. The marys filed up unhurriedly, their *billums* carrying as much as seventy-five pounds of sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, corn and passion fruit, a commercial crop which goes to make soft drinks. Some of the piccanins carried faggots of sugar cane and bunches of bananas. Two men bore a squealing pig, its feet tied together, slung upside down on a pole.

Meekly and in good order, the marys approached with their *billums* of produce, and the *turnim-talk* would heft them onto the scales. Downs flipped shillings or sixpence to the owner. No woman or man ever argued or even looked at the coins.

On the garden truck, Downs would jerk his head and say, "Im he stop long cook boy," meaning to take it to his kitchen. He turned only one of three hundred away—a man with a bunch of nearly rotten bananas. "Banana im he stink, rausim!" Downs said, and the man sheepishly took the bananas away. His friends and relatives guffawed.

A piccanin approached shyly with some rather poor lettuce.

"I'll buy," Downs said, and then addressed the *turnim-talk*.

"*Talkim*, damn your eyes," he said softly and affectionately. "Dis fella letis im he no man yet. Supose'm he stop moa long ground, he grow strong belly belong im." He nodded at me. "If they'll let it grow a little longer we'll have better heads."

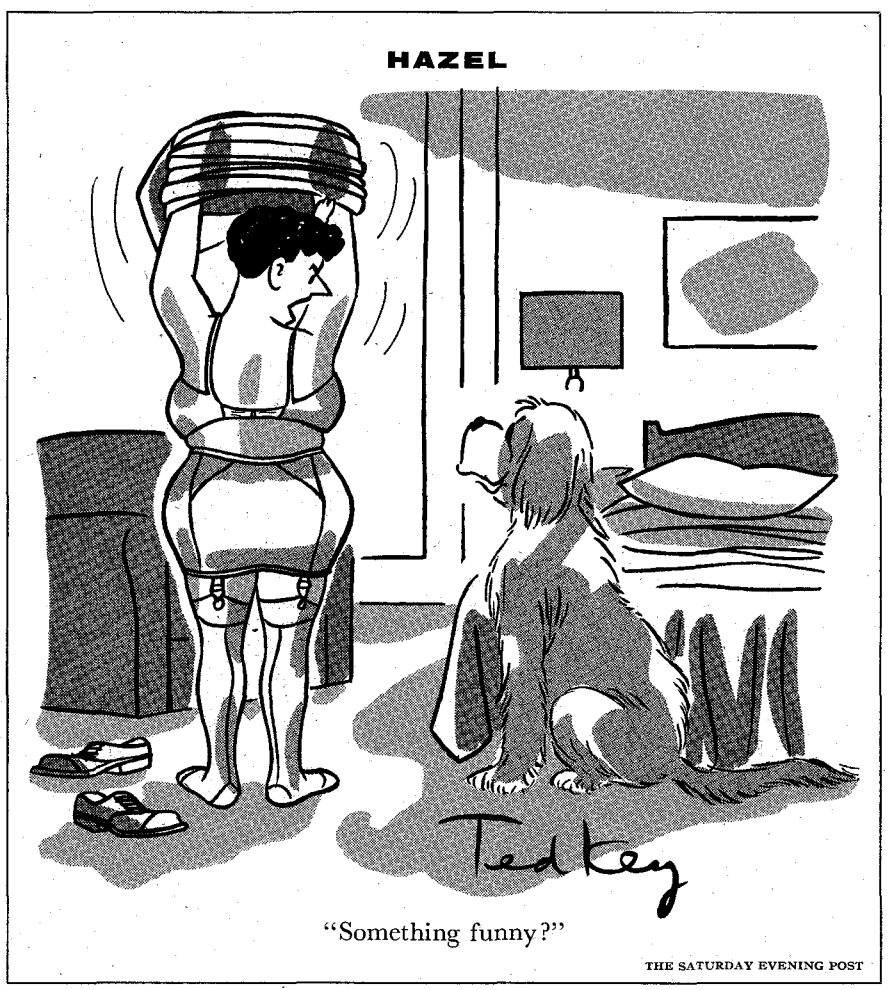
As Downs bought, he produced a steady stream of agricultural advice, mixed with jokes. He bought garden items too small for payment in money from piccanins. "Im he kissim sal," he said. "We pay for that in salt." One man came unbidden with a load of firewood. Downs tossed him a shilling. The man said something rapidly.

"He can take it back ten miles, if he wants to. . . . Oh, hell!" He produced two more shillings and slipped them to the man. Downs shrugged. "He says two other men helped him fetch the wood and there's no way to cut a shilling three ways. I don't want the wood, it's not worth more than a bob, but what are you going to do? They lugged it ten miles."

He held up his hands and three hundred ex-cannibal mouths smiled. One horribly scarred, tattooed and painted old man put a hand on my arm. "Dis fella KIAP (district commissioner), dis fella masta, im he strong fella too much. Im he good fella any amount."

Three hundred Stone Agers wandered down the hill to walk home along Ian Downs' road.

Ian Downs' road is a memorial to a dedicated man. Downs has a brain and a conscience which weigh him. For twenty-two years of service in New Guinea, he handled his job of conversion of raw natives as a good father handles his children, sometimes stern, sometimes harsh, always just.



"Something funny?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1952, when Downs took over as D.C. at Goroka, there were eight miles of roads west and six miles of roads east in the Eastern Highlands. A year later there were 200 miles of trafficable roads. The work could have taken five years, and cost $150,000. Using cheap native labor and free material, with no civilized road-building equipment whatsoever, Downs got it done in a year, on credit, for $30,000. He put a suspension bridge over the Asaro River, 165 feet wide, for $2000, and the experts said it would cost $24,000 at least. He bridged the Bena Bena River for about $1800, and opened up a whole new life for the natives on both sides. He grew his own food to feed 800 laborers. All together he made 117 small bridges. Most of the early work was done without even shovels. He promised pay, and paid off on the dot in 1953, when the Australian Government made the money available.

He had no explosives to blast the rocks that prevented a sixty-five-mile road from Goroka to Kainantu. So he invented an old process which he called "cookim stone." He set the natives to work chipping hollows in the mountainsides. They lit fires in the hollows and kept them blazing all day. At night the cold—at 7000 feet—cooled the hot stone, and great slabs split off. Downs had the slabs broken up, and used the fragments for paving. To fill his need for picks and shovels, he collected wartime scrap and swapped it to the traders for picks and shovels.

A government officer in a far place, where he is the law, has all the powers of a *Gauleiter*, almost the powers of a god, when dealing with primitives, and there were times when Ian Fairley Graham Downs had to search his conscience. He still searches it today, every time he crosses the noble bridge over the Asaro River. Colin Simpson, the Australian writer, told it beautifully in his book, Adam in Plumes, and Downs related it to me with shy hesitancy.

Downs, for his bridge making, needed heavy hardwood timbers for girders, which had to be sweated down from the mountains. This bridge was the difference between fortune and famine, peace and war, progress and retrogression. Working for nothing but the good of the tribes, Downs promised to pay what he thought was a fair price for the logs—£350, Australian. And then he ran into a politician—Kamindo, a barefoot Hitler, a big talker, a spellbinder in loincloth and pig's tusks. The logs arrived at the Asaro, and Kamindo took the floor.

"Three hundred and fifty pounds is not enough!" he screeched. "We are being cheated by the KIAP! We want three thousand pounds!"

Kamindo, at the time, would not have known three pounds from a pearl shell, but he was learning fast. He had plenty of listeners. Downs saw his cherished road-bridge project going down the drain under a mass of rhetoric, because Kamindo was now agitating against everything—the government, road building, the missions—everything. Downs, as usual, was short of cash. But the headmen, the *luluais*, were stubbornly holding up the deal, while they listened to Kamindo tell how he was going to run all white men out of New Guinea. Something had to be done or there would be no bridge.

There wasn't any written contract, so there was nothing legal to be done against Kamindo except to lie back and wait. Downs is a canny Scot and an old New Guinea hand. He told Les Williams, the assistant district officer for the area, to take it easy. Somewhere Kamindo would trip and give the KIAP legal grounds to knock him off his perch. Downs told Williams, "Give him a week or so. He's so big, he's got so much face, that he's got to do something."

He did. Kamindo beat up some people from the Chimbu area who were bringing produce to Goroka. Downs smiled. An assault is against the Queen's law. But merely to order Kamindo's arrest would surely give Kamindo more face.

Downs went to Asaro. There were eight to ten thousand natives, armed, painted and hostile—Kamindo's legions—assembled. Downs had his police boys, but the guns were unloaded. Downs didn't want any shooting. Downs announced that he had a few words to say to the mob. Then he sent all his escorts away and walked unarmed into the middle of the ribbed-up savages.

Downs began to talk. Through the *turnim-talk* he said that he was hearing an awful lot about a big man named Kamindo—a great man who beat people up and was going to run all the Europeans out of the valley. He talked on and on about the virtues of Kamindo, the demagogue, and finally said, "This man Kamindo is a very special man. A special man deserves special pay. How shall we pay this special man Kamindo? I do not know this special man. Where is he? I should like to meet him."

He had Kamindo on the hook. Kamindo got up and came forward, taking bows and smirking. Downs looked at him and told him to hold out his hands to receive his pay.

"Holdim hand belong you, catchim pay."

Kamindo held out his hands. Downs produced a pair of handcuffs and snapped them on Kamindo's wrists. The mob released its breath. Downs looked coldly at the thousands of armed savages.

"This is Kamindo's pay," he said, and turned, unarmed, and walked his captive through an army of murderously inclined natives.

He popped Kamindo into jail and ran smack into another delicate situation. Kamindo hanged himself in the night because of his loss of face. So Ian Downs now had a martyr on his hands, and consequent serious troubles with the martyr's hordes. He had Kamindo buried immediately.

The word spread that Kamindo was dead. His relatives came to claim his body. Downs was bent over his paperwork in his office in Goroka. They demanded the body to make a shrine for Kamindo. Downs had already searched his soul and could find no use for martyrs in it. He never looked up from his paperwork.

"Sorry," he said to the relatives. "Plantim Kamindo, behind."

There was a spate of oratory from the relatives. Downs did not look up.

"*Rubbish* man," he said—the most insulting thing you can call a man in pidgin. "Get out." They got out and Downs lifted his head.

Then he went out and built his bridge. It is a very good bridge, connecting two very good roads, and the black people now think no longer of Kamindo. They think that white men celebrate Christmas because it is Ian Downs' birthday. And this, partially, is why the Japanese-Hawaiian coffee expert, Baron Goto, says that this is the last, best place in the world where people might possibly get along with one another.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Ruark.

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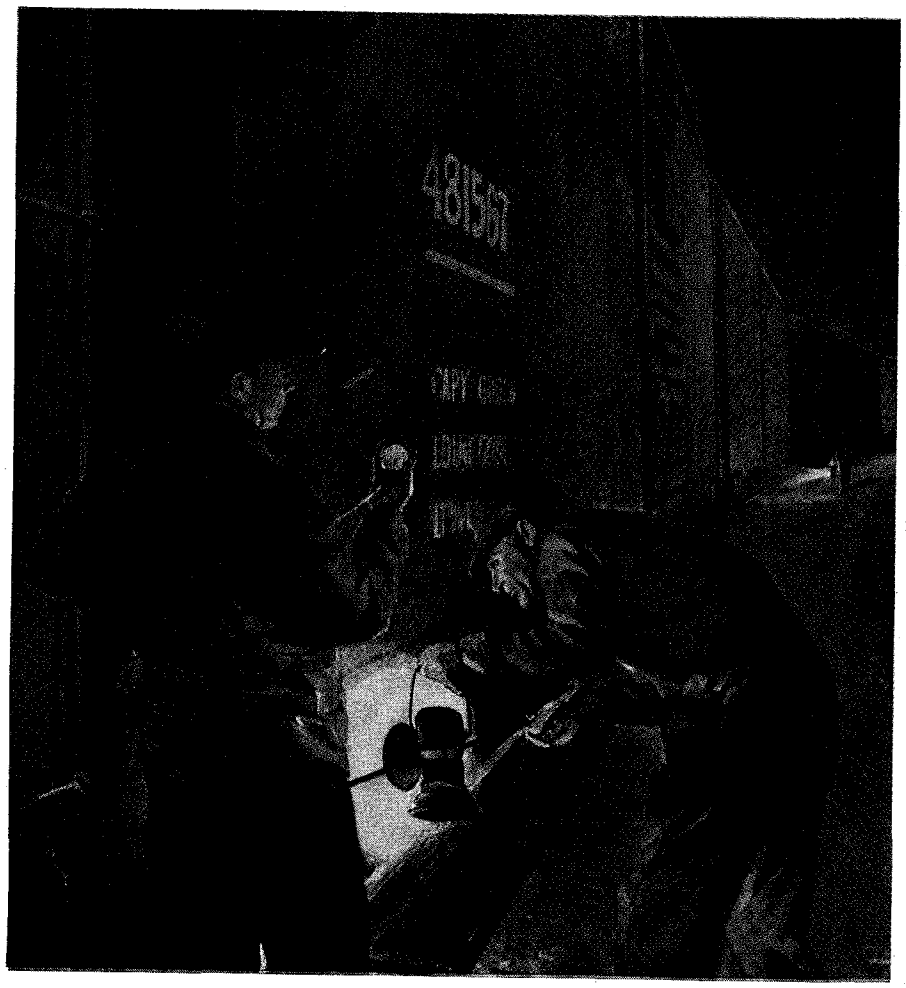

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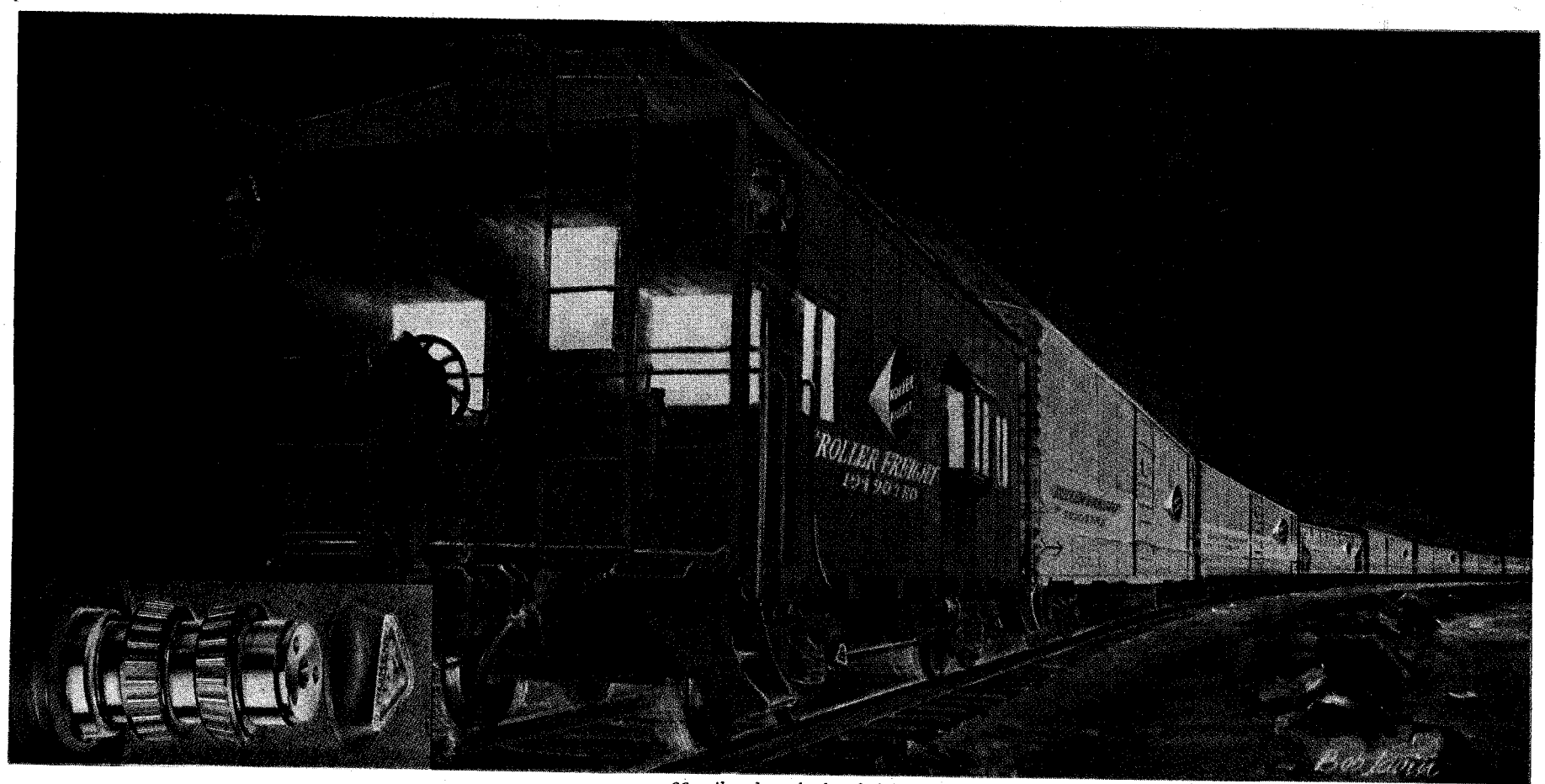

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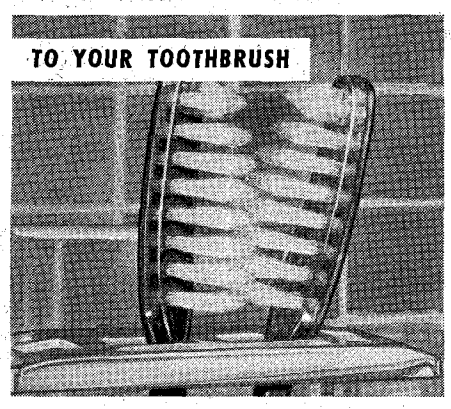
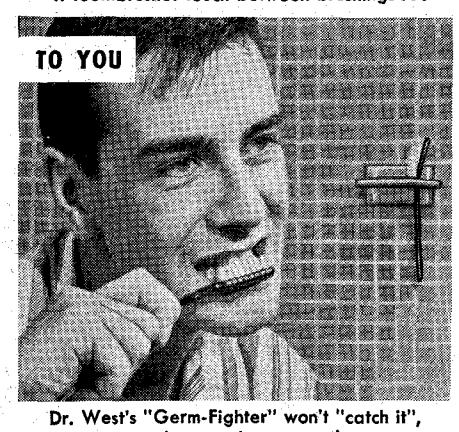
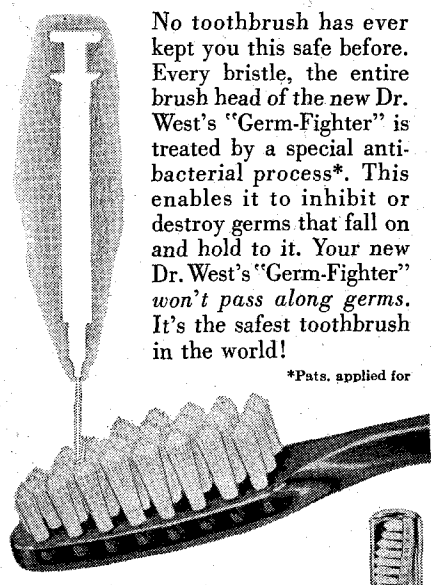


if toothbrushes touch between brushings . . .



Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" won't "catch it", won't pass along germs!

IT'S HAD A GERM-FIGHTER "SHOT"



No toothbrush has ever kept you this safe before. Every bristle, the entire brush head of the new Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" is treated by a special anti-bacterial process*. This enables it to inhibit or destroy germs that fall on and hold to it. Your new Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" *won't pass along germs.* It's the safest toothbrush in the world!

*Pats. applied for

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DR. WEST'S "GERM-FIGHTER"
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Child's size 39¢ Youth's size 49¢

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Keeping Posted

Daniel Brown, family, and U. S. officials evacuate a hot spot. See identifications below.

Lively Life in Amman

Daniel Brown, page 19, went to Amman, Jordan, as a U.S. Foreign Service man in 1955, and he and his family, including five very young children, have had a hot old time ever since. First they had to ride out a series of political riots; then in '56, when Israel invaded Egypt, they were evacuated by air to a safe haven. In the photo of their evacuation take-off, Mrs. Brown holds Johnny, three weeks old; papa Brown shepherds daughters Lisa, Martha and Charlotte; Lester D. Mallory, then U.S. ambassador to Jordan, carries Daniel, 2, who has a fractured leg in a cast—and the dolls being carried by the girls are carrying dolls' dolls. At right: evacuation officer Richard Sanger. Later the Browns went through the insurrection against King Hussein, and last fall a bomb exploded on Brown's office building just after he left it, breaking 71 window panes. Since then martial law has prevailed, with an armed guard on the Browns' home—"Right now things are quiet—you might say they are back to abnormal."

When Brown sold his Post article, his older son, now 4, bragged to a friend, "We're rich. Daddy just stole a very 'spensive article." The check arrived the same day as a Stateside mail-order catalogue and the father comments, "Sic transit money. But thanks anyway."

Glencannon Sails Again

One of the Post's best-loved fiction characters is being brought to the television screen by a favorite Hollywood actor; Thomas Mitchell will play **Guy Gilpatric's** Mr. Glencannon, engineer of the good ship Inchcliffe Castle and a devotee of the beverage known as Duggan's Dew. The unforgettable Glencannon tales—62 short stories and 2 serials—began in the Post in 1929 and ended in 1950 under tragic circumstances; Gilpatric collaborated with **Norman Reilly Raine** on a serial bringing together Glencannon and Tugboat Annie, and Gilpatric died just before it was published. (It was reported here earlier that a Tugboat Annie TV series is in preparation, starring Minerva Urecal.) Tom Mitchell is now filming 39 half-hour Glencannon episodes in England and producers Gross-Krasne of Hollywood are laying plans for a U.S. network release some time in the fall.

Thomas Mitchell.

Tales of the Authors

Neil (Do-Nothing) Clark and Mrs. Clark.

Neil Clark, page 36, humbly reports from Thetford Center, Vt., that one day his youthful grandson, Geoffrey McKnight, was discussing what he would be when he grew up, and he narrowed it down to three choices: "I'll be an architect like Uncle Dick, or an aviator like Daddy, or I may just do nothing like Grandpa Neil." While Clark was doing nothing researching his current Glen Canyon Dam story on the desolate Arizona-Utah frontier, he came upon a Navajo woman watering her sheep at a well; holding up 50 cents, he made signs indicating he wanted to take her picture, and she posed willingly. Then she began to shout, "Dahler! Dahler!" in such a threatening manner that Neil hastily forked over a buck and got out of there.

Cliff Farrell and his wife, seeking some fresh fiction backgrounds, visited South America, including Patagonia, which was about as far south as they could get. On the way back they swung around the North American continent to visit relatives in Ohio, and later, in a Montana hotel, they got to talking with a young medical student who was waiting on table there. Reaching home in Mar Vista, Calif., Farrell promptly wrote the Ohio physician story on page 34. South America is cooking in his subconscious.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"Marriage is Our Business"

Beginning an important series based on case histories of the Philadelphia Marriage Council, made public for the first time. One revelation: even a wife-beater may have his side of the story.

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